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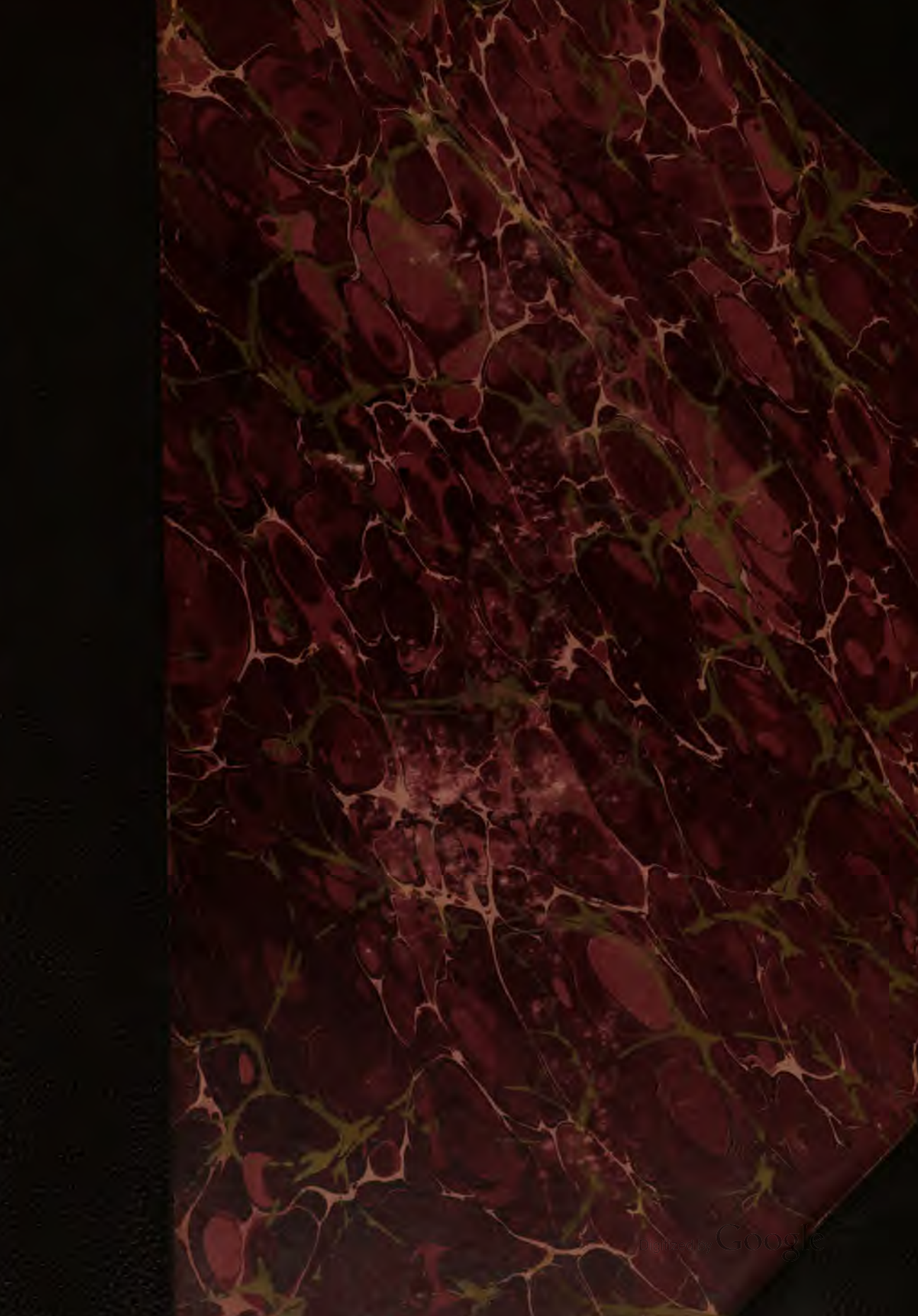
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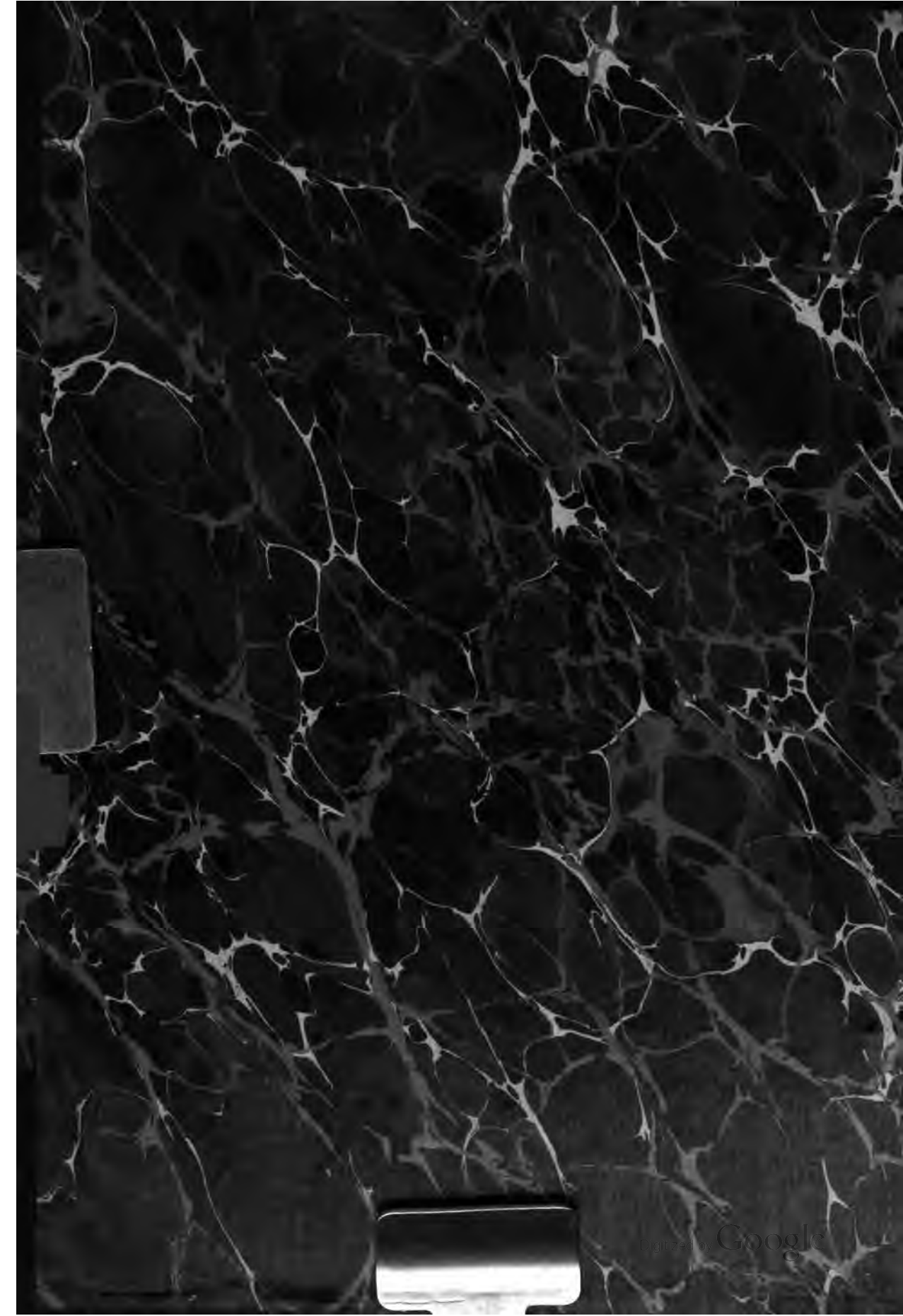
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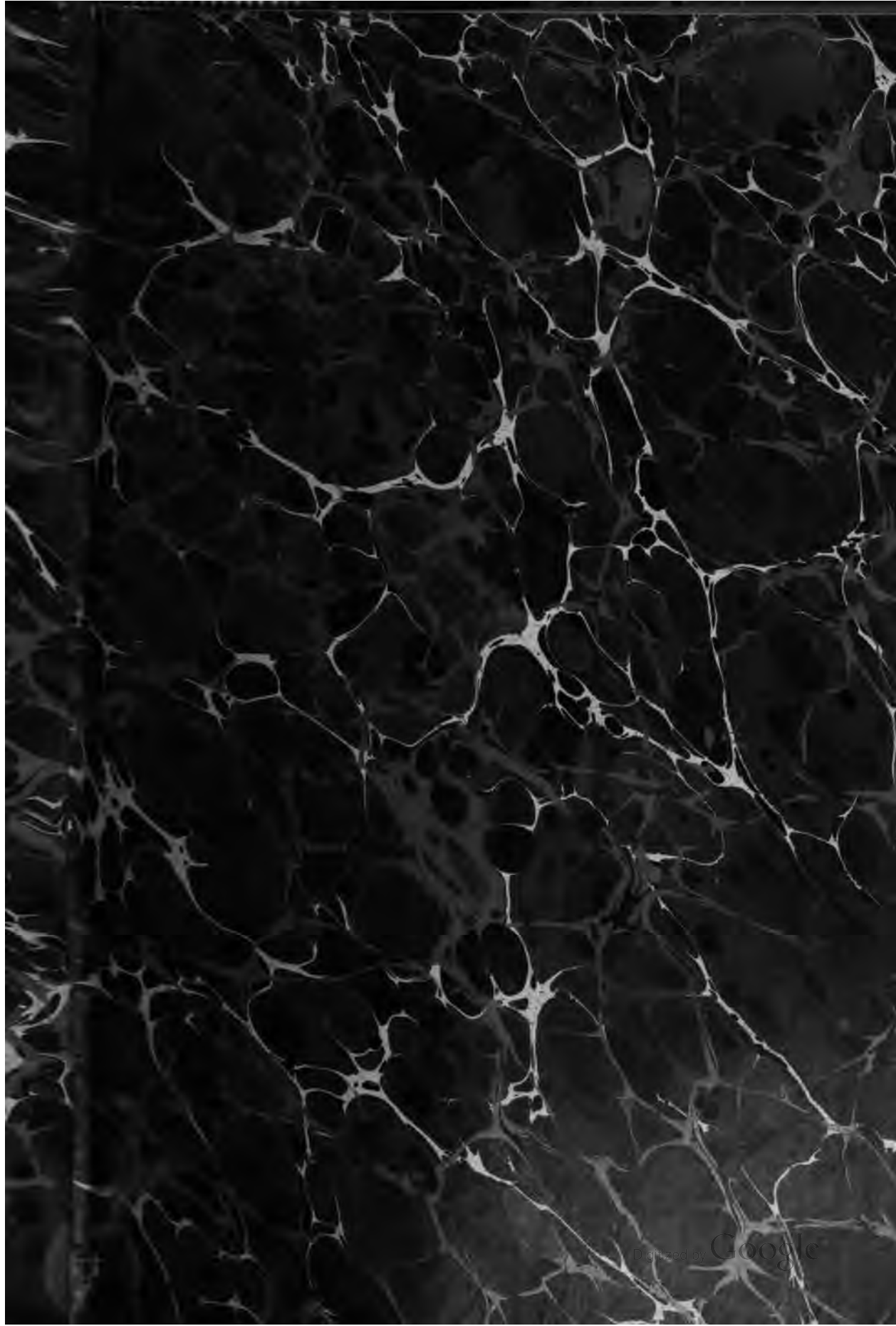
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A POPULAR
HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

*FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES
TO THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA*

BY

FRANÇOIS PIERRE GUILLAUME GUIZOT, LL.D.,

MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, THE ROYAL SOCIETY (LONDON), THE SOCIETY
OF ANTIQUARIES (LONDON); AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF
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By M. GUIZOT,
AUTHOR OF "A POPULAR HISTORY OF FRANCE," "THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION,"
"HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND," ETC.

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLES I. AND HIS GOVERNMENT. 1625-1642.

THE instinct of the popular leaders had not deceived them concerning the king's apparent moderation. On the same day, the 3d of January, 1642, Sir Edward Herbert, the Attorney-General of the crown, appeared in the House of Lords, and there, in the name of the king, charged with high-treason Lord Kimbolton, and Messrs. Hampden, Pym, Hollis, Strode, and Haslerig, the latter all members of the House of Commons, for having attempted to destroy the fundamental laws of the kingdom, to deprive the king of his legal power, and to provoke war against him. Such was the substance of the accusations unfolded at length. Sir Edward Herbert demanded at the same time that the House should secure the accused.

Lord Kimbolton rose. "I am ready," he said, "to obey all the orders of the House; but, since my accusation is public, I demand that my justification may be public also." Silence reigned in the hall, nobody seemed disposed to reply. Lord Digby leaned towards Lord Kimbolton. "How deplor-

ably," he said, "the king is advised. It shall go hard if I do not learn whence this comes." He left as if to go in search of news. The advice had emanated from himself.

A message from the Lords immediately notified the Commons. The servants of the five accused members hastened thither at the same time to inform their masters that officers were sealing up their papers. While the Lower House was asking for conference with the Lords, a sergeant-at-arms entered the hall. "I am commanded by the king's Majesty, my master," he said, "to require of Mr. Speaker five gentlemen, members of the House of Commons; and those gentlemen being delivered, I am commanded to arrest them in his Majesty's name, of high treason. Their names are Denzil Hollis, Arthur Haslerig, John Pym, John Hampden, and William Strode." None stirred; the accused men remained in their places. The speaker enjoined the sergeant to withdraw, and a committee unanimously appointed repaired to the palace to say that to so grave a message the House could only reply after a mature examination. Two ministers, Lord Falkland and Sir John Colepepper, formed part of the deputation. They had known nothing of the projects of the king. The Lords joined with the Commons in demanding a guard for the Parliament. "I will reply to-morrow," the king said in his turn.

On the morrow, the House opened its sitting at one o'clock. The five members arrived among the first; they preserved silence, being fully informed of what was going forward; they were surrounded; they were questioned. The agitation was at its height when intelligence was brought that the king, accompanied by a retinue of four hundred courtiers, all armed, had arrived at the House, and that he was coming in person to arrest the accused. The House at once urged the five members to withdraw. Pym, Hollis, Hampden,

and Haslerig went out immediately; it was found necessary to thrust Mr. Strode out by the shoulders. The House was seated and silent. The king approached, accompanied only by his nephew, the Prince Palatine; he entered the hall; all the members rose, bareheaded. The king cast a rapid glance around him; the seats of the five members were empty. "By your leave, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I must borrow your chair a little. Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming to you. . . . I expected from you obedience and not a message. . . . I come to know whether any of the accused are here; as long as they shall sit in this house, I cannot hope that it will return into the good path which I sincerely desire it to be in. . . . Mr. Speaker, where are they?" The speaker fell upon his knees. "May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, except as the House, whose servant I am, chooses to command me; I humbly implore your Majesty to forgive me." "Well, since I see all the birds have flown," said the king, "I do expect from you that you do send them to me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a fair and legal way. I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them." He left. The House had remained motionless. Cries of "Privilege! privilege!" emanated from some corners of the hall; then an adjournment until the morrow took place. All the members were eager to know what was going on without.

The people were as much agitated as the House, the Cavaliers as energetic as their master. The projected *coup d'état* had been ardently and proudly hoped for, the disappoint-

ment was bitter. The king persisted in his design, but without knowing how to accomplish it. The five members had retired into the city, where the citizens had spontaneously taken up arms. Charles resolved to go into the city on the morrow, and claim the accused men at the hands of the common council.

The gloomy and threatening mob thronged upon his passage. The cry was raised: "Privilege! privilege!" The whole nation had adopted as their own grievance the violated privileges of the House of Commons. The king's language towards the common council was mild and conciliatory. He promised to act in all things according to the law, but he claimed the five members, and he did not obtain them. The aldermen of the city looked as grave as the multitude which thronged in the streets. The king returned to his palace depressed and angry.

The House had adjourned for six days, declaring that after the attack upon its privileges, it could not sit in safety without a guard. But a committee had been established in the City, close to the house inhabited by the five accused members. The latter were consulted upon all the resolutions, and they even came several times and sat on the committee, which was open to all the members of the House. The popular anger increased from hour to hour in the City, and its alliance with the House became closer. The recess was about to expire. The king learned that the five members were to be brought back in triumph to Westminster by the trainbands and the people. He could not endure to see his enemies pass in front of his palace. The queen had for a long time implored him to go away. The nobility of the counties promised aid and security. Away from this city of London, delivered from the Roundheads, far from the Parliament, the king would be free; and what could the Parliament do with-

out the king? It was resolved to go at first to Hampton Court; but orders were given to secure a more remote refuge in case of need. The Earl of Newcastle, faithfully attached to the king, set out for the north, where his influence was predominant, on the 10th of January; and on the eve of the reassembling of Parliament, Charles, accompanied only by his wife, his children, and a few servants, quitted London and that palace of Whitehall which he was never again to enter, except on his way to the scaffold.

It was time for the king to fly from London if he wished to avoid the triumph of Parliament. On the 11th of January, the Thames was covered with boats armed for war, bringing back to Westminster the five members. A shoal of craft, adorned with flags, followed them. Along the shore marched the trainbands of London, bearing at the end of their pikes the last declaration of Parliament. The Commons were sitting at Westminster, awaiting their colleagues, and as soon as the five members had entered the hall, the sheriffs were introduced there, the House wishing to address its thanks to the City. The gates of Westminster were besieged by an enthusiastic and triumphant crowd; in its midst were a retinue of four thousand gentlemen or freeholders of Buckinghamshire, all on horseback, bringing a petition to Parliament against the Papist lords and the bad advisers of the crown. They bore inscribed upon their hats a pledge to live and die with Parliament. The breeze of popular favor filled all sails. The leaders of the Commons knew how to take advantage of it. It was voted, in a few hours, that no member could be arrested without the authorization of the House, and that Parliament would be free to sojourn wherever it should think proper. Skippon, the commander of the trainbands, was appointed to guard the approaches to the Tower, still governed by Sir John Byron,

whose dismissal was demanded by the House. The governor of Portsmouth was forbidden to receive into his own town troops or supplies without the order of Parliament. Sir John Hotham was sent to Hull, an important town and the real key to England in the north. It was declared that the kingdom was threatened and that it should be placed in a state of defence. The Lords refused their consent to this vote, but the Commons had attained their object; the people were apprised of the danger.

The king was warned as well as the people, and he knew that his project of waging war would not take his enemies unawares. Away from London, where at every moment he had suffered humiliations and defeats, he no longer came into contact with any but his servants, faithful and often confident of success. With the influence which they enjoyed in their counties his cavaliers regained their merry arrogance and their valiant ardor. On all sides Charles was urged to declare war, and small isolated enterprises formed a prelude to hostilities. Two hundred Cavaliers, commanded by Lunsford, had already repaired to Kingston, near London, the depot of the warehouses of the county; but Parliament adopted its measures, and Lunsford with his Cavaliers proceeded towards Windsor, where the king had just arrived. He did not design to remain there long; the queen was secretly preparing to depart, carrying off the crown jewels, in order to make purchases of arms and supplies in Holland. Under the pretext of conducting to the Prince of Orange the young Princess Henrietta Maria, whom he had married six months before, she was also to negotiate with the sovereigns of the Continent, from whom some assistance might be hoped for. It was at York that the king proposed to establish his quarters while awaiting the means of acting. The better to veil his designs, the king invited the Houses to make a summary of



HOTHAM REFUSES TO SURRENDER HULL



BRINGING BACK THE FIVE MEMBERS.

their grievances, promising to redress them immediately, and thus put an end to their discussions.

The Upper House received this message with joy. Even among the Lords who belonged to the popular party, many dreaded the struggle which was just commencing, and which they would gladly have seen ended. They immediately proposed for the assent of the Commons a cordial expression of thanks to the king. But the Lower House had no confidence in the royal promises; it demanded that the king should first consent to consign the command of the Tower, the strongholds, and the militia, to men enjoying the confidence of Parliament. The Lords rejected this amendment, but thirty-two votes among them had supported it, and the Commons presented their petition alone. As regards the Tower and the fortresses, the king absolutely refused; in respect to the soldiery, his reply was vague and evasive; he wished to gain time.

The Commons knew that they had no time to lose, and busied themselves with keeping alive the public excitement. This was easily done; from all counties, from all classes, from merchants, artisans, and even women, came numberless petitions, all asking for the reform of the Church, the punishment of the Papists, the repression of the "malevolents." The mob gathered at the gate of Westminster. "The Upper House impedes everything," it was said. "We have never doubted the House of Commons," cried the crowd; "but let them give us the names of those who prevent harmony between the good Lords and the Commons, and we will see to it." Fear began to overcome the timid; the popular Lords more and more sided with the Lower House. "Whoever refuses to join the Commons in the matter of the soldiery is an enemy of the state," said the Earl of Northumberland. A few Lords withdrew, others altered their minds, and the bill upon the soldiery, as well as that for the exclusion of the bishops, was at length

voted by the two Houses. Once more the Commons had triumphed.

Charles had announced to Parliament the approaching departure of the queen, and, to soften the irritation which he dreaded, he had officially abandoned the prosecution of the five members, and appointed as governor of the Tower Sir John Conyers, who had been designated by the Commons; but when the bill for the exclusion of the bishops was presented to him, he was agitated and perplexed. His conscience opposed the acceptance. His best advisers, with the exception of Hyde, urged him to consent to it. The ordinance respecting the soldiery, which the leaders held in reserve, was more important in their eyes, for it completely disarmed the king. He could not refuse everything; the bishops were already vanquished and in prison. . . . The king continued to hesitate; the queen intervened; she did not care at all for the bishops, and feared that the House might oppose her departure. She begged, wept, grew angry, and, as usual, the king yielded, sadly, regretfully, but he authorized commissioners to sign in his name, and set out to accompany his wife as far as Dover, where she was to embark.

The Commons were of the same opinion as Colepepper, and attached more importance to the question of the soldiery than even to that of the bishops. They followed up the king with their messages as far as Dover, and on his return journey, insisting upon a prompt sanction of the ordinance which they sent to him. The king replied vaguely, but ill-humoredly, exasperated by the persistent distrust of the Commons, as much as though his concessions had been made in good faith. On arriving at Greenwich, he there found his son, the Prince of Wales, whom the Marquis of Hertford, his tutor, had brought to him notwithstanding the prohibition of the House. Being reassured as to the fate of his wife and children, he at length

replied to the Parliament, consenting to intrust the soldiery to the commanders who were designated to him, except in the large towns, but preserving the right of dismissing them; having done this, he set out for York.

The Houses received the king's reply as a formal refusal. At Theobalds, and at Newark, meanwhile, fresh messages reached him, haughty at first, then marked by a certain emotion, showing through the firmness of the language. The king was implored to return to London, and to come to an understanding with his people. Upon the brink of an unknown future, dark and troublous, all hesitated and reciprocally endeavored to influence each other. The negotiations came to no issue, and they were carried on without hope of arriving at any; nevertheless, they were carried on. It was the public that was addressed, the whole nation, and not merely the immediate and present adversary. It was in the name of the liberties of Old England, of the traditional rights of the people, invaded by royal tyranny, that the resistance of Parliament had begun; it was now in the name of the traditional rights of the crown attacked by the innovations of Parliament that the royalist party, every day stronger and more ardent, defended their cause. The ardor of men's minds was boundless; the movement universal, strange, irregular. In London, in York, in all the great towns of the kingdom, pamphlets, periodicals, irregular journals multiplied and found wide circulation, and in the midst of this outburst of ideas, this new appeal to public opinion, whilst the minds of men and their actions were in reality governed by the principle of popular sovereignty as opposed to the divine right of kings, statutes, traditions, customs, were constantly invoked as the only legitimate judges in the case. Revolution was everywhere in progress, though no one dared to say it, nor perhaps even to avow it to himself.

The situation became day by day more violent and more strained. A great number of members of Parliament had left London, many had joined the king at York. The Houses in their turn entered upon the path of tyranny: Lord Herbert and Sir Ralph Hopton having raised their voices in favor of the king, one was placed in the Tower, the other censured and threatened; royalist petitions were suppressed. Cromwell, as yet not very conspicuous in the House, but more than any other involved in the plots of the revolution, brought special ability to bear upon tracing out and denouncing the royalist conspiracies.

An unexpected incident widened irreparably the abyss which was opening between the two parties: the king, on the 23d of April, ordered Sir John Hotham, governor of Hull, to resign the town to him. Already the Duke of York and the Prince Palatine had entered it under the pretext of spending a day there. Already the mayor and some citizens were marching towards the gates, to open them to his Majesty, who had arrived beneath the ramparts. Hotham ordered them to return home, and appeared himself upon the wall, surrounded by his officers. The king summoned him to open the gates. Sir John fell upon his knees, apologizing for his refusal. He had taken an oath to Parliament, he said. "Kill him! kill the traitor!" exclaimed the Cavaliers who surrounded the king; "cast him down!" But the officers of Sir John were more resolute than he. The king was compelled to withdraw, and on the same day he addressed a message to the Parliament, asking justice for such an offence.

Parliament approved of the act of its governor in all respects, saying that the strongholds and arsenals had been formerly confided to the king for the safety of the kingdom, and that the same reason might require the Houses to take possession of them. This was a declaration of war. Thirty-two Lords

and sixty-five members of the Commons, Mr. Hyde among others, set out for York. The Lord Keeper caused the Great Seal to be given over to the king, and himself made his escape on the morrow. Each party was about to make its most strenuous efforts to sustain the struggle. No man foresaw how far it was to go, nor what misfortunes and what crimes were to signalize the civil war which was commencing.

The Parliamentary leaders were as much determined upon war as the king was; preparations were eagerly made on both sides; but all official relations were not yet broken off between the monarch and his subjects. The Houses, however, now negotiated with Charles I. as one power with another. They sent to York, as their resident ambassadors at the court of the king, a committee of rich and important men well known in the northern provinces, commissioned to render an account to Parliament of all that took place under their eyes. The situation was difficult and unpleasant; but the commissioners maintained their ground with a resolution that could not be shaken.

Even at York, in the very presence of the king, the resistance of the country made itself felt. Charles had been desirous of raising a guard, and had applied to the gentry of the neighborhood; they had assembled in great numbers, but when their names were to be inscribed, fifty refused to enroll themselves. At their head was Sir Thomas Fairfax, young as yet, but already a resolute and sincere patriot. The freeholders and farmers claimed the right of discussing county affairs with the gentlemen. The king convoked a great assemblage upon Heyworth Moor; it was numerous and animated; more than forty thousand men had hastened thither; but soon intelligence reached the king that a petition was circulated in the ranks, imploring his Majesty to abandon all thought of war, and to come to an agree-

ment with his Parliament. Charles would not receive the petition. He hastened to say a few hesitating words, and was withdrawing precipitately, when young Fairfax, suddenly falling on his knees before the king's horse, deposited the document upon the pommel of his saddle. The king urged his steed violently forward, and ran against the bold petitioner without compelling him to give way.

The partisans of the king arriving from London, after having officially severed connection with Parliament, were painfully struck by the contrast which they observed between the bold efficiency of the Parliamentary government and the ostentatious feebleness which prevailed around the king. Charles was poor. He lacked money, and made appeal to his servants' devotion; but the supplies which reached him were inconsiderable, and the sums which the queen sent him out of the sale of the crown jewels scarcely sufficed for daily wants. Parliament had also appealed to the popular patriotism. A loan had been announced, and the sums received in ten days, the plate, the jewels, offered to the public service, so greatly exceeded all expectation, that poor women who brought their wedding-rings or the gold pins out of their hair, often waited a long time before their offering could be received. Squadrons of cavalry began to be formed.

The majority of Parliament, delivered from the royalist members who had joined the king at York, voted nineteen propositions of reconciliation, which were sent to Charles as a supreme ultimatum. It was the complete subjugation of the crown to Parliament. Even to the education and marriage of the king's children, nothing was henceforth to be decided without the formal approbation of the Houses. Upon reading these propositions the king's countenance flushed deeply. "Should I grant these demands," he said, "I may be waited on bareheaded, I may have my hand kissed, the title of Majesty

may be continued to me, and the king's authority signified by both Houses may still be the style of your commands; I may have swords and maces carried before me, and please myself with the sight of a crown and sceptre (though even these twigs would not long flourish when the trunk upon which they grew was dead), but as to true and real power, I should remain but the outside, but the picture, but the sign of a king." And he broke off the negotiation.

Parliament had only waited for this. Civil war was put to the vote and immediately decided on. The Houses seized upon all the public revenues for their benefit; the counties had orders to hold themselves ready at the first signal. The Earl of Essex was appointed commander of the Parliamentary forces, and the most illustrious men of the popular party, Lord Kimbolton, Lord Brook, Hampden, Hollis, Cromwell, received the command of regiments.

All was ready both in London and in York. The gathering of the partisans of the king or of Parliament, the excursions of the king through the northern counties to encourage his friends or repress their rashness, the gentlemen raising bodies of troops on their estates, the trainbands forming in the name of Parliament, the roads covered with armed travellers, — everything already presented the likeness of war; but both parties hesitated to declare it; ready as they were to risk all to maintain their rights, both trembled before the responsibility of the future. The king at length took his resolve. On the 23d of August he caused the royal standard to be set up at Nottingham. At six o'clock in the evening a small body of eight hundred horse surrounded Charles, who caused his proclamation to be read by a herald. The standard bore the device, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." It was fixed at the summit of a tower. On the morrow the wind had blown it down. When it was desired to plant

it in the ground in the open country, there was nothing to be found but rock, and it was necessary to dig out a hole with daggers, and then to support by hand the tottering standard. All present were smitten with a deep depression. "What dark forebodings!" it was said.

The king awaited at Nottingham the result of his appeal, but the population did not rise. The Parliamentary army was gathering at Northampton. "If they wish to attempt a bold stroke," said Sir Jacob Astley, major-general of the royal troops, "I do not answer for it but the king might be carried off from his bed." Charles was urged to reopen negotiations. He yielded reluctantly, and sent to London four deputies who returned without success. A few days later, the king refused in his turn to receive a petition with which the Parliamentary commissioners accompanying the Earl of Essex were intrusted. This petition implored Charles to return to London, and, in case of his refusal, announced the intention to follow him everywhere, and "by battle or other means, to take away his Majesty, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, his two sons, from their perfidious councillors, and to bring them back to Parliament."

The king was now at Shrewsbury, more confident and better served. He had received numerous reinforcements, and, to equip them, the arms of the militia of several counties had been taken by force; the convoys intended for Ireland had been stopped. The Catholics had sent money; some even had been sent from London. The king had now about twelve thousand men. At the head of his cavalry, his nephew, Prince Rupert, was already making himself dreaded for his daring, and detested for his pillaging and his cruelty. The Earl of Essex appeared disposed to adhere to the terms of the petition of Parliament and limit himself to following the king everywhere. Twenty thousand men marched under the orange banners of

his house; but he had been for three weeks at Worcester without doing anything, when Charles, emboldened by this inaction, took the course of marching upon London, in order to end the war at one stroke; and in turn Essex fell back to defend Parliament.

The excitement was great in London, and fear soon gave way to anger there. Parliament took defensive measures against the king, and redoubled its severity towards the malevolents. All the population devoted themselves to the raising of fortifications. Barricades were built up in the streets. Night and day the assault was expected, when, on the 24th of October, in the morning, the rumor of a great battle was suddenly spread throughout the city. Contradictory and confused rumors were abroad, some announcing the complete victory of the king, others that of Essex. Parliament ordered the shops to be shut, armed the trainbands, and required of each of its members a declaration of firm adhesion to the Parliamentary general as well as to the cause itself. Not until the next day did Lord Wharton and Mr. Strode arrive in London with official news of the battle, which had taken place at Edgehill, in Warwickshire.

It was the Earl of Essex who commenced the struggle. The king was about to give the same order; he had been urged to try the fortune of war. Warwickshire was so hostile to his cause that the farriers fled, to avoid shoeing the horses of his troops. The cavalry of Parliament had been broken by the onslaught of Prince Rupert, who had thereupon pursued the fugitives. Being arrested, however, by Hampden's regiment, who arrived late with the artillery, the prince, compelled to retreat, had found the royal infantry destroyed, the Earl of Lindsay, commander-in-chief, mortally wounded and a prisoner, and the royal standard in the hands of the Parliamentarians. Charles, aided by his nephew, had desired to attempt

a fresh charge; but the soldiers and horses being weary, it was necessary to abandon the idea. Both armies encamped upon the battlefield. In the morning it was asked in the two camps whether the action would be recommenced. The king soon perceived that the step was impossible. A great number of volunteers had already dispersed, a third of the infantry was missing. On the side of the Parliamentarians, the experienced soldiers, formed in wars on the Continent, contested the opinion of Hampden and Hollis, who desired to give battle again. The Earl of Essex fell back upon Warwick, and the king removed his headquarters to Oxford, of all the great towns of the kingdom the one the most devoted to his cause. The two armies both claimed the victory, and celebrated thanksgivings. London and the Parliament found themselves delivered from the attack which they dreaded, but the king had cause to congratulate himself upon the state of his affairs. Many towns of which the Parliamentarians thought themselves assured had opened their gates to the royal troops; thus the king was able to come and establish himself at Reading, while Prince Rupert carried on his pillaging excursions as far as the environs of London. The Houses became uneasy. Essex was directed to fall back upon London. When he arrived the king was at Colebrook, fifteen miles from the city; there were dispatched to him five deputies, who were well received. Upon their advice, Sir Peter Killigrew set out to negotiate for an armistice. But, while negotiating, the king continued to advance. He fell unexpectedly upon the quarters of Hollis, situated at Brentford, seven miles from the capital. Hollis valiantly resisted; the regiments of Hampden and Lord Brook, encamped in the environs, had time to arrive, and sustained alone, for some hours, the brunt of the attack of the royal army. At the first sound of the cannon, Essex left his seat in the House, mounted his horse, gathered all the

force that he could, and set out to succor his troops. The action had ended before he arrived. The king occupied Brentford; but the engagement had been sharp, and he did not appear to be in haste to press forward.

London was equally exasperated and alarmed. It was at the moment when he was manifesting a disposition to negotiate that the king had attempted a surprise. He wished, it was said, to take the city by storm and to deliver it up to pillage. Parliament took advantage of the terror and anger of the people. "Enlist," it was said to the apprentices, "and the time of your service shall reckon in your apprenticeship." The city supplied four thousand men taken from its trainbands and commanded by Skippon. "Come, my brave boys, let us pray heartily and fight heartily, and God will bless us," he said, placing himself at the head of his troops. Two days after the fight at Brentford, Essex reviewed twenty-four thousand men at Turnham Green, about a mile distant from the king's outposts.

The two armies thus confronted each other, but Essex still hesitated to assume the offensive. The Parliamentary officers urged him to advance. "Never," they said, "will the people be found so firmly assured and imperiously compelled to conquer." The general did not rely much upon the people; he preferred to have time to make soldiers of them; he established himself everywhere upon the defensive, and the king retired to Oxford, where he took up his winter-quarters.

Essex was not alone in his feelings of repugnance and hesitation. The popular party no longer advanced with unanimity and decision, as when it was a question of political reforms. Peace had numerous partisans, who became every day more clamorous. Strife was in the midst of Parliament, and this constant effort over itself deprived it of the leisure and energy necessary for actively urging forward the war. The

greater part of the winter passed without a single pitched battle.

The war, however, continued, but it was irregular and spontaneous. Great noblemen and county gentlemen, confederations of towns and counties, raised at their own expense small bodies of troops, sought a commission from the king or Parliament, and warred against each other with ardor, but without violence and without cruelty, like men of common origin, often of the same family, who were not willing to break off forever all friendly relations. Blood was shed and the country already suffered, but the bitterness of antagonistic passions had not yet taken possession of the combatants. In the eastern, central, and south-eastern counties, the most populous and the richest, the Parliamentarians were in the ascendant. The preponderance belonged to the king in the north, in the west, and in the south-west. London was surrounded by counties devoted to Parliament, which formed as it were a formidable belt for it. At Oxford, the king found himself placed in an advanced post.

In the month of February (1648) the queen arrived, animated and confident. She had succeeded in interesting the States of Holland in her cause. The Stadtholder, her son-in-law, had helped her with all his resources. She brought four ships loaded with supplies and troops. Admiral Batten had not succeeded in intercepting the convoy which landed at Burlington. The town, however, was immediately cannonaded. The queen saw the balls fall even in her apartment. She fled into the country and sheltered herself under a bank. Lord Newcastle went to seek her with a body of troops, to conduct her to York. She installed herself there, and a crowd of Catholics soon hastened to enroll themselves under her flag. Henrietta Maria made no haste to rejoin her husband; she liked to reign alone and to maintain with her caressing ardor

the zeal of her partisans. Hamilton and Montrose came from Scotland to confer with her upon the means of attaching that kingdom to the cause of the king. Hamilton hoped to win over the Scottish Parliament. Montrose was desirous of making use of an Irish corps under the orders of the Earl of Antrim, to subjugate and massacre the Presbyterian chiefs, rouse the Highlanders, and take possession of the whole of Scotland. Intrigues with the Parliamentary commanders were carried on as much as conferences with the Royalists. Sir Hugh Cholmondeley promised to surrender Scarborough. Sir John Hotham appeared disposed to open the gates of Hull to the queen. Parliament began to grow uneasy.

The friends of peace took advantage of this moment to propose fresh negotiations. "It has been said in this House," said Sir Benjamin Rudyard, "that we were bound in conscience to finish the shedding of innocent blood; but who shall answer for all the innocent blood which is about to flow if we do not march to peace by the means of a prompt treaty?" His motion, which involved nothing less than the disbanding of the two armies as a preliminary to negotiations, was rejected; but it was agreed to send to Oxford five commissioners intrusted to discuss, for twenty days, at first a suspension of arms, then a treaty. The committee, at the head of which was the Earl of Northumberland, set out from London on the 20th of March.

The king received the commissioners well, and their relations with the court were polite and courteous. The Royalists were magnificently entertained at the residence of the Earl of Northumberland, who had caused his household to follow him; but when the negotiations began, ill-feeling reappeared in full force. Neither the king nor Parliament had made any change in the conditions which had been resolutely rejected before the war. One evening the emissaries of Par-

liament believed they had gained something ; on the morrow, the written reply of Charles did not resemble his words of the previous day ; his councillors and the emissaries of the queen had induced him to change his mind. Secret and personal intrigues succeeded no better than did official negotiations. The king had promised his wife never to make peace without her approbation, and she angrily wrote to him to dissuade him from it. These manœuvres corresponded with the secret wishes of the king, who did not desire peace. He ended by offering to the negotiators to return to the Houses, if the latter were willing to transport the seat of Parliament to at least twenty miles from London. Upon this message the Houses suddenly recalled their commissioners, and by an order so pressing that they deemed themselves compelled to set out on the same day (April 15th), although it was late, and their travelling-coaches were not ready.

On the same day the Earl of Essex took the field again. Hampden would have preferred that a hasty march should be made upon Oxford and the king besieged there. This the earl refused to do, even when he had taken Reading, a town indispensable, in his judgment, for the safety of Parliament. There was much complaint at his delay and hesitation. The most violent among the leaders of the Commons spoke even of giving him a successor. Hampden, Fairfax, Lord Manchester, Sir William Waller, had obtained successes and rendered great services. Colonel Cromwell, already famous for his bold strokes, as fortunate as they were skilful, had done even more. He was lamenting one day with Hampden the inferiority of the Parliamentary cavalry, constantly defeated in the little engagements which had taken place with the Cavaliers. "What can you expect," said Cromwell ; "your troops are most of them old, decayed serving-men and tapsters. Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows

will be ever able to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage and resolution in them? I will raise men who have the fear of God before them, and I warrant you they will not be beaten." The levies of volunteers which he had raised, proud and stern fanatics, engaged in the war for conscience' sake, and under Cromwell's orders from confidence in him, already composed, at the opening of the campaign of 1643, a body of a thousand men, the germ and nucleus of the famous "Ironsides."

The bitter speeches against Essex came to no result. Complaints were made, but there was a disinclination to separate from him. The ill-will of the Parliamentary leaders, however, was manifested by the destitution in which the army was left, through the insufficiency of the resources and the irregularity of their pay. A Royalist plot, upon the point of bursting forth in the city, was discovered: two of the conspirators only, Challoner and Tompkins, rich citizens of London, suffered the extreme penalty. Edmund Waller, a member of the House of Commons and already a famous poet, redeemed his life by cowardly revelations. Many important men were compromised, and while Parliament perceived that conspiracy was going on at their very doors, successive disasters overtook their arms and placed their cause in peril.

A great loss — that of Hampden — was the signal for reverses. A trifling encounter of cavalry had taken place on the 18th of June, in the plain of Chalgrave, a few leagues from Oxford. Prince Rupert defeated the Parliamentarians. Hampden was there. "I saw him," said a prisoner, "go away, contrary to his custom, from the field of battle before the end of the action. His head was bent low, his hands rested upon the neck of his horse; without doubt he is wounded." There was much excitement in Oxford, but people scarcely dared rejoice. The king sent one of his physicians,

a country neighbor of Hampden, to see whether he did not want assistance; a thought of conciliation towards this powerful adversary had crossed the mind of Charles. Doctor Giles found Hampden dying: a bullet had shattered his shoulder. He was told, however, who had sent to inquire after him, and with what intention. A violent agitation seized the wounded man. He tried to speak, but death had already frozen his tongue; a few moments later he expired. When he was no longer to be feared, there was rejoicing in Oxford; while in London, and in nearly all the kingdom, the grief was as violent as it was profound.

"Never man had inspired in a people so much confidence. Whoever belonged to the national party, no matter in what degree or for what motives, counted upon Hampden for the success of his wishes. The most moderate believed in his wisdom, the most ardent in his patriotic devotion, the most honest in his uprightness, the most intriguing in his skill. Prudent and reserved, while ready to brave all perils, he who had never yet been wanting suddenly disappointed all hopes. A marvellous good fortune, which forever placed his name in the high position assigned to it by the expectation of his contemporaries, and perhaps saved his virtue as well as his glory from the rocks whereon revolutions impel and shatter their noblest favorites!" *

The people wept; they soon began to tremble. Everywhere the Parliamentary generals were beaten by the Royalist chiefs. The enemies of Essex, in allowing his army to suffer, had reckoned upon the successes of his rivals. Fairfax had been beaten on the 30th of June at Atherton Moor. Sir John Hotham was on the point of surrendering Hull to the queen. Lord Willoughby could no longer defend Lincolnshire against Lord Newcastle. The confederation of the eastern states, the

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.



DEATH OF HAMPDEN.

great bulwark of Parliament, seemed about to be broken up. In Cornwall, where the command was in the hands of the best and most faithful servants of the king, the Marquis of Hertford, Sir Bevil Grenville, Sir Ralph Hopton, the peasants hereditarily attached to their lords had followed them to the war, as in France a hundred and fifty years later, the Vendéans were to follow the nobles. Like them they ran upon the batteries, armed only with their staves. Sir William Waller lost two battles there in one week. In every direction the cities opened their gates to the king. Bristol, the second stronghold in the kingdom, surrendered at the first attack. The queen had rejoined the king, bringing three thousand men and some cannon, upon that same plain of Keynton, where, in the preceding year, the two parties had for the first time come to open hostilities. Charles and his wife returned to Oxford in triumph, and Sir William Waller came back to London without troops.

Amid so many disasters Essex had not stirred, imputing his inaction to those very persons who reproached him with it. He caused the Upper House to be advised to sue for peace from the king. "If this proceeding does not bring about a treaty," he said in conclusion, "I think we must beg his Majesty to go away from this scene of slaughter, and then the two armies must settle the dispute in one day." A few days earlier the overtures of Essex might, perhaps, have been well received; but the king had just declared officially that the individuals still assembled at Westminster, after the retirement of so many members, no longer formed two real Houses, that they had lost all legal existence, and no longer had a right to the name of Parliament. He forbade all his subjects to obey this set of traitors and sedition-mongers. Parliament, thus attacked, voted the formation of a committee intrusted to ask assistance of the Scots, and the House of Lords declared

that it would not address any proposal for peace to the king until he should have revoked his proclamation against the legality of the Parliament.

It was not merely votes and declarations that were relied upon. The army of Essex received reinforcements and supplies; the formation of a new army began in earnest in the eastern counties; it was to be placed under the command of Lord Manchester, with Cromwell as lieutenant-general. In Hull, Lord Fairfax succeeded Sir John Hotham, arrested by order of the Commons before he had been able to accomplish his treason. Religious services increased in London. The wives and mothers of the combatants filled the churches; every morning, at beat of drum, a crowd of citizens, men and women, rich and poor, issued forth to work at the fortifications.

The effort was great and general, but it was no more than necessity demanded; for the successes of the king continued, and the desire for peace began to spring up again in the minds of most of the Lords, with the gleam of hope revealed by a fresh proclamation of the king, more skilful and more gentle than the preceding one. On the 5th of August, the Upper House transmitted to the Commons pacific proposals which they had voted on the previous day, declaring in a somewhat haughty tone that it was time to put an end to the country's calamities. The leaders of the Commons grew alarmed. Peace thus sought was defeat. They were not able to prevent the House from taking into consideration the proposals of the Lords, but they called the people to their assistance; a riotous assemblage demanded with loud cries the continuation of hostilities. The vote was doubtful in the Commons; a first scrutiny gave the majority to the partisans of peace. The war party called for a fresh examination; they were at length victorious, but with a majority of seven votes only. On the

morrow, a crowd of women demanding peace, who besieged the gates of Westminster, could only be dispersed by a charge of cavalry; two corpses remained upon the ground.

The triumph of the popular leaders was complete, but it was stained with those frauds and acts of violence with which they had but recently so bitterly reproached the king. Six members of the Upper House quitted London to repair to the court of Charles. Northumberland retired to his castle. The Commons were soon about to find themselves alone; they were astonished and uneasy, for the most impetuous sectaries and the most violent demagogues began to give themselves free play. "If the king will not lend himself to every demand," wrote a pamphleteer, "he must be extirpated, he and his race, and the crown must be intrusted to some one else." Henry Martyn supported the pamphlet, attacked before the House. "Without doubt," he said, "the ruin of a single family is better than that of many." "I demand," exclaimed Sir Nevil Poole, "that Mr. Martyn be summoned to say of what family he speaks." "Of the king and his children," replied Martyn, without hesitating. The most violent spirits in the House had not yet gone to the length of proclaiming their hopes aloud. Martyn was suffered to be placed in the Tower, and he was excluded from Parliament.

The danger, moreover, became too pressing to admit of division among the party. The king had laid siege to Gloucester, the only stronghold which still arrested him in his march upon London, or impeded the free communication of the royal armies. Common-sense gained the victory over party hatreds. The moderate understood that before negotiating it was necessary to conquer; the fanatics recognized the truth, that in order to succeed they must serve and their rivals must command. Essex and his friends everywhere regained their lately disputed authority, and the most fiery of their adversaries

left no means untried to assure them of the confidence of Parliament and the country. The week had scarcely passed when the earl set out at the head of fourteen thousand men, to proceed by forced marches to the relief of Gloucester, which city the king had been closely blockading for a fortnight.

Charles had not found even in his most illustrious servants the intelligence and disinterestedness which had for the moment inspired the leaders of the popular party. Lord Newcastle, victorious in Yorkshire, had refused to rejoin the king under the walls of London. "As long as Hull is not taken," he said, "I cannot leave this part of the country." Hull was in the hands of Fairfax, and the king could not or dared not undertake to attack London unaided. He thought he had secret understandings with the town of Gloucester, and resolved to lay siege to it. A garrison of fifteen hundred men defended the town; the inhabitants also were devoted to Parliament, and replied to the order to surrender: "We hold this town for the service of his Majesty and his posterity. We consider ourselves obliged to obey the orders of his Majesty, as they are transmitted to us by the two Houses of Parliament; consequently, with the help of God, we will guard the said town with all our might." For twenty-six days they had kept their word, when the king learned that the Earl of Essex was approaching.

Every means, both warlike and peaceful, was tried to arrest him. Prince Rupert threw himself with his cavalry in the earl's way; the king made him proposals of peace. Essex did not fight, still pressing on his march, and he replied to Charles: "Parliament has not commissioned me to negotiate, but to deliver Gloucester. I will do it, or I will leave my body under the walls." As he deployed his army on the morrow, the 5th of September, upon the hills of Prestbury, two

leagues from the besieged town, the sight of the royal quarters in flames informed him that he had accomplished his task without striking a blow. Charles had raised the siege of Gloucester.

It was not to avoid a combat that the Cavaliers had abandoned an attempt of which they were weary. Gloucester being revictualled, the Earl of Essex turned back towards London; but on arriving before Newbury, on the 19th of September, he perceived that the enemy had preceded him, and that a battle was inevitable. The action began at day-break. Valiant was the fighting on both sides: "the Royalists therein felt the hope of redeeming a reverse which had suspended the course of their triumphs; the Parliamentarians, the desire not to lose, when so near the goal, the fruit of a triumph which had put an end to so many reverses." * The London trainbands manifested the most brilliant courage. At nightfall, both parties maintained their positions. Essex, however, had gained ground, and was preparing to resume the action at daybreak; but the enemy withdrew during the night, and the road was free. On the 22d, Essex and his army arrived at Reading, henceforth sheltered from all danger.

The royal army had suffered losses which had cast down the courage of the chiefs and the soldiers. More than twenty officers of distinction had been killed; among others, and first of all, Lord Falkland, the honor of the Royalist party. "Still a patriot, although proscribed in London, still respected by the people, although a royal counsellor at Oxford, nothing called him to the field of battle, but he sought danger with a sad ardor. Deeply afflicted by the evils which he contemplated and those which he foresaw, ill at ease amid a party whose successes and reverses he almost equally dreaded, his temper had become embittered, he had grown taciturn and

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

gloomy. 'Peace! peace!' he often exclaimed amid the conversations of his friends; then he relapsed into his despondency. On the morning of the combat he had attired himself carefully, according to his former custom, for some time abandoned; and as he was urged to remain at home, 'No,' he said, 'too long has all this been breaking my heart; I hope that I shall be out of it before it is night;' and he joined the regiment of Lord Byron as a volunteer. He fell at the beginning of the action, dying before his fall had been noticed. His friends, Hyde especially, preserved an inconsolable remembrance of him. The courtiers learned, without any great emotion, the death of a man who had been a stranger to them. Charles manifested decent regret, and felt himself more at ease in the council." *

Joy reigned supreme in London. While Essex was re-entering the city with his triumphant troops, news was brought that Vane had concluded with the Scots, under the name of "The Solemn League and Covenant," a close alliance, which was sworn to both in Edinburgh and in London. The Presbyterian leaders and people were at the summit of their wishes. Their general had conquered, and their natural allies, the Scots, were coming to their aid. They took advantage of this situation of affairs to exert their religious tyranny; the assemblage of theologians received orders to prepare a scheme of ecclesiastical government, and committees were formed to examine in each county the doctrine and conduct of the clergy. Those who had escaped the persecutions of Laud against the nonconformists, now fell before the Presbyterian inquisitions. Some few even, who had resumed possession of their livings since the fall of Episcopacy, found themselves again prosecuted. More than two thousand clergymen were expelled from their parishes, and the Anabaptists, the

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

Brownists, and the Independents, were thrown into prisons, with their former tyrants. Archbishop Laud, forgotten for three years past in his imprisonment, was summoned to the bar of the Upper House, to reply to the accusation of the Commons, the triumphant Presbyterians bringing the weight of their vengeance and their fears to bear upon adversaries of all parties.

They hastened, for the ground trembled beneath their feet. It was too heavy a task to cope, on the one hand with the Royalists, and on the other with the religious or political Independents, who every day became more numerous and more bold. In religious matters, the Presbyterians admitted neither discussion nor liberty. They looked upon their doctrinal and ecclesiastical system as the only law and the only government permitted and revealed by the word of God. In politics they were moderate. They loved the monarchy, while fighting against the king; they respected the prerogative, while laboring to subjugate the crown; and they obeyed old customs as much as new requirements, without knowing precisely whither they were proceeding by means of all these reforms which they had prosecuted for three years with so much ardor. The leaders themselves came from different sides, and were not all animated by the same desires. Hesitation began to appear among them: Rudyard no longer appeared in Parliament, except at rare intervals. St. John and Pym treated the Independents gently; the Lords quitted Westminster by degrees and withdrew to their estates, or went to rejoin the king. On the morrow of the battle of Newbury, ten lords only sat in the Upper House; they were for the Presbyterians an incumbrance rather than a support; the popular movement became every day more estranged from the high aristocracy, who were separated from the Presbyterians by the religious fanaticism of the latter. Revolution succeeded reform.

The new party had grown in the shadow of the Presbyterian power; but from the first it had set up a very different flag; liberty was the basis of the structure, that liberty yet so misunderstood and so often dishonored by the very persons who demanded it. "Whatever may have been the boldness of their ventures, neither the politicians nor the devotees of the new party were a prey to vague desires, to unlimited pretensions. No precise design regulated their course, no historical or legal act inclosed with its limitations their belief. It was this very belief which they wished at all costs to enfranchise. Proud of its elevation, of its holiness, of its daring, they awarded to it the right of judging all, of ruling all; and, taking it solely for their guide, with indefatigable ardor the philosophers sought truth; the enthusiasts, the Lord; the libertines, success. All could find therein full satisfaction for their views and hopes. The double policy of the Presbyterians did not hinder the progress of those free spirits who claimed to shake off all impediments and remake the world in their own fashion. Hostility increased every day between the new party of the Independents, impelled by the wind of revolution as well as by popular favor, and the old Presbyterian party, triumphant and everywhere in power, but hesitating and uneasy in the very midst of its victories." *

At Oxford, these divisions among the enemy were not unknown, and men of ability would have been ready to profit by them: but in vain were secret negotiations carried on sometimes with the Presbyterians, sometimes with the Independents; the negotiations were neither active nor efficacious, and they displeased the king even while he tolerated them. He had less repugnance in treating with other enemies, odious to England and his people. He negotiated with the Irish rebels, with

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

the ferocious Papists who had put Ireland to fire and sword, now organized by the great council which had been formed at Kilkenny. When Charles heard of the negotiations of the Scotch with Parliament, and saw that a second kingdom was about to slip from his grasp, he hastened to come to terms with the Irish. The Protestant army, commanded by the Earl of Ormond, which had always remained faithful to the royal cause, was disbanded; its regiments crossed the sea, and joined the army of the king. A truce for a year was concluded with the rebels; Ireland was abandoned to the Papists. This was a terrible blow struck in England at the traditional respect which many people still preserved towards the king. His duplicity, his tedious falsehoods, the haughty tone of his protests, his decided tendency towards Romanism, all this recurred to the recollection of the people, and his name, hitherto treated with respect amid the most bitter strife of the contending parties, was no longer spared from insult.

Charles was deeply offended at the violence which was manifested towards him. His timid and easily offended dignity was shocked at the idea that people should dare to judge him according to his acts. He sent for Hyde. "I desire to dissolve Parliament," he said. "The act by which I promised only to do so with their own consent is, I am assured, null and void; for I could not thus abolish the prerogatives of the crown, but rather desire to make use of them. Let a proclamation be prepared which shall declare the Houses dissolved from this time, and expressly forbid them from reassembling, or any one, whosoever he may be, from recognizing or obeying them." Hyde listened, surprised and grieved. "I cannot imagine," he said, "that your Majesty's forbidding them to meet any more at Westminster will prevent one man the more going there; and, nevertheless,

the kingdom will, without doubt, take violent umbrage at it. It was the first powerful reproach they corrupted the people with against your Majesty, that you intended to dissolve this Parliament, and in the same way repeal all the other acts made by that Parliament, whereof some are very precious to the people. As your Majesty has always disclaimed any such thought, such a proclamation now would confirm all the jealousies and fears so excited, and trouble many of your true subjects. I implore your Majesty to reflect well before further pressing this project."

All the members of the council spoke like Hyde, and the king abandoned his project not without ill-humor. It was necessary, however, to do something. Some one proposed, since the name of Parliament exercised such a dominion over the people, to convoke at Oxford all the members of the two Houses who had quitted Westminster, and thus to oppose to the factious and mutilated Parliament a real and legal Parliament, since the king would form part of it. The proposal displeased the king, who detested the very name of Parliament. The queen was still more opposed to it; but the Royalist party received the measure with ecstasy, and no one dared to withdraw it. The Parliament of the king was convoked at Oxford for the 22d January, 1644.

On the same day, at Westminster, a kind of muster of the Houses took place. Twenty-two lords still sat in the Upper House, and two hundred and eighty members of the Commons responded to their names. A certain number were absent upon the service of the country and by order of Parliament. One of its oldest and most useful leaders had recently been taken from them. "Pym had died on the 8th of December, after a few days' illness. A man of less brilliant renown than Hampden, in the secret councils as well as the public acts of the House he had rendered services

not less important. Firm, patient, and shrewd, skilled in pursuing an enemy, in directing a debate or an intrigue, in fomenting the anger of the people, in engaging or retaining in his cause the great lords who were in a state of indecision, he was, moreover, an indefatigable member of most of the committees, the customary chief mover of decisive measures, always ready to undertake onerous and dreaded duties; indifferent, in short, to labor, to mortifications, to fortune, to glory, and placing in success his sole ambition. The House felt his loss, and rendered the greatest honors to his memory. He was buried at Westminster." *

The new Parliament had attempted to establish relations with Essex. The latter received from the Earl of Forth, commander-in-chief of the army of the king, a packet which he consigned in a sealed cover to the Upper House. After an examination by a committee of the two Houses, the papers were sent to Oxford without any answer. A demand for a safe-conduct for the deputies whom the king desired to send to London was not better received. "My Lord," replied Essex, "when you ask for a safe-conduct in order that these gentlemen may repair, on behalf of the king, to the two Houses of Parliament, I will do, with all my heart, what shall be in my power to contribute to all that is desired by all good men—the re-establishment of an amicable understanding between his Majesty and his faithful and only council, the Parliament."

The king was delighted to find his adversaries so untractable; his hopes lay entirely in war and in no wise in negotiations. The assembly of Oxford, consisting of forty-five lords and a hundred and eighteen members of the Commons, obtained however a slight concession from him. The name of Parliament had not, in the first message rejected by Essex, been applied to the Houses at Westminster. A letter of the king

* M. Guizot, *Histoire de la Révolution d'Angleterre*.

was addressed "to the Lords and Commons of the Parliament assembled at Westminster;" but he spoke of the Lords and Commons assembled at Oxford as of their equals. A trumpeter from Essex brought the reply of the Houses. "The letter of your Majesty," it ran, "gives us, as to peace, the saddest thoughts. The persons now assembled at Oxford, and who, against their duty, have deserted your Parliament, are therein placed in the same rank as the latter, and this Parliament itself, convoked according to the fundamental laws of the kingdom, authorized to continue to sit by a special law sanctioned by your Majesty, finds itself denied even its name. We cannot betray in this manner the honor of the country intrusted to our keeping, and it is our duty to make known to your Majesty that we are firmly resolved to defend and maintain, at the risk of our fortunes and our lives, the just rights and the full powers of Parliament."

The assembly of Oxford did not long resist. Henceforth, without hope of conciliation, and consequently without object, it continued to sit until the 16th of April, still faithful to the king, voting a few loans, and addressing long and bitter reproaches to the Houses of Westminster; but timid, inactive, and careful to manifest in presence of the court its ardent desire for legal order and peace. When their adjournment was at length pronounced, the king rejoiced with the queen at being delivered from this mongrel Parliament, the haunt of cowardly and seditious motions.

Charles counted upon war; but the campaign about to open presented itself to him under grievous aspects. All the small engagements which had taken place during the winter had turned to the advantage of the Parliamentarians. The Earl of Newcastle had been compelled by Fairfax to shut himself up in York. Parliament possessed five armies: those of the Scots, Essex, and Fairfax, were paid at the expense



PORTRAIT OF QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA.

of the public treasury; those of Manchester and Waller were supported by the eastern and southern counties commissioned to recruit them. Under the name of Committee of the Two Kingdoms, a committee composed of seven lords, fourteen members of the Commons, and four Scottish commissioners, was invested with almost absolute power over the war and the foreign relations. The measures of Parliament were every day becoming more regular and energetic. Weakness and want of discipline, on the contrary, increased in the camp of the king.

Suddenly it became known at Oxford that the army of Essex, strengthened by that of Waller, was advancing to besiege the town. The troops of Fairfax and Manchester and the Scots were to assemble under the walls of York, and besiege that town in common. The two great towns and the two great armies of the Royalists, the king and Lord Newcastle, were thus attacked at once by all the forces of Parliament. Such was the simple and bold plan which the Committee of the Two Kingdoms had adopted.

The queen took alarm. She was in expectation of a child, and she was anxious not to be delivered within a besieged town. The evil effect of her departure was represented to her without success; she became angry, wept, implored, and finally set out for Exeter, determined to proceed to France in case of danger. Her husband never saw her again.

A month later, at the end of May, Oxford was almost completely surrounded. A considerable reinforcement of militia-men coming from London, were to put Essex in a position to complete the investment. The danger was so urgent that one of the faithful councillors of the king proposed to him to surrender to the earl. "It may be," said Charles in indignation, "that I may be found in the hands of the Earl of Essex, but I shall be dead." A week afterwards the army

and Parliament learned that the investment of Oxford had become useless, for the king had escaped.

On the 3d of June, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and leaving in the town the Duke of York with all his court, the king had issued forth from Oxford. Passing between the two hostile camps, and joining a corps of light troops who awaited him upon the northern side, he had rapidly placed himself out of reach. Seventeen days subsequently, while Waller was pursuing him in Worcestershire, and Essex was advancing towards Lyme, which Prince Maurice kept besieged, Charles, bold and determined for the first time, reappeared in Oxford, and placing himself once more at the head of his troops, vigorously resumed the offensive. On the 29th of June, he defeated in Buckinghamshire, at Cropredybridge, the army of Waller, which had advanced to cut off his road to London. At rest upon this point, he resolved to pursue Essex, who had appeared before the walls of Exeter, and might terrify the queen, who had been delivered of a child two days before. One of the armies which had but recently kept him a prisoner was destroyed; the other, it seemed, would soon share its fate. Mollified by his triumph, the king addressed from Evesham a message to the Houses, in which, without giving to them the name of Parliament, he made pacific protestations and offered to reopen the negotiations; he then pursued his march towards the west.

Before his message arrived in London everything had assumed a different aspect. Fresh actors had entered upon the scene; the battle of Marston Moor, fought by the three armies of Fairfax, Manchester, and the Scots, against Prince Rupert and Lord Newcastle, had annihilated the Royalist party in the north. York could not delay surrendering. Neither the defeats of Waller nor the former triumphs of Essex were thought of any longer.



BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR.

It was on the evening of the 2d of July, from seven to ten o'clock, at Marston Moor, that the battle had taken place which had brought about these great results. At the approach of Prince Rupert the Parliamentary generals had raised the siege of York, and proceeded towards him to arrest his progress. They had not succeeded; the prince had entered the town without striking a blow. The Parliamentarians retired; but notwithstanding the counsels of Lord Newcastle, Rupert followed them. When the two armies met it was five o'clock in the evening; they spent two hours in sight of each other without engaging. "What position does your Highness intend for me?" asked Newcastle of the prince. "I do not count upon making the attack before to-morrow morning," said Rupert; "you may rest until then." The earl retired and shut himself up in his coach. Scarcely was he settled there, when the firing informed him that the battle had begun; he ran thither, without command, at the head of a few gentlemen volunteers like himself. The most frightful disorder reigned on the plain. The two armies were fighting in a mob, without leaders and without discipline: Parliamentarians and Royalists, horsemen and foot-soldiers, were wandering about the field of battle, seeking their corps, fighting wherever they met the enemy, but without result as well as without general purpose. The right wing of the Parliamentarians wavered under a charge of the Royalists; the Scottish cavalry took to flight. They were pursued, and a rumor of the victory of Prince Rupert spread as far as Oxford, where bonfires were lighted. But, as usual, the Cavaliers had suffered themselves to be carried away by their ardor. When they returned to the field of battle, they found their positions occupied by the enemy. Prince Rupert's cavalry had given way before the squadrons of Cromwell, and the infantry of Manchester had completed his defeat. The Parliamentarians had not pursued

their adversaries, but had hastened to secure the field of battle. The combat which took place between the two victorious corps ended to the advantage of the Ironsides, a name given upon this occasion to Cromwell's soldiers. Three thousand corpses strewed the field. Sixteen hundred Royalists were prisoners.

Rupert and Newcastle re-entered York in the middle of the night. Without seeing each other, they merely exchanged messages. "I have resolved," the prince sent word, "to set out this morning with my cavalry and what I have left of infantry." "I start at once," Newcastle said, "and I am going to cross the sea to retire to the Continent." Both kept their word. York capitulated at the end of a fortnight.

Never had Parliament achieved so brilliant a success, and it was to the Independents that they owed it. The Scots, those allies whom the Presbyterians had brought from so far, had disgracefully fled. *The day of the Lord* was at length coming, thought the enthusiasts. "My Lord," said Cromwell to Lord Manchester, in their camp intercourse, "place yourself decisively with us; say no longer that we must hold ourselves in readiness for peace, or spare the House of Lords, or fear the refusals of Parliament. What have we to do with peace and the nobility? It never will be well with England till you are called plain Mr. Montague. If you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an army which shall give law both to king and Parliament."

The audacious counsels of Cromwell were not to be of use to Lord Manchester; but himself and his party were nearing the goal of their hopes, for Essex had recently been vanquished.

More and more occupied in the west, the general-in-chief of the Parliamentary armies had allowed himself to be allured

by easy successes. As he approached Exeter, the queen sent to ask for a safe-conduct, in order to proceed to Bath to recover from her accouchement. "If your Majesty wishes to repair to London," he replied, "not only will I give you a safe-conduct, but I will accompany you myself. It is there that you will receive the best advice and the most efficacious cares for the restoration of your health. For any other place I cannot accede to your desires without consulting Parliament." Essex might be dispirited, and disgusted even with the cause he had embraced; he could not fail in fidelity. Stricken with terror, the queen fled to Falmouth, where she embarked for France.

Upon the advice of several of his officers, Essex had entered Cornwall. The population were hostile to him, and the king was pressing him closely. He asked for reinforcements, and counselled that Waller should effect a diversion upon the rear of the royal army. The Committee of the Two Kingdoms was seriously agitated, ordered public prayers, commanded Waller and Middleton to march to the aid of the general. "Let money and men be sent to me," wrote Waller. "God is my witness that it is not my fault if I do not go more quickly; if the money does not come, I shall go without money." He did not depart. Middleton set himself in movement and stopped at the first obstacle. Essex remained alone.

Abandoned by Parliament, the general was ardently sought after by the Royalists, who were incapable of believing that a man of his rank could earnestly serve any other cause than theirs. The king wrote to him on the 6th of August, at his headquarters at Lestwithiel, a letter full of esteem and promises, urging him to restore peace to his country. It was Lord Beauchamp, nephew of the Earl of Essex, who brought the royal missive to him. "I have but one counsel

to give the king, that is to return to his Parliament." Charles did not persist, but many Cavaliers around him desired peace, and were beginning to shake off the exclusive yoke of the royal will. They resolved to offer to the earl their personal guaranty for the promises of the king. A rough draft of a letter, signed by Lords Wilmot and Percy, commanders of the cavalry and infantry, circulated among the officers. The king concealed his ill-humor. His nephew, Prince Maurice, like the Earl of Brentford, commander-in-chief of the royal army, signed the proposals of negotiation addressed to the hostile general. The king had authorized the proceeding. "My Lords," replied Essex, "you have been careful to express, in the first lines of your letter, in virtue of what authorization it has been addressed to me. I have received from the Parliament which I serve no authority to negotiate, and I could not lend myself to it without a breach of trust. I am, my Lords, your very humble servant, Essex."

It only remained to fight with the redoubled ardor which arises from vexation. The Parliamentary general was hemmed in on all sides by the Royalist forces. Skirmishes took place every day without great result. Provisions were becoming scarce in the army of the Parliament. The Royalists had come so near that they could see all that went on in the camp. Essex resolved to endeavor to reach the port of Fowey. The cavalry, under the orders of Sir William Balfour, spent the night between the two divisions of the royal army; but the infantry became involved in narrow roads, where they advanced slowly; they were pursued by the entire army of the king; they lost their baggage, and began to speak openly of capitulating. Essex could not submit to so great a disgrace; he reached the coast with two officers, threw himself into a boat, and made sail for Plymouth, leaving his army under the orders of Major-general Skippon. The soldiers were

discouraged, the officers discontented: the king caused unexpected terms to be proposed to them; the capitulation was accepted. The artillery, provisions, and arms remained in the hands of the Royalists. The men were sent back to Parliamentary headquarters. They had saved their lives and liberty, but without arms and without a leader they traversed, under Cavalier escort, the counties which they had but recently overrun as conquerors. Their general had fled from this humiliation; he did not endeavor to escape the justice of his country; he wrote to Parliament, on arriving at Plymouth: "It is the most severe blow which our cause has ever sustained. I desire nothing so much as to be put upon my trial; such disasters should not be suppressed."

The English Parliament was worthy to have descended from the old senators contending against Hannibal. Instead of placing Essex upon his trial, they at once set about collecting a new army for him. The imminence of the peril rallied to his party those men who were uncertain; and the leaders of the Independents, able and patient, were in no hurry to throw light upon the causes which had brought about the defeat of the earl. Manchester and Waller received orders to join the army of the Earl of Essex. When the king, confident from his successes in Cornwall, and glad to learn that, at the instigation of Montrose, war had broken out in Scotland, commenced his movements towards London, he encountered by the way imposing forces. The army of Essex was there, but its general was wanting. The earl, disheartened and ill, had remained in London. The assurances of the confidence of Parliament had not sufficed to rouse him from his dejection: battle was given in his absence on the 29th of October, once more before Newbury.

The action was long and desperate. The soldiers of Essex performed on the occasion prodigies of valor to retake the can-

non which they had lost in Cornwall; but victory remained uncertain, and was claimed by both sides. The king abandoned his designs upon London, and withdrew towards Oxford, where he designed to take up his winter-quarters. Cromwell reproached the Earl of Manchester with having attacked feebly, and but poorly followed up his advantages. The struggle became more resolute every day between the Presbyterians and the Independents—between the partisans of peace and those who desired war at any price. Of these latter, Cromwell was becoming the acknowledged leader.

Essex and his friends resolved to make one last effort. They urged the committee of the House, which for six months had worked with the Scottish commissioners, to prepare proposals for peace. In a few days these proposals were presented to the Houses, discussed and adopted. On the 20th of November, nine commissioners set out to present them to the king. They found him at Oxford, and from the first day the insults of the Cavaliers towards the Parliamentarians threatened to bring about personal encounters between the emissaries of Parliament and the partisans of the king. "Have you power to treat?" asked Charles of Lord Denbigh. "No; but we are to receive your Majesty's answer in writing." "Well, then, I will remit it to you," he replied, "as soon as I am able." The commissioners waited for three days. The proposals of Parliament were not conciliatory; they involved a veritable abdication of the royal power. When the commissioners were at length summoned before the king, he consigned a sealed document to them, saying, "This is my answer; take it to those who have sent you." Lord Denbigh in vain endeavored to ascertain what the document contained; the king would not give to the Houses the name of Parliament. "Your duty is to take my answer," he said, "were it only the ballad of Robin Hood." "The matter which has

brought us, sire, is a trifle more serious than a ballad." "I know it; but you told me that you had no power to negotiate. My memory is as good as yours; you were only charged to remit the proposals to me. A post-boy would have done as much in the matter as you." The conversation became more and more bitter. The commissioners set out on their return, without obtaining from the king an admission that his message was addressed to Parliament. He only asked for a safe-conduct for the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Southampton. They proceeded to London, and conferences were resolved upon; these were to take place at Uxbridge. Forty commissioners, twenty-three in the name of Parliament, and seventeen in the name of the king, were to discuss that peace which was every day becoming more the dearest object as well as the only hope of the Presbyterians.

The Independents knew this well, but they also knew the passionate pride and the deceptions of the king, and the fanaticism and haughtiness of the Parliamentarians. While dreading the pacific conferences which might cause the triumph of their rivals, they occupied themselves in preparing war. Cromwell made a great speech condemning the division of power and the slowness of the military operations. "If the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonorable peace. Let us waive a strict inquiry into the causes of these things; let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother-country, as no members of either House will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interest for the public good, nor account it to be a dishonor done to them whatever Parliament shall resolve upon." "There is but one way to end the matter," said Zouch Tate,

an obscure fanatic; "each of us must freely sacrifice himself. I propose that no member of either House shall, during the war, enjoy or execute any office or command, civil or military, and that an ordinance be brought in accordingly."

After the first moment of astonishment, a violent discussion arose. It was in the Houses that lay all the strength of the Presbyterians, until then the real leaders of the revolution. The "Self-denying Ordinance" deprived them of the executive power and created an army hostile to Parliament. They did not deceive themselves as to the pretended disinterestedness which had inspired the proposals of Cromwell and his friends. "There is some talk here of self-denial," they said; "it will be the triumph of personal envy and interest." But this time public opinion was with the Independents. The Presbyterian party was worn out and discredited. Notwithstanding their real strength in the House of Commons, the ordinance was passed and sent up on the 21st of September to the House of Lords.

In adopting the measure presented by Zouch Tate, the Upper House would abandon the remnant of power which it still retained, for nearly all its members were affected. While they were deliberating, the political leaders of the party in the House of Commons increased the concessions to the religious prejudices, as well as to the malignant resentments of the multitude. Long-forgotten prosecutions were resumed. Archbishop Laud, imprisoned for four years, was condemned by a simple ordinance of the two Houses, illegal even according to the traditions of Parliamentary tyranny. He died with pious courage, filled with disdain for his adversaries and with uneasiness for the future of the king. Sir John Hotham and his son, accused of having plotted to deliver to the king the town of Hull; Lord Macguire, who had fomented the Irish insurrection; and Sir Alexander Carew, governor of the island of St. Nicholas,

who had relaxed his zeal in favor of the Royalist conspiracies, expiated their transgressions by capital punishment. At the same time the liturgy of the Church of England, hitherto tacitly tolerated, was definitively abolished. A book entitled *Directions for Public Worship* received instead the sanction of Parliament, which no longer refused anything to the fanatics whose support it desired. The House of Lords did not deceive their hopes. On the 15th of January, 1645, it rejected the Self-denying Ordinance.

A few days later, on the 29th of January, the negotiations at Uxbridge were at length opened. The king had consented to accord to the Houses at Westminster the name of Parliament. "If I had had in my council," he wrote to the queen, "two persons of my own opinion, I should never have yielded." The negotiators wished for peace, with the exception of Vane, St. John, and Prideaux, who formed other projects.

The good intentions of men soon yield to the force of circumstances. Each of the Parliamentary factions had its private interest: both parties were striving to secure power in case peace should be concluded. Theological discussions envenomed the political negotiations. The conferences, begun with mutual courtesy and good-will, soon became bitter and violent, while the excited state of the public mind aggravated the difficulties on both sides. An obscure minister, who came down from London, preached in the parish church of Uxbridge, in presence of a numerous gathering. "No good must be expected from those men," he said, speaking of the Royalists; "they have come from Oxford with their hearts full of blood. They only wish to divert the people until they may be able to cause them some great evil. There is as great a distance between this treaty and peace as between earth and heaven." The people had become convinced that in his heart the king did not wish for peace.

His councillors were as distrustful as the mob. The end of the negotiations was approaching. Some concession from the king which might at length cause the scale to turn was insisted upon. He gave way to entreaties, and promised to propose to Parliament a certain number of leaders of the army, among whom were Cromwell and Fairfax. The friends of peace were encouraged. Lord Southampton, who had negotiated the whole affair, was preparing to depart for Uxbridge, in order to announce the favors accorded by his Majesty. When he presented himself at the king's quarters to receive his final instructions, Charles had altered his mind, and withdrew his promise. News of a victory achieved in Scotland by Montrose, over the army commanded by Argyle, had revived all his high hopes. The conferences at Uxbridge were broken up, on the 22d of February, without having brought about any result. The Presbyterian leaders, sorrowful and dejected, returned to Westminster, to find that their adversaries had contrived to make profitable use of the time during their absence. The military reorganization was effected. A single army, mustering twenty-one thousand men, was henceforth to maintain the struggle. On the 15th of February, the command of this army had been intrusted to Fairfax, for whom Cromwell had answered publicly to Parliament, and privately to the parties. The almost constant successes of the young general, besides, spoke for him. He had already been welcomed by the House of Commons, and received the official congratulations of the Speaker.

The Presbyterian leaders in vain attempted to recover from this defeat. Their friends even were becoming weary of the constant effort necessary to support them. The Marquis of Argyle had just arrived from Scotland; bitterly resolved to wipe out the remembrance of his defeat at Inverlochy, he made use of his influence to turn aside the Scottish com-

missioners from a longer opposition. "We must yield to necessity," he said; "this division places everything on sufferance." The vote which had given Fairfax the real power, had preserved Essex in his command, as well as Manchester and Waller. The earl resolved to tender his resignation. He rose, on the 1st of April, in the Upper House, with a written paper in his hand, for he could not make an off-hand speech. "My Lords," he said, "having received this great charge, in obedience to the commands of both Houses, and taken their sword into my hand, I can with confidence say that I have for this now almost three years faithfully served you, and I hope without loss of honor to myself, or prejudice to the public. I see by the now coming up of these ordinances that it is the desire of the House of Commons that my commission may be vacated. I return my commission into those hands that gave it me, wishing it may prove as good an expedient to the present distempers as some will have it believed. My Lords, I know that jealousies cannot be avoided, yet wisdom and charity should put such restraints thereto as not to allow it to become destructive. I hope that this advice from me is not unseasonable, wishing myself and my friends may, among others, participate the benefit thereof. This proceeding from my affection to the Parliament, the prosperity whereof I shall ever wish from my heart, what return soever it may bring me, I being no single example in that kind of that fortune I now undergo."

Manchester and Waller followed the example of Essex. The Upper House, relieved from a fidelity which was burdensome, hastened to adopt the scheme of remodelling the army, and on the morrow a second Self-denying Ordinance, slightly different from the first, though tending towards the same result, was passed by the two Houses. The authority was

now definitively displaced. It passed from the hands of Parliament into those of the army.

Fairfax encountered little difficulty on the part of the officers and soldiers called upon to serve under his orders. Essex loyally advised his friends; Cromwell hastened to preach submission to the battalions of the Ironsides. As he had fully resolved, he was not long separated from them. Towards the end of April, Fairfax was about to open the campaign, when Cromwell arrived at Windsor to kiss the general's hand, he said, and to tender his resignation to him. "I have just," Fairfax said, "received from the Committee of the Two Kingdoms, orders enjoining you to proceed immediately, with a few squadrons, to the road from Oxford to Worcester, to intercept communications between Prince Rupert and the king." Cromwell immediately set out. Three brilliant skirmishes and the capture of the town of Blechington signalized his march. Parliament voted that Cromwell should retain his command for forty days longer. Three other members of the House of Commons, distinguished officers, received the same instructions, doubtless in order that Cromwell should not appear to be alone excepted from the operation of the law.

Meanwhile the king, having issued forth from Oxford, had joined Prince Rupert, and was advancing rapidly towards the north. The siege of Chester was raised at his approach, and he directed his course towards the confederated counties of the east. A few days later he took possession of Leicester. Fairfax, who was besieging Oxford by order of the Committee of the Two Kingdoms, had made no movement to hinder the course of his successes. The Presbyterians were already triumphant. "This then is the fruit of this reorganization which was so much vaunted," they said; "the king in one day takes our best towns, and your general remains motionless

before Oxford, waiting, doubtless, for the women of the court to take alarm and open the gates to him." They did not speak of the inaction of the Scotch, who had fallen back upon their frontiers instead of marching to meet the king. Fairfax received orders to raise the siege of Oxford, to seek the king, and give battle to him at all costs. In his turn, he wrote to the Houses to request the prolongation of Cromwell's service. Sixteen colonels signed the letter. On the 12th of June, in the environs of Northampton, some Parliamentary horsemen, sent to reconnoitre, suddenly came up with a detachment of the army of the king.

Charles was advancing, in fact, to relieve Oxford. The successes of Montrose in Scotland strengthened his confidence. "Since the rebellion," he wrote to the queen, "my affairs have never been in so good a state." He made no haste, but enjoyed the amusement of hunting upon his way, allowing full liberty to his cavaliers, who were even more confident than their master. He was expecting troops which were to arrive from Wales and the western counties. When he was informed of the approach of the Parliamentarians, he fell back towards Leicester. Meanwhile the hostile squadrons annoyed his rear-guard. Cromwell had joined the army. The king resolved to give battle without awaiting his reinforcements.

The encounter took place on the morrow, the 14th of June, upon the table-land of Naseby, northwest of Northampton. At daybreak, the army of the king, posted in an advantageous position, awaited the Parliamentarians. The latter did not attack. Prince Rupert, always impatient, dashed forward with his cavalry. He soon encountered the advanced guard of the enemy. Fearing that they would withdraw, the prince continued his advance, sending word for the army to support the movement. About ten o'clock the Royalists

arrived, somewhat distressed by the rapidity of their march. The action commenced at once, and was fierce and general. The two armies were of about equal strength. The Cavaliers, intoxicated with the anticipation of victory, had taken for their rallying-cry the words, "God and Queen Mary." The Parliamentarians cried aloud, "God our strength." Prince Rupert broke the squadrons of Ireton, who later became Cromwell's son-in-law, and immediately pursued the fugitives; but Cromwell, master of himself and his men as at Marston Moor, had dispersed the cavalry commanded by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, and charging two of his officers to prevent them from rallying, he himself returned with a portion of his troops to the field of battle. There the infantry of both sides were engaged: Skippon was seriously wounded, but remained resolutely at the head of his soldiers. The helmet of Fairfax was destroyed by a blow from a sword, and he went on fighting bareheaded. Meanwhile the Cavaliers held their ground, and a corps of royal infantry remained immovable notwithstanding the reiterated attacks of Doyley, the colonel of the guards of Fairfax. "Take them in front, I will take them in the rear," said the general; "we shall meet again in the midst of them." They did so, in effect, at the moment when Cromwell, with his victorious squadrons, arrived to support them. At the sight of this new and dangerous enemy, the king, in great distress, placed himself in person at the head of his regiment of guards. These were all that remained to him, and he was preparing to charge the Ironsides, when the Earl of Carnearth, a Scotchman, who galloped beside him, abruptly seized the bridle of his horse, exclaiming, "Will you go upon your death?" and compelled him to turn to the right. The Cavaliers followed the movement without understanding the reason for it. In an instant the regiment had turned its back to



"WILL YOU GO UPON YOUR DEATH?"

the enemy. All broke ranks, some to seek safety in flight, others to restrain the fugitives. The king, surrounded by a few officers, in vain cried, "Halt! halt!" Prince Rupert returned. A small corps was re-formed around the king, but the soldiers were weary and dismayed. Charles, sword in hand, with eager eyes and despair in his face, twice dashed forward, exclaiming with all his energy, "Gentlemen, one charge more, and we recover the day." None followed him. The infantry were routed or prisoners. The only safety lay in flight. The king fell back towards Leicester with about two thousand cavalry. His artillery, his supplies, his baggage, his standards, and all the papers in his cabinet, together with five thousand prisoners, remained in the hands of the Parliamentarians.

No loss could have been more damaging to the cause of the king than that of his secret correspondence. After Fairfax had modestly informed the Houses of this unexpected success, and Cromwell had joined to the news a few devout reflections and some of his politic counsels, the king's papers were opened, notwithstanding the scruples of Fairfax. Proof was therein found that he had never desired peace; that no concession was, in his eyes, definitive, no promise binding; that in his heart he always relied upon force, and always laid claim to absolute power. Finally that, in spite of his reiterated denials, he had applied to the King of France, the Duke of Lorraine—to all the princes of the Continent, in fact—to introduce foreign troops into the kingdom. A protestation was even found, inscribed upon the registers of the council of Oxford, against that name of Parliament which he had consented to accord to the Houses for the purposes of the conferences at Uxbridge. Falsehood was everywhere written by the very hand of the king. After the public assemblage at the Guildhall, where an immense crowd was

present at the reading of the papers, Parliament caused them to be published. The king did not dispute their authenticity.

Exasperation was general, and the warlike ardor revived on all hands. In order to make peace it would be necessary to put confidence in the king; it was now known what his word was worth. Fairfax advanced towards the western counties, once the most devoted to the royal cause; but the great noblemen or the popular and disinterested gentlemen, the Marquis of Hertford, Sir Bevil Grenvil, Sir Ralph Hop-ton, were dead, or had been removed by court conspiracies which the weakness of the king had favored. The young Prince of Wales, fifteen years of age, accompanied by Hyde, Colepepper, and Lord Capel, commanded as general-in-chief. The troops were intrusted to Lord Goring and Sir Richard Grenville, one the most dissolute, the other the most avaricious of the Cavaliers. Disorder and extortions had alienated the people. Bodies of peasants were formed under the name of "Clubmen," to resist pillage. When Fairfax appeared in the west, the Royalists ceased devastating the country, and the Clubmen turned against Fairfax and his soldiers; but the Parliamentary general permitted no license. He treated the peasants with kindness and entered into negotiations with them, meanwhile actively prosecuting the war. On the 10th of July Goring was surprised and defeated at Langport, in Somersetshire, and the troops which remained with him were dispersed. Sir Richard Grenville, being no longer able to plunder, resigned to the Prince of Wales his commission, complaining with effrontery of the burdens which the war had imposed upon him; and the Cavaliers remaining faithful withdrew into the towns which Fairfax was preparing to besiege.

Meanwhile the king appeared to have forgotten for a moment his misfortunes and anxieties. Wandering about, after

the disaster of Naseby, he had finally arrived in Wales, where he hoped to recruit some infantry, while Prince Rupert set out for Bristol; and here Charles accepted the splendid hospitality of the Marquis of Worcester, the leader of the Catholic party and the richest of the great noblemen of England. For a fortnight the fugitive king found once more, in Raglan Castle, all the homage and pleasures of a court, and gave himself up to the enjoyment of that royalty of which he had so long tasted only the bitterness and the mortifications.

The successes of his adversaries did not leave the king long in repose. To the news of reverses in the west was added that of the success of the Scottish army which had taken Carlisle and was advancing towards the south, to lay siege to Hereford. Charles desired to march to the aid of Goring; but he was arrested at every step by the bad condition of his troops. He had fallen back upon Cardiff, when the Duke of Richmond brought him a letter written by Prince Rupert, and intended to be shown to the king. The prince was of opinion that all was lost, and counselled peace at any price. This time the king's honor was touched, and he regained all his energy. He wrote immediately to his nephew: "If I had any other quarrel but the defence of my religion, crown, and friends, you had full reason for your advice. Speaking either as a mere soldier or statesman, I confess there is probability of my ruin. As a Christian, however, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels to prosper or His cause to be overthrown. Of this I warn my friends without evasion. Henceforth whoever remains with me must expect to die for a good cause; or, worse still, to live while sustaining it as miserable as insolent rebels can render him. In God's name let us not flatter ourselves with these conceits; and believe me, the very imagination that

you are desirous of a treaty will lose me so much the sooner." A few days later the king, quitting Wales, passed, without being perceived, the Scottish army, already encamped before Hereford, and arrived by forced marches in Yorkshire. There he called together at Doncaster his faithful Cavaliers, to proceed with him to join Montrose, still faithful and still victorious.

The Cavaliers hastened at the summons. The king in a few days found himself at the head of a body of three thousand men. They were preparing to join Montrose, and only awaited their instructions, when it was learned that David Lesley, at the head of the Scottish cavalry, was approaching Doncaster. The Royalists took alarm. Many retired, and when the news of recent and brilliant successes of Montrose reached the king, he had no longer sufficient forces to attempt a venture. He was urged not to risk his own safety, and re-entered Oxford, on the 29th of August, not knowing what to do with the few troops which he had left.

The victories of Montrose, however, revived the dejected monarch. Edinburgh and Glasgow were in the hands of the conqueror. He had set free all the Royalists whom the Scottish Parliament had kept in prison, and timid men hastened to place themselves under his standard. The Scots had recalled David Lesley with his cavalry. They needed all their strength to protect their own country.

The king attempted to take advantage of the enfeeblement of the Scottish army. He advanced towards Hereford; but the besiegers did not await him and fell back towards the north. He was urged to pursue them, but refused to do so, being already wearied by this effort so little in accord with his tastes and habits. Prince Rupert held Bristol, which town Fairfax was besieging, and promised to hold out for four months. The king did not trouble himself about

this matter, and repaired to take rest at Raglan, the residence of Lord Worcester, with whom he had constant communication. Scarcely had he arrived when he learned that Bristol was occupied by Fairfax. Prince Rupert had surrendered the town at the first assault, almost without resistance, when nothing had failed him — neither provisions nor soldiers. Charles was dismayed. It was his ruin in the west, and the most bitter disappointment in respect to his nephew. His courtiers, especially Lord Digby, who detested Rupert, envenomed his anger. He wrote to the prince an angry letter, which concluded with these words: "My conclusion is to desire you to seek your subsistence, until it shall please God to determine of my conditions, somewhere beyond seas; to which end I send you herewith a pass, and I pray God to make you sensible of your present position and give you means to recover what you have lost, for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion without blushing to assure you of my being your loving uncle and most faithful friend, — C. R."

Prince Rupert had taken refuge in Oxford. He did not depart, despite the king's injunctions. He averred that he had been calumniated, and asked to make an explanation to his uncle. But Lord Digby had taken care to prevent the interview. Charles had just set out for the north. He proposed to relieve Chester, which was again besieged, and was now the only port in which the assistance expected from Ireland could arrive. He was in sight of the town with five thousand men, Welsh foot-soldiers or cavalry from the north, when he was attacked in the rear by a Parliamentary corps, commanded by Major-General Poyntz. A detachment from the little army which was investing Chester, attacked the advanced guard at the same time. The king, caught between two fires, after a desperate resistance, saw his best officers

fall around him, and was compelled to return to Wales, abandoning Chester to its fate, and kept back once more, as though by an insurmountable barrier, from that army of Montrose which constituted his only hope.

The army of Montrose no longer existed. For ten days the marquis had been, like the king, a fugitive seeking shelter, and endeavoring to collect his soldiers. On the 30th of September he had been beaten at Philip-Haugh by David Lesley. His army had dissolved at the first reverse. Brilliant and rash, in base minds he excited envy, while in the timid he inspired no sense of security. A reverse sufficed to dissipate all his successes, and on the morrow of his defeat the conqueror of Scotland was only an audacious outlaw.

This last blow overwhelmed the king, who no longer knew where to rest his hopes. Urged by Lord Digby, he retired to Newark, while the courtier, determined to avoid an interview with Prince Rupert, who had set out to rejoin the king, placed himself at the head of the fifteen hundred horse which Charles still possessed. Under pretext of bringing succor to Montrose, he started for the north.

Prince Rupert's explanations did not satisfy the king, notwithstanding the favorable declaration of the council of war. The insolence of the Cavaliers who accompanied his nephew offended the king's dignity. A quarrel began. "Begone, begone!" exclaimed Charles angrily, "and do not appear again before me." In their turn losing patience, Rupert, his brother Maurice, and their partisans quitted Newark in the middle of the night. The king was no longer safe there. Lord Digby had been defeated at Sherborne, in his march towards the north. There were now on the king's side neither soldiers nor generals. Charles assembled together four or five hundred Cavaliers, the remnants of several regiments, and, on the 3d of November, at eleven o'clock at night, he left the

town, taking the road to Oxford. He re-entered that city on the 6th, after a forced march, thinking himself safe, for he had once more found his council, his court, he could indulge his habits and find some repose.

The relief was not of long duration. The Royalist towns were falling one by one into the power of Fairfax and Cromwell. Fifteen places had surrendered or had been taken by assault within five months. Scarcely had Charles returned to Oxford, when he wrote to the Prince of Wales to hold himself in readiness to proceed to the Continent. At the same time he made overtures of peace to Parliament, demanding a safe-conduct for four negotiators.

Never had Parliament been less inclined towards peace. The hundred and thirty new members, who had replaced in the House of Commons those who had followed the king, had increased the power and daring of the Independents, though all did not belong to their party. Severities towards the Royalists were redoubled; the war everywhere became more harsh, sometimes even barbarous. Fairfax alone still preserved the humanity which distinguished nearly all the leaders at the opening of the war. Misunderstandings broke out even between the Scots and the Houses. The former complained that their army was not paid; the latter, that an army of allies pillaged and devastated, like a hostile force, the counties which it occupied. On all sides the most intense excitement, the deepest hostility, the bitterest and most decisive measures, were leaving little chance that peace would come to arrest or even suspend the rapid course of events.

The king's overtures were rejected, and a safe-conduct for negotiators refused. Charles persisted, but without success, and when he proposed himself to repair to Westminster to negotiate in person with Parliament, his enemies solemnly declared that they at length possessed proof of the falsity of

his words. The king had concluded a treaty of alliance with the Irish Catholics still in revolt. Ten thousand of these savages, under the orders of the Earl of Glamorgan, were soon to land at Chester. They had obtained, as the price of their assistance, the complete abolition of the penal laws against the Catholics, and the freedom of their worship. Ireland, in fact, was delivered up to popery. For two months the Committee of the Two Kingdoms had known of the conspiracy and reserved the publication of it for an important occasion. The day had at length arrived.

The king was struck down by this discovery. For two years he had been personally conducting this negotiation with the Earl of Glamorgan, the eldest son of the Marquis of Worcester. Brave, generous, rash, passionately devoted to his master in danger, and to his oppressed religion, Glamorgan had plotted in every form, proceeding incessantly from England to Ireland, often intrusted with secret missions unknown to the Marquis of Ormond, the king's lieutenant in Ireland, and alone knowing to what point the concessions of the king might reach. The treaty had been concluded since the 20th of August, and Parliament did not know all that Charles had allowed to be promised in his name.

When it was learned in Dublin that the plot was known in London, Ormond easily saw what a blow the affairs of the king had received even among his own party. He immediately caused Glamorgan to be arrested as having exceeded his powers. The earl kept his counsel, and did not produce the secret documents signed "Charles," which he held in his hands. He even said that the king was not bound to ratify what he had thought himself at liberty to promise for him. On his part, Charles hastened to disown the affair in the proclamation which he addressed to the Houses, as well as in his official letters to the Council at Dublin. Glamorgan, he

said, had no other mission than to recruit soldiers and to second the efforts of the Lord Lieutenant; no one believed him, neither Parliament nor the people. Glamorgan, being soon released, resumed his attempts to send an Irish army over to England. In return, the command of Cromwell, already several times renewed, was again prolonged, and the king found himself compelled to resume hostilities as though he had been in a position to sustain them.

The last remnants of the Royalist armies were fighting, but without ardor and without hope. When the Prince of Wales found himself abandoned by his generals, Goring and Grenville, he implored Sir Ralph, now Lord Hopton, to resume the command of the troops in the west. "Your Highness," replied the brave soldier, "I cannot obey you without resigning myself to the sacrifice of my honor, for with the troops which you have intrusted to me how can I preserve it? Their friends alone fear them; their enemies despise them; they are only terrible on the day of pillage; and only determined when they are resolved to fly. However, since your Highness has judged it well to summon me, I am ready to follow you at the risk of losing my honor;" and he resumed the command of seven or eight thousand men who detested him, and to whom his discipline was odious. On the 16th of February he was defeated by Fairfax at Torrington, upon the borders of Cornwall. All the troops that had remained with him dispersed. Fairfax pursued him, while the Prince of Wales, driven into a corner at Land's End, in Cornwall, embarked for the Scilly Isles, being unwilling to leave English soil. Fairfax offered honorable conditions. Hopton, free from all anxiety as to the safety of the prince, was disposed to fight yet longer with the small corps which he had re-formed with great difficulty; but the soldiers insisted that he should capitulate. "Bargain, then,"

said Hopton, "but not for me." He embarked with Lord Capel to join the Prince of Wales. The king now possessed in the southwest only some insignificant garrisons, scattered in a few towns.

Sir Jacob Astley was defeated at Stow, in Gloucestershire, as he was advancing with three thousand men to join the king, who had issued forth with fifteen hundred horse from Oxford to meet him. The rout was complete. The aged Astley resisted for a long while, then fell into the power of the enemy. The soldiers, touched by his white hair and his courage, brought him a drum. He sat down; then addressing the Parliamentary officers, he said, "You have done your work, my masters, and may now go play, unless you choose to fall out among yourselves." The king had no longer any hope save in the dissensions which he might foment among his enemies. He had for a long while been maintaining secret relations with the Independents, especially with Vane. He wrote to the latter himself after Astley's disaster: "Be assured that everything shall come to pass according to my promise. By all that is dearest to a man, I implore you to hasten your good offices, for otherwise it will be too late, and I shall perish before gathering the fruit. Trust to me. I will fully reward your services. I have said all. If in four days I should not have an answer I shall be compelled to find some other expedient. May God direct you! I have done my duty." He at the same time addressed a message to the Houses, offering to disband his troops, to open all his towns, and to take up his residence again at Whitehall.

Great was the emotion at Westminster; all knew that, the king once at Whitehall, it would no longer be against him that the city mob would break out, and all were equally determined not to fall into his power. All necessary precautions were adopted to prevent Charles from appearing

unexpectedly in the capital. Violent measures were taken against those who should negotiate secretly, or who should maintain any relations with him. Vane left the letter of the king unanswered.

Meanwhile Fairfax advanced, and Oxford was about to be invested. The king made an offer to Colonel Rainsborough, who had already arrived before the town, to surrender to him on condition that he should conduct him at once to Parliament. The colonel refused. Charles was about to fall as a prisoner of war into the hands of his enemies. One resource only remained to him. For two months M. de Montreuil, the French ambassador, had been laboring to procure him an opportunity of taking refuge in the camp of the Scots. He thought himself secure of the personal safety of the king in the midst of an army which looked upon Charles as its legitimate sovereign. The queen, still in France, also kept up relations with the Scottish military leaders. She urged her husband to put trust in them. He still hesitated, but he issued forth from Oxford, on the 27th of April, at midnight, accompanied only by his valet-de-chambre, Ashburnham, and a clergyman, Dr. Hudson, well versed in all the roads.

For a moment, when at Harrow-on-the-Hill, in sight of London, the king stopped. Should he take a bold step and suddenly appear in the midst of the city? It was too venturesome a stroke for his timid and sensitive dignity. He turned away, directing his course towards the north, still desiring to join Montrose. Hudson, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, came back to say that M. de Montreuil still answered for the Scots. The king at length made up his mind, though from weariness rather than from choice. On the morning of the 5th of May he arrived at Kelham, the headquarters of the Scottish commander.

The Earl of Leven and his officers at first affected sur-
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prise, but they received the king with great respect. They however hastened to apprise both the English and Scottish parliaments; and, in the evening, when the king wished to give the watchword to the sentinels placed at his door, "I am the older soldier, Sire," Leven said; "your Majesty had better leave that office to me."

It was soon known in London that the king had quitted Oxford, but nothing indicated the direction of his flight. On the 6th of May it was at length learned that he had confided his person to the Scots, who had raised their camp and were marching in great haste towards the border. They did not stop until they reached Newcastle. From there the king could negotiate with the Presbyterians of the two kingdoms.

This was what the Independents dreaded above all. For a year past everything had prospered with them. They were masters of the army, and all daring spirits, the energetic and ambitious, had placed themselves under their banner. Their influence continued to increase on all hands. At the moment of reaching the summit of power they were ruined if the king should ally himself with the Presbyterians against them.

They adopted every means to ward off this blow, without scrupling to offend the Scots, whom they desired to separate from the Presbyterian party in England. The Commons voted that the Scottish army was no longer necessary; that a hundred thousand pounds should be paid them in advance on account of their claims, and they should be advised to return to Scotland. Insults were lavished upon those allies, of whom it was now desired to be rid at all costs.

The Scots and their illustrious guest facilitated the task of their enemies. They were not angry, but they hesitated; they felt their way carefully, they were afraid to take a step. The king still endeavored to deceive his rebellious subjects.

"I do not despair," he had written to Lord Digby before his departure from Oxford, "of inducing the Presbyterians or the Independents to join with me to exterminate each other, and then I shall become once more king in reality." On their side, the Presbyterians, passionately attached to the Covenant, would not hear of any arrangement which did not secure the triumph of their Church. While promising the king to negotiate for peace, they gave further tokens of fidelity towards their brethren, the English, and caused the execution of the most illustrious companions of Montrose, who had been prisoners of war since the battle of Philip-Haugh. The Marquis of Ormond published a letter of the king, asserting that he only repaired to the camp of the Scots upon their promise to support, in case of need, him and his just rights. The Scots immediately gave the lie to this almost exact interpretation of their words. The Cavaliers were no longer allowed access to their master, and Presbyterian ministers were invited to instruct the monarch in the true doctrine of Christ.

Charles offered no resistance even to the theological discussions; but the learned preacher, Henderson, who had undertaken his conversion, could not flatter himself that he had shaken the king's fidelity to the Anglican Church. Charles was expecting proposals from the House, to whom he caused to be surrendered all the towns which still held out for him. But he hoped for aid from Ireland, and he wrote to Glamorgan, who was still the sole depositary of his secret designs: "If you could raise a large sum of money by pawning my kingdoms, I am content you should do it; and if I recover them I will fully repay that money. And tell the nuncio that if once I can come into his and your hands, which ought to be extremely wished for by you both as well for the sake

of England as Ireland, since all the rest as I see despise me, I will do it."

At length the proposals of Parliament arrived: they were more harsh and humiliating than those which the king had hitherto rejected. He was required to adopt the Covenant, to abolish the Church of England, to relinquish to the Houses for twenty years the command of the army, the militia, and the navy; to allow to be excluded from the amnesty seventy-one of his most faithful friends, while all those who had taken arms for him were to be removed from all public functions at the good pleasure of Parliament. On all sides he was urged to accept this disgraceful peace. The queen sent messenger after messenger to him. M. de Bellièvre, the French ambassador, came to Newcastle to advise him to accept it in the name of his court. Several towns in Scotland sent amicable petitions to him. The city of London wished to do likewise: a formal prohibition from the House of Commons only prevented it. Threats were coupled with entreaties. The general assembly of the Scottish Church demanded, if the king should refuse the Covenant, that he should be forbidden to remain on Scottish soil; and the Chancellor of Scotland, Lord Lowsden, made him understand that, deprived of his hereditary kingdom, he might very probably find himself deposed in England.

All was powerless against the king's pride, his religious scruples, and also some secret hope which credulous or intriguing friends still kept alive. After having delayed his reply from day to day, he at length consigned to the commissioners upon the 1st of August, a written message, in which, without absolutely rejecting the proposals, he again demanded that he should be received in London to negotiate with Parliament in person.

The Independents were unable to restrain their joy. "What

is to become of us," said a Presbyterian, "now that the king has refused our proposals?" "What would have become of us if he had accepted them?" replied an Independent. The Scots proposed to withdraw from England; but they required first the settlement of arrears, and their claims were enormous. It was necessary to decide who should have possession of the person of the king. The parties commenced the struggle upon this point.

An understanding was arrived at, however, after bitter words and reciprocal recriminations. The arrears were fixed at four hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the House of Commons finally brought the Lords to accept the vote in the terms it had employed for nearly five months, "that to Parliament alone belonged the right of disposing of the king's person." The Scots resisted feebly, saying that Charles was their sovereign as well as the sovereign of the English. Charles still asked to negotiate in person with Parliament.

The wish was as useless the fifth time as the first. The Houses had just signed the treaty which arranged for the withdrawal of the Scottish army, and how the price should be paid. The king's name was not mentioned in any clause of this negotiation; but, on the 3d of December, 1646, at the moment when the convoy of wagons bearing twenty thousand pound sterling to the Scots entered York, the Houses voted that the king should be conducted to Holmby Castle, in Northamptonshire. On the 12th of January, 1647, nine commissioners — three lords and six members of the Commons — departed from London to take possession respectfully of their sovereign.

The dignity of the king proudly resisted this terrible blow. "I am bought and sold," he said, when he learned that the Parliament of Scotland officially consented to his being consigned into the hands of the English; but he quietly finished

his game of chess, replying to the growing anxiety of his servants that he would make known his will to the commissioners when they should arrive. He awaited them without the confused projects of flight or insurrection, which were being formed around him, having come to any definite result. The people began to have pity for him. One Sunday, at Newcastle, the Scottish minister who preached before him having designated for singing the version of the 52d Psalm beginning, —

“Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
Thy wicked deeds to praise?”

the king suddenly rose and began instead of this the 56th Psalm, commencing, —

“Have mercy on me, Lord, I pray,
For men would me devour!”

The whole congregation joined with him. A last attempt of the Scots in favor of the Covenant having miscarried, the Scottish army delivered both Newcastle and the king into the hands of the English. On the 9th of February, Charles left that town under the escort of a regiment of cavalry, everywhere followed by a numerous crowd which thronged on his way, not hostile but respectful, and asking him to touch the sick afflicted with king's evil. The commissioners became uneasy at this gathering, but their prohibitions were ineffectual. When the king arrived at Holmby, where many gentlemen from the neighborhood had assembled, he openly expressed his gratification at the reception which he had received from his subjects.

Dissensions at Westminster broke out afresh. In possession of the king's person, the Presbyterians, whose influence had once more become paramount in the House, in consequence of the terror which the Independents began to inspire among

moderate men, carried a motion for disbanding the army, except the troops required by the war in Ireland and for garrison duty. Fairfax was to retain command of the reduced forces, but no officer under his orders was to rise above the rank of colonel. All were obliged to conform to the Presbyterian form of government. A loan was voted to pay the arrears due to the soldiers.

Cromwell sat in the House, when this vote dealt a death-blow to the army he had been instrumental in forming, and among whom his authority continued to increase. He remained in London, and burst into protestations of devotion towards Parliament, but the numerous friends who followed his secret inspiration secretly fomented the natural discontent of the army. A petition, modest and friendly in tone, signed only by fourteen officers, was sent in to the Houses. They promised to repair to Ireland at the first order, merely offering their humble advice upon the payment of the troops and the guaranties to which they were entitled. After this petition, which was somewhat ill received, came another, more firm and precise, demanding the prompt settlement of the arrears, the pensions for the widows of the soldiers, and asserting the right of the troops to decline service in Ireland. The petition was read at the head of the regiments, and the officers who refused to sign were assailed with threats.

Parliament became incensed and commanded Fairfax to put an end to all these disorders. The facts were impudently denied. The House sent five commissioners to headquarters, to urge forward the disbandment. Two hundred officers came to meet them. "Who are to command us in Ireland?" asked Lambert, a brilliant soldier, ambitious and skilled in oratory. "Major-General Skippon and Major-General Massey." "They are brave soldiers, but we must have the generals whom we have so often put to the proof." And

all the officers exclaimed at once, "Yes, all of them, Fairfax and Cromwell too." A few days afterwards eight regiments of cavalry refused to repair to Ireland. "A treacherous snare," said the petition brought to the House, "to separate the soldiers from the officers whom they love, and to cover the ambition of a few men who have tasted sovereignty, and in order to remain masters, degenerate into tyrants." The attack was personal. The soldiers who had brought the petitions were sent for. "Where was this letter taken into consideration?" the speaker asked them. "At a meeting of regiments." "Have your officers approved of it?" "Very few know it." "Have you not been Cavaliers?" "We entered the service of Parliament before the battle of Edgehill, and we have never quitted it. We are only the agents of our regiments."

A great uproar arose in the House. Cromwell leaned over towards Ludlow. "Those men," he said, "will have no rest until the army has put them outside by the ears." The instrument was being prepared for the execution. Two councils, one composed of the officers, the other of the representatives of the soldiers, fixed all the proceedings of the army. It was said the army had proposed to the king, if he would place himself at its head, to restore to him his just rights. The Presbyterian leaders took alarm; concessions were made to the soldiers. Cromwell, Ireton, Skippon, Fleetwood, all members of the Commons, were empowered to re-establish a good understanding between Parliament and the army. They repaired to headquarters, where their efforts, certainly not very sincere, brought about no result. The same demands continued to arrive from the army; the immediate disbandment was ordered, and five Presbyterian commissioners set out to see to the execution of the decree. They found the army in a full state of insurrection. In the council of war which Fairfax convoked,



THE COMMISSIONERS ORDER THE DISBANDMENT OF THE ARMY.



PLATE GIVEN TO KING CHARLES BY HIS SUBJECTS.

all the officers, with the exception of six, voted that the resolutions of Parliament were not sufficient, and that the army could not separate without more substantial guaranties. Fairfax had become powerless; the power was passing into the hands of the soldiers and the leaders who possessed their confidence. The Presbyterians had now to struggle against a new enemy. If the army joined the king, they were ruined. Their leaders thought of becoming reconciled with the king.

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CHAPTER XXV.

CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL. — CAPTIVITY, TRIAL, AND DEATH OF THE KING.

WHILE the Presbyterians were discussing and voting, Cromwell and his friends were acting. On the 4th of June, news arrived in London that on the preceding day the king had been taken away from Holmby by a detachment of seven hundred men, and that the army held him in its power.

It was a cornet named Joyce, in Whalley's regiment, who had performed the feat. Arriving secretly with his detachment of cavalry, he at first introduced himself alone into the castle, then he returned at midnight with his soldiers, desiring to speak with the king. Colonel Graves and the commissioners of Parliament residing with his Majesty refused; they would have closed the iron portcullises, but the new-comers had dismounted and were talking with the garrison. Colonel Graves's men declared that they would not be separated from the rest of the army. At mid-day Joyce was master of the castle. He retired after having stationed sentinels in various parts. In the evening he caused the king to be awakened in order to speak to him. "I will go with you, Mr. Joyce," said Charles, after some conversation, "if your soldiers confirm what you have promised."

On the morrow, at six o'clock in the morning, Joyce's troopers were drawn up in the courtyard. The king appeared upon the steps, and inquired by whose orders he was to be



FAIRFAX KISSING THE KING'S HAND.

removed from Holmby, and asked to see Joyce's commission. "There it is, sir," replied Joyce. "Where?" "There, behind me;" and he pointed to his soldiers. "Never," said the king, smiling, "have I seen such a commission. It is written, I admit, in fair characters, legible without spelling. But know that, to take me away, you will have to use force, if you do not promise me that nothing will be required of me which may wound my conscience and honor." "It is not our manner," said Joyce, "to constrain the conscience of any one, still less that of our king." "Now, gentlemen," said Charles, "for the place you intend to have me to." "To Oxford, if it please your Majesty." "No; the air is not good." "To Cambridge?" "No; I prefer Newmarket; it is an air that has always suited me." "As your Majesty will." And they set off, notwithstanding a last protest from the commissioners of Parliament.

When the news of the capture of the king reached headquarters, it threw Fairfax into an extreme agitation. "I do not like this," he said to Ireton; "who gave such orders?" "I ordered," said Ireton, "that the king should be secured in Holmby, but not that he should be made to depart thence." "It was quite necessary," said Cromwell, who had arrived from London, "otherwise the king would have been taken and brought back to Parliament." Charles received the staff of the army at Childersley, near Cambridge. The majority, Fairfax taking the initiative, kissed his hand with respect. Cromwell and Ireton held aloof. Fairfax protested to the king that he was a stranger to the project of his removal. "I do not believe you," said the king, "unless you hang Joyce." Joyce was sent for. "I have told the king," he said, "that I had no commission from the general. I acted by order of the army. Let it be assembled again; if three-fourths do not approve of the act, I consent to be hanged

at the head of the regiment." Joyce was not hanged. "Sir," said the king to Fairfax on leaving him, "I have as good interest in the army as you." And continuing to complain of the violence which he had suffered, but satisfied in his heart at changing his prison and seeing discord break out among his enemies, he established himself at Newmarket under the care of Colonel Whalley.

Cromwell returned to London. He found the House of Commons a prey to the most violent agitation. Every one imputed to him the audacious stroke of seizing upon the king. He passionately resented the suspicions, taking God, angels, and men to witness that, before that day, Joyce was as much a stranger to him as the light of the sun to the child unborn. All these protestations did not convince the Presbyterians. Hollis and Grimstone sought everywhere for proofs against Cromwell, being determined to demand his arrest. Two officers came to see Grimstone. "Lately," they said to him, "at a meeting of officers it was discussed whether it would not be advisable to purge the army. 'I am sure of the army,' the lieutenant-general said; 'but there is another body which it is more urgent to purge, that is the House of Commons, and the army alone can do it.'" Grimstone took them to Westminster; they repeated their speech before the House. Cromwell rose, then fell upon his knees, bursting into tears, with a vehemence of speech, sobs, and gestures which overcame with emotion and surprise all present; praying the Lord to wreak upon his head all His vengeance if any man in all the kingdom was more faithful than he to the House. Then, rising, he spoke for two hours, being humble and audacious, prolix and impassioned, with so much success that, when he sat down, the paramount influence had passed over to his friends, and that, "if he had wished it," Grimstone himself said, thirty years after-

wards, "the House would have sent us to the Tower, the officers and myself, as calumniators." On that very evening Cromwell secretly quitted London, and, repairing to the army assembled at Triploe Heath, near Cambridge, he openly placed himself at the head of the Independents and the soldiers.

A few days after his arrival the army was marching towards London, and consternation reigned in the Houses which had received the "humble remonstrance" of the soldiers. It was no longer a statement of their own grievances; it was the haughty expression of their wishes regarding the general reform of the state. They demanded, besides, the expulsion of eleven members of the Commons, including Hollis, Stapleton, Maynard, — the enemies, they said, of the army. They advanced, complaining as they came. They were already at St. Alban's, when the Common Council of the city wrote to Fairfax to demand that the army should remain forty miles from London. It was too late, the general replied; they wanted a month's pay. The Houses granted the pay, persisting that the army should turn back. The troops continued their march.

Parliament meanwhile redoubled their concessions. All the reproaches which were addressed, all the requests which were made to them, met with a friendly reception. Remedies were granted for the grievances complained of; the king was invited to reside at Richmond under the sole custody of Parliament. They did all they could to escape the necessity of mutilating their body, by expelling the eleven members designated by the army; but on the 26th of June the headquarters were at Uxbridge. The shops were closed in London, and people spoke openly of the obstinacy and selfishness of the eleven members. At length they offered to retire. Their devotion was accepted with such satisfaction that, on the very day of their retirement, the Commons voted that they

approved of the army in everything, and would provide for its maintenance while commissioners should settle, in co-operation with others representing the soldiers, the affairs of the kingdom. Fairfax consented to withdraw a few miles.

The king was informed that it was no longer desired that he should go to Richmond. "Since my Houses ask me to go to Richmond," he said, "if any one claim to prevent me therefrom it will have to be by force and by seizing the bridle of my horse; and if there be a man who dares attempt it, it will not be my fault if it be his last act." He was informed that the Houses themselves opposed his departure, and that they had yielded in everything to the army. He smiled disdainfully, happy at seeing his first adversaries thus humiliated, and he followed unresistingly the movements of the army. He was carefully guarded, but he enjoyed a liberty which the commissioners of Parliament had not of late allowed him. He had chaplains, a certain number of his friends were admitted into his presence, he was even permitted to see his children, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, with the Princess Elizabeth, and he was allowed to keep them with him for two days. Some few of the leaders of the army, Cromwell and Ireton especially, asked each other whether the favor of the king, restored to his authority by their hands, would not be the best guaranty for their party, and for themselves the surest means of obtaining fortune and power.

The king resolutely forbore from any negotiation with the army, but he was not ignorant of the relations which, with the queen's approval, his valet-de-chambre, Ashburnham, and the former Royalist governor of Exeter, Sir John Berkeley, were maintaining with Cromwell. The latter's negotiations with the army were not without effect: the general council of officers was preparing proposals to remit to the king.

Charles appeared cold and not very eager when Berkeley joyfully brought to him the project intrusted to him by Ireton. Never had anything so moderate been asked of a vanquished monarch. It was required that he should surrender for ten years the appointments to the great offices and the command of the soldiery. The political reforms were numerous, but he was not asked to abolish the Episcopal Church, or to ruin with fines the faithful servants who had fought for him: the exceptions to the amnesty numbered only seven. The king appeared so haughty that Berkeley was confounded. "If they really wished to conclude with me," he said, "they would propose things which I might accept." Then, abruptly ending the interview, he said, "You will soon see them only too happy themselves to accept conditions more equitable."

Berkeley retired, endeavoring to guess the secret of so much confidence, when he learned that a riot had broken out in the City. Westminster was besieged by bands of citizens and apprentices, loudly demanding the return of the king. A petition, consisting of a pledge to do everything in order that the king might return to London with honor and liberty, was instantly covered with a mass of signatures. Everywhere the officers of the army, recently remodelled by the Independents, united themselves with the people. The Presbyterians, defeated both in military operations and in the Houses, felt themselves supported by the popular movement, and resumed the control of the train-bands of London, which had been taken from them. The House of Commons, finding its doors forced open by a furious mob, voted the return of the king. Parliament found itself besieged at once by the people and by the army.

The king and his confidants triumphed, for the insurrection had broken out according to their wish and at their instigation. They were suspected among the army, and the

haughtiness displayed by Ashburnham, who had rejoined his master three days before, redoubled the ill-humor of the representatives of the soldiers, with whom he declined to negotiate. "I have always lived in good company," he said to Berkeley; "I can have nothing in common with these fellows. We must secure the officers, and, through them, we shall have the whole army." The officers themselves began to suspect the double-dealing which Charles was carrying on. "Sire," Ireton said to him, "do you claim to constitute yourself arbitrator between us and the Parliament? It is we who offer to be arbitrators between the Parliament and you." They, however, officially presented their proposals to him. The king listened to them in silence, with an ironical smile, then he rejected them nearly all in few words, and as Ireton was beginning to support them with warmth, Charles abruptly interrupted him: "You cannot be without me," he said; "you will fall to ruin if I do not sustain you." The officers looked in astonishment at Berkeley; the latter approached the king. "Sire," he said to him in a whisper, "your Majesty speaks as if you had some secret strength and power which I do not know of. Since your Majesty hath concealed it from me, I wish you had concealed it from these men too." The king endeavored to soften his words, but the majority of the officers had already adopted their course. It was said everywhere among the army, that there was no possibility of placing reliance on the king. Charles confidently awaited intelligence from London.

News was brought to headquarters by messengers of distinction. More than sixty members of the two Houses, with Lord Manchester and Speaker Lenthall at their head, suddenly made their appearance, coming, they said, to seek the safety and liberty which were denied to them by the fury of the populace. For a week Cromwell and his friends had

been laboring, through the medium of Vane and St. John, to bring about this division in Parliament. They feigned, however, to share in the general surprise. Parliament, the real Parliament, with its legal chiefs and faithful members, was henceforth united with the army and under its protection. Joy shone on every countenance: the Lord was loudly praised.

Berkeley was not so well pleased. He hastened to carry to the king news so fatal to the success of his negotiations, urging him to write to the leaders of the army a letter which would give them reason to hope for a more favorable reception to their proposals. On this condition, Cromwell and Ireton still answered for the inclinations of the army. But the king also had news from London. The members of Parliament remaining in the capital were more numerous than those who had quitted it. They had elected new presiding officers; they had given orders to form regiments; the city was full of ardor, and was preparing to defend itself. The king was formally invited to return to London. The vote proclaimed in the streets might reach him at any moment. "I will wait," said Charles to Berkeley. "There will be time enough to write that letter."

The king waited; then he wrote; but it was not in time. Every day more members of Parliament proceeded to join their colleagues at headquarters. The popular exasperation gave way to fear and uneasiness; compromises were spoken of. Cromwell caused the king to be urged; he still continued to hesitate. Finally, when Ashburnham and Berkeley arrived at headquarters, the bearers of the long-desired letter, the submission of the city had preceded them, and an alliance with the king was no longer of any value to the conquerors. Two days afterwards, on the 6th of August, the army, bringing back the fugitive members in triumph, entered London without one single excess characterizing their march, and Fairfax took

possession of the Tower, of which the Houses had appointed him governor. All the acts passed by Parliament in the absence of the members who had taken refuge with the army were declared null in law, for the troops were encamped around Westminster. Everywhere the army triumphed. Parliament was but a docile and humble instrument in its hands.

It was in the midst of the army itself that fresh difficulties were about to arise. Intoxicated with their triumph, obscure enthusiasts, religious or political fanatics, believed themselves masters, and aspired to alter not only the state, but society itself, and the face of the world. Possessed of a blind but pure ambition, intractable towards any one who appeared to them weak or selfish, they constituted by turns the strength and the danger of the different parties who were all successively compelled to make use of and to deceive them.

Among these fanatics Cromwell had formerly found a few of his most useful agents, but they now began to distrust him. The Lord had delivered into the hands of His servants all their enemies. And yet they continued to live upon good terms with the "delinquents," even with the greatest of them all, who had been permitted to establish himself at Hampton Court, where he was served with idolatrous pomp. His most dangerous councillors were allowed to approach him, and the generals themselves saw him frequently. Rumors were in circulation at the meetings of the soldiers, and Lilburne, indomitable still even in the prison to which the Upper House had consigned him on account of his pamphlets, wrote to Cromwell: "If you despise my warnings as you have hitherto done, know that I will set forth against you all that I have of strength and influence, in order to produce changes in your fortune, which will be very little to your liking."

Cromwell did not remain unmoved by all these indications. He begged the king to permit more reserve to exist in respect

to their relations. "If I am an honest man," he said, "I have said enough to convince his Majesty of the sincerity of my intentions, otherwise nothing would suffice." But with an increase of prudence, the relations of Cromwell with the king did not become less active. The strong, well-balanced mind of the general doubted the success of the Republicans; the plans of these enthusiasts appeared to him chimerical, and disorder was irritating to him. Charles lavished promises, personal now rather than political and general. To Ireton was offered the command of Ireland; to Cromwell, the command of the armies, the Order of the Garter, and the title of Earl of Essex. Silence was not always maintained as to these negotiations, and rumors of them reached the army, which became every day more resentful and defiant. Two great Scottish noblemen, Lord Lauderdale and Lord Lanark, came to Hampton Court, again to urge the king to unite himself finally with the Presbyterians and the Scots, who alone were sincere in the desire of saving him. This, for the duplicity natural to Charles, was a new power. Everything was made known in the council of the agitators. The soldiers separated themselves from their chiefs. Some officers and a few members of the Commons placed themselves at their head. It was reported that a Scottish army was about to march to the king's aid, and that the English Cavaliers were preparing an insurrection. Cromwell became more and more perplexed. All his skill did not suffice to divine the real intentions of the king. He saw the army, the instrument upon which he had counted, upon the point of slipping from his grasp. The day had come for a decision.

It was the king himself who caused the scale to incline towards his ruin. Cromwell had been informed by one of the spies whom he kept at Hampton Court, that a confidential letter from the king to the queen was to be forwarded con-

ceeded in a saddle, which a man who was not in the secret would carry upon his head. At the time indicated, Cromwell and Ireton, clad like simple troopers, were at the Blue Boar Inn in Holborn, awaiting the messenger. He appeared; they fell upon him, sword in hand, seized the saddle, broke open the sides, took therefrom the letter, then returned the saddle to the messenger, saying to him in a good-humored way that he was a worthy fellow, and that he might proceed on his way.

The letter was indeed confidential. Charles had written to the queen that the two factions were courting him equally, and that he rather preferred to treat with the Scottish Presbyterians than with the army. "Besides," he said, "rest entirely easy as to whatever concessions I shall make them, for I shall know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken garter, shall be fitted with a hempen cord." The two generals eyed each other, and, all their suspicions thus confirmed, returned immediately to their quarters at Windsor, henceforth with no more uncertainty in regard to their designs towards the king than in regard to his towards them.

It was time that their policy should cease to be embarrassed and wavering. The wrath of the enthusiasts had burst forth. On the 9th of October, five regiments of cavalry — among them figured that of Cromwell himself — caused to be drawn up by new agitators, under the name of "Situation of the Army," a long declaration of their principles and demands, which was presented to the general. On the 1st of November, a second pamphlet, entitled "Agreement of the People," was addressed to the whole nation in the name of sixteen regiments. In both papers the soldiers accused the officers of treason and the Houses of extortion. The wildest and most anarchical theories were mingled with a few noble ideas. No

more royalty and no more Upper House; the House of Commons elected for two years only: such was the gist of the popular desires which threw the leaders into agitation and uneasiness. The two Houses voted prosecutions against the authors of the pamphlets, but at the same time they decided that the king was obliged to accept all that Parliament should propose. The committee of officers was compelled to promise to the agitators that the question of the preservation of the royal office should be freely discussed at a general meeting of the army, which would then be able collectively to make manifest its sentiments.

When the day fixed upon arrived (November 6th), all discussion was prohibited. The officers and agitators received orders to return to their regiments. Three partial meetings were appointed in the cantonments of the principal corps. Meanwhile the council of officers was to suspend its sittings, to allow the general and Parliament to act alone. Cromwell had decided on his course of action. He had determined not to separate himself from the army, and not to let it be destroyed by disunion and want of discipline. The soldiers clamored to be rid of the king; only he who would yield in this to their will could retain their obedience and wield their strength. Cromwell was resolved to be that man.

From that moment the situation of the king underwent a change. The friends who surrounded him received orders to depart. His most trustworthy servants, Ashburnham and Berkeley, were withdrawn from him. The guards were doubled around him, and from all parts came to him sinister warnings of abduction and assassination.

Charles was oppressed by a growing anxiety. His imagination, sensitive and keen, though sober, was shaken. Projects of flight began to spring up in his mind; but where was he to take refuge? The Scottish commissioners offered to facil-

itate his escape, but the Scots had already once delivered him up to Parliament. Mention was made of the island of Jersey. It was far off, and the king was not inclined to quit English soil. Cromwell meanwhile, in every way possible, caused it to be insinuated that flight was a necessity. The Isle of Wight was proposed, of which the governor, Colonel Hammond, was the nephew of the king's chaplain. This proposal pleased Charles, but he continued to hesitate, notwithstanding anonymous letters which warned him that the danger was urgent,—that a nocturnal council of the agitators had resolved to get rid of him. At length, on the 11th of November, at nine o'clock in the evening, the king left the palace by a secret staircase, with one valet-de-chambre, and crossing the park, reached the forest, where Ashburnham and Berkeley, who had been hurriedly warned, awaited him. The night was dark and the fugitives lost their way. Not till daybreak did they arrive at the little town of Sutton in Hampshire, where a relay was waiting. When they reached Southampton, opposite the Isle of Wight, Ashburnham and Berkeley went across first, in order to sound the governor, while the king took refuge in the neighboring castle of Titchfield, inhabited by the mother of Lord Southampton. The two messengers met the governor on horseback upon the road, and informed him of the motive of their coming. Hammond turned pale; the reins of his horse slipped from his grasp. "Gentlemen," he said, "you have undone me by bringing the king into this island, if you have brought him. If he is not here yet, I implore you do not let him come. . . ." A long conversation ensued; the governor at length appeared to give way. "The king," he said, "shall have no cause to complain of me. I will perform whatever can be expected from a man of honor and honesty. Let us go to him together." They arrived at Titchfield. Ashburnham ascended alone to the king.



CASTLE OF CARISBROOK.

After his account, "Ah! John, John," exclaimed Charles, "you have undone me by bringing the governor here. Do you not see that now I cannot stir?" Ashburnham protested the good intentions of Hammond. The king seemed very unhappy, walking hurriedly about the apartment, with an expression of the keenest anguish. "Sire," said Ashburnham, in his turn agitated, "the colonel is here with one man only; nothing is so easy as to secure him." "What?" replied the king; "do you mean to kill him? Would you have it said that I infamously deprived him of the life he hazarded for me? No, no; it is too late to adopt another course. We must resign ourselves to the will of God." And he sent for Hammond and received him with frankness and confidence. It was late in the afternoon when they embarked for the island. A rumor had been spread abroad that the king was coming. The inhabitants came out to meet him. It was affirmed that they were all devoted to him. The anxiety of the unfortunate king subsided on the morrow morning, as he contemplated the magnificent view which presented itself from the windows of Carisbrooke Castle. "After all," he said to Ashburnham, "this governor is an honorable man. I am here protected from agitators. I believe I shall have reason after all to congratulate myself upon my resolve."

The news of the king's flight caused great consternation at Westminster. It was soon known that he had taken refuge in the Isle of Wight. Colonel Hammond hastened to write to the Houses and to the lieutenant-general, protesting his devotion, and asking for instructions. Cromwell gave notice of the event in Parliament with a gayety which astonished even the least suspicious, but whose cause the shrewdest in vain endeavored to divine.

Two days later he repaired with Fairfax to the first of the three appointed meetings of the army. This was near Ware,

in Hertfordshire. Seven regiments only, and those the most moderate, had been convoked for that day. But, upon arriving at the designated place, the generals found nine regiments instead of seven; that of Harrison, cavalry, and that of Robert Lilburne, infantry, had come without orders. Carried away by the most violent excitement, they bore, affixed to their caps, "*Liberty for England*," and from time to time their shouts resounded in the plain, excited by certain officers and a few members of the House of Commons who had placed themselves at the head of the fanatics. Calmly and seriously the generals advanced and caused a remonstrance to be read, reproaching the new negotiators with their culpable conspiracies, the soldiers with their want of discipline and their distrustfulness. Seven regiments greeted the reading with loud acclamations. Fairfax advanced towards the regiment commanded by Harrison. Scarcely had the troopers heard his voice, when they tore from their caps the "*Liberty for England*," vowing to live and die with their general. Cromwell went straight up to Lilburne's regiment, which stood by itself uttering seditious outcries. "Take that paper from your hats," he said to the soldiers, and when they refused, he abruptly entered the ranks and ordered fourteen of the most mutinous to be arrested. Upon the instant a court-martial was formed, and three soldiers were condemned to death. "Let lots be drawn," the council ordered, "and one of them be shot upon the spot." Richard Arnold, a fiery agitator, upon whom the lot fell, was led out and shot in front of his regiment; and the thirteen other prisoners were put in irons. Silence reigned in the plain. All the regiments returned to their quarters without a murmur. The army appeared to be once more in the hands of its leaders.

Cromwell, however, did not deceive himself in respect to his victory. Scarcely recovered from their stupor, officers,



PORTRAIT OF LORD FAIRFAX.

subalterns, and private soldiers came in crowds to declare to the lieutenant-general that no severity could turn them aside from their designs; that they were determined to rid themselves of the king and to establish a republic; and that they would divide the army rather than abandon their undertaking. Cromwell was careful not to reduce them to this extremity. Without giving them any positive answer, he let them understand that he also was dissatisfied with the king, that he had possibly allowed himself to be dazzled for a moment by worldly glories, but that he had recognized his error. He dwelt at the same time upon the necessity of discipline in the army. The agitators confessed their transgressions like their general. While the Houses were voting their thanks to Fairfax and Cromwell for the firmness with which they had repressed insubordination, a great gathering and a solemn banquet, at which were present officers, agitators, and preachers, sealed that reconciliation whose price was the destruction of the king.

Meanwhile, Charles, informed of the result of the assembly at Ware, had hastened to dispatch Berkeley to the generals, to remind them of their promises. On arriving, Berkeley felt some uneasiness. The trial of the king was spoken of. He was, however, introduced into the council of the officers, and delivered his letters. "We are the army of the Parliament," said Fairfax, in a severe tone. "We have nothing to reply to the proposals of his Majesty. It is for Parliament to decide." Berkeley, in astonishment, eyed Cromwell and Ireton; they remained impassive. The king's letters were handed to them; they gave no answer. "I will do my best to continue to serve the king," Cromwell at last sent word; "but let him not expect me to undo myself for love of him." Trustworthy counsellors advised the king to flee to the Continent, if it were possible; a vessel sent by the queen was cru-

ing, it was said, in the vicinity of the island; but a fresh intrigue in the meanwhile had revived the king's hopes. Parliament had just voted four propositions or bills. If the king should accept them, he was to be admitted to negotiate in person with the Houses. These bills were a justification of the war which had brought Charles to imprisonment. On his part they involved a veritable abdication. He was determined not to accept them, but he did not say so, for the proposals of Parliament would be of use to him, he thought, in the secret relations which he had renewed with the Scottish commissioners. "We must wait," he said to Berkeley, on his return; "I wish to conclude with the Scots before quitting the kingdom. If they were to see me out of the hands of the army, they would be much more exacting."

A few days subsequently, Lords Lauderdale, Lowden, and Lanark, having arrived at Carisbrooke at the same time as the Parliamentary commissioners, the treaty with Scotland was concluded, signed, and buried in a garden. The king, about to make his escape from the Isle of Wight and take refuge upon the Scottish border, definitively refused the proposals of Parliament, demanding to negotiate in person without being pledged to accept anything. The commissioners made no effort to induce him to alter his mind: they departed, and a few hours after their departure, as the king was conferring with his confidants upon the means of escape for the following night, the gates of the castle were closed, the guards were doubled, and the servants of the king received orders to quit the island. The wrath and the reproaches of the king were alike powerless to move Hammond. All hope of flight was at an end.

In Parliament Ireton bluntly proposed to settle public affairs without the king. "The king," he said, "has denied safety

and protection to his people; it is for us to settle the kingdom without him." The Presbyterians rose against the measure. "Mr. Speaker," said Cromwell, "the king is a man of great parts, but so false that no one could trust him. While he protests his love of peace, he is engaged in secret treaties with the Scottish commissioners to embroil the nation into a new war. The time has arrived for Parliament to govern and defend the kingdom by their own power and resolution. The men who have defended Parliament from so many dangers with the expense of their blood, will defend them herein with fidelity and courage against all opposition. Teach them not, by neglecting your own and the kingdom's safety, to think themselves betrayed, lest despair teach them to seek their safety by some other means than adhering to you who will not stick to yourselves: and how destructive such a resolution in them will be to you all I tremble to say, and I leave you to judge!" He resumed his seat, his hand upon his sword. The motion was voted without further opposition. After some hesitation, it also passed on the 15th of January, 1648, in the House of Lords. Warwick and Manchester alone protested against the measure.

Violent indignation burst forth in all parts of the kingdom; a multitude of voices, up to this time uncertain, now united to those of the Cavaliers in cursing this detestable treason. Never had so many rumors of Royalist plots, never had so many or such violent pamphlets threatened Westminster. The Presbyterians, vanquished in Parliament as well as in the army, took courage at these tokens of the public wrath. Cromwell, always prudent and sensible, endeavored to unite himself with this party, urging them at least to postpone their quarrels and to face in concert the new perils which it was easy to foresee. They would agree to nothing. Cromwell encountered the same resistance among the Repub-

lican party which had been formed in the House. Ludlow, Vane, Hutchinson, Sydney, Haslerig, loudly declared themselves opposed to the continuance of the monarchy, which was condemned, they said, by the Bible. Ardent in their fanaticism, they troubled themselves little about the external dangers which menaced their cause. Hamilton was in the ascendant in Scotland. The Scottish Parliament had voted the raising of an army of forty thousand men for the defence of the country, it was said; while in the north of England, in the west, in Wales, and even in the counties of Kent and Essex, the Cavaliers openly set up the royal standard, boldly recruiting for the king, with the support, in various places, of almost the entire population. The Presbyterians took advantage of the breeze which was blowing, and obtained a vote of the House of Commons, on the 28th of April, 1641, that they would not change the existing form of government by king, lords, and commons. Notwithstanding the vote which prohibited any address to the king, every member was to be at liberty to propose what the interest of the country should appear to him to require. A few days later, Cromwell, weary of inaction and perplexity, suspected by some for his attempts to bring about an arrangement, by others for the hastiness of his measures, resolved to fight the insurgents in the west, and to seize once more by the sword the ascendancy which was slipping from him. He had scarcely set out for Wales when an insurrection burst forth in all parts, and Fairfax and Lambert also took the field, the former to defend the environs of London, the latter to march towards the north.

The Scots made haste, being forewarned by the heedless ardor of the Cavaliers. Hamilton had been able to gather only fourteen thousand men when he crossed the border on the 8th of July. The news of the invasion caused great excitement at Westminster. Fairfax had promptly reduced the

insurgents of the south, but they had taken refuge in Colchester, and the general was detained before the town by their courageous resistance. Cromwell was likewise besieging Pembroke Castle, the bulwark of the Royalists of the west. Lambert had great difficulty in holding in check the Cavaliers of Langdale and Musgrove in the north; he could not struggle alone against so many enemies. Alarm was taken; it was resolved to press forward the new negotiations opened up with the king. This time the Commons abandoned the three bills which they had wished to make the preliminary condition of any negotiation. Meanwhile, the war committee, sitting at Derby House, in which the Independents had the majority, sent money and reinforcements to Lambert, urging Cromwell to join him, and secretly writing to the latter to fear nothing, to act with vigor, and to count upon his friends, whatever distrust he might formerly have encountered from them.

Cromwell had waited neither for orders nor for promises. Being well informed of the movements of the Scottish army, he had written a month before to Lambert to fall back as soon as it should appear, and to avoid any engagement until he should be able to join him. "Send me some shoes for my poor tired soldiers," he wrote to the committee of Derby House; "they have a long march to make." Pembroke Castle had capitulated, and Cromwell set out for the north with extraordinary rapidity. On the 7th of August, Langdale, who marched with the English Cavaliers in front of the Scottish army, sent word to the Duke of Hamilton that Cromwell was approaching, and that everything indicated upon his part an intention of beginning the attack. "Impossible," replied the duke; "he has not had time to be here. If Cromwell be near, of a certainty it is with a small army; he will be very careful not to attack us;" and

he transferred his headquarters to Preston. But Langdale's Cavaliers were already fighting with the enemy; reinforcements were asked for; the duke promised them, and did not send them. After a desperate resistance, Langdale was compelled to retreat, and Cromwell marched straight upon Hamilton, whom he defeated without difficulty. Three battles and three successive defeats soon cooled the ardor of the Scots. A tumultuous despair took possession of the army; the entire force of infantry surrendered. Hamilton, at the head of the cavalry, altered his course and proceeded towards the north-east, endeavoring to reach Scotland. He was pursued; his troops mutinied; he surrendered, accepting the conditions imposed upon him by Lambert. After a campaign of five days, Cromwell in his turn entered Scotland, determined to wrest from the Royalist Presbyterians all means of action and of success. Scarcely had he arrived when an insurrection took place in his favor, against the influence of the vanquished Hamilton. Argyle and his friends, borne back into power, received Cromwell in Edinburgh with the greatest honors. He left there Lambert and two regiments to protect their government; then he set out for London, where the great game was being played. The negotiations with the king had begun: fifteen Parliamentary commissioners had been sent to treat with Charles in the Isle of Wight.

The king disputed the ground step by step; he was urged to accept everything, and assured that the treaty being once concluded, Satan himself could not dissolve it. "Consider, if you call this a treaty," said Charles, "whether it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out and says, 'There has been a fray and no fray;' and being asked how that could be, 'Why,' says he, 'there hath been three blows given, and I had them all.' Look, therefore, whether this be not a parallel case. Observe whether I have not

granted absolutely most of your propositions, and with great moderation limited only some few of them: nay, consider whether you have made me any one concession." The concessions of the king were more apparent than real. He wrote to Ormond, "Obey my wife's orders, not mine, until I shall let you know I am free from all restraint; nor trouble yourself about my concessions as to Ireland; they will lead to nothing;" and to Sir William Hopkins, after consigning to the Houses for twenty years the command of the forces, "But for the hope of an early escape never would I have yielded in such a way. My captivity at present would break my heart, for I have done what my escape alone can justify."

The day had in fact arrived when escape alone could save the king. Cromwell was approaching London, and already his influence was felt in the energy of the resolutions. Charles was informed that troops were landing in the island, and that he would be carried off during the night. The guards were numerous; sentinels were stationed in all parts. However, Colonel Cook, an officer devoted to the king, possessed the watchword. He proposed to pass Charles with him; the friends of the king pressed him. His sensitive dignity took alarm. "No," he said; "they have given me their word; I have given them mine; I will not betray it." "But, sire, I presume that by 'they' and 'their' your Majesty means the Parliament; all is now changed; it is the army that desires to cast your Majesty in prison." "No matter, I will not betray my word. Good night. I am going to sleep as long as I can." "Sire, I fear that it will not be long." "As it pleases God." It was one o'clock in the morning. The king sought his couch. At daybreak he was carried off by a detachment of cavalry under the orders of Lieutenant-general Cobbett, and transported to Hurst Castle, where he was lodged in an apartment so dark that at mid-day torches

were required to light it. "They could not name a worse," said the unhappy prisoner, on being informed of his destination.

At this news anger and terror seized upon Parliament. It was proposed to vote that the king's replies were suitable for a basis of peace. The discussion lasted for a long time, and was hot and angry; the royal cause was defended by Prynne, who, twelve years before, had maintained the severest contest against the tyranny of Laud and the court. "I am accused of apostasy, Mr. Speaker," he said. "Here are all the favors that I have ever received of his Majesty or his party. They caused my ears to be cut off in the most barbarous fashion; they placed me three times in the pillory; they caused my works to be burned before my eyes, and by the hand of the executioner; they inflicted upon me two fines, each of five thousand pounds sterling . . .;" and continuing with agitated eloquence the picture of his grievances, he dwelt nevertheless upon the evils which threatened the nation if it should not be reconciled with the king, concluding with these words: "Notwithstanding the threats of the army and whatever may happen, *fiat justitia et ruat cælum*, let us do our duty and leave the event to God." The House accepted the resolution by a hundred and forty votes against a hundred and four. Once more the Independents were defeated.

They had arrived at the point at which legal defeats are met by force. The Republican statesmen, Ludlow and Hutchinson, allied themselves with the army; Fairfax was left ignorant of all that was passing. On the 6th of December, a regiment of infantry commanded by Colonel Pride, and one of cavalry commanded by Colonel Rich, occupied the courtyard and avenues of the palace of Westminster. As the members arrived, Pride, standing at the entrance, referred to

a list which he held in his hand. "You will not enter," he said to those whose names were inscribed upon his document, and he even ordered those who were most obnoxious to be seized. It was found necessary to drag Prynne to the foot of the staircase. Two members only, among those who were designated, succeeded in entering the Hall; these were Mr. Stephens and Colonel Birch. They were induced to come out by false pretexts, and were arrested like the others. The House in vain endeavored to resist; the sergeant-at-arms, whom it sent, was unable to reach the captive members whose exclusion the army caused to be solemnly demanded. The prisoners asked to see Colonel Pride. "I have not time," said the rough soldier; "I have something else to do." Politely put off by Fairfax, they did not see him again. On the 7th, forty more members suffered the fate of their predecessors. When the House, thus mutilated and subjugated, at length voted that it would take into consideration the proposals of the army, the twenty-eight members who had protested against this act of suicide retired of their own accord. Voluntarily, or under coercion, a hundred and forty-three members of the House of Commons had ceased to sit upon its benches. The army and the Republicans at length found themselves in full possession of power. Cromwell proceeded to resume his seat at Westminster. "God be my witness," he repeated everywhere, "that I had not been acquainted with this design, yet since it is done I am glad of it, and will endeavor to maintain it." He established himself at Whitehall, in the very apartments of the king.

On the 17th of December, in the middle of the night, Charles was awakened by the noise of the drawbridge, and the sound of a troop of horsemen entering the court-yard of the castle. Before daybreak he sent his groom of the chamber, Herbert, to ascertain who had arrived. "It is Major

Harrison, sire," the faithful servant announced. The king appeared agitated; he had tears in his eyes. "Your pardon, sire," said Herbert; "I am dismayed at perceiving your Majesty so much troubled and concerned at this news." "I am not afraid," replied Charles; "but do not you know that this is the same who intended to assassinate me, as by letter I was informed during the late treaty? I would not be surprised; this is a place fit for such a purpose. Go again and make further inquiry into his business." Herbert returned to say that Harrison was commissioned to take the king to Windsor. "With all my heart!" said Charles joyfully; "they are becoming more tractable. Windsor is a spot where I have always found pleasure. I shall there be compensated for what I have suffered here." A few days later, the king arrived in Windsor, delighted to return to one of his palaces, to occupy his usual apartment there, with the customary ceremonial. He almost forgot that he was a prisoner.

On the same day, at that very moment, the Commons were voting that the king should be impeached, and appointed a committee to prepare the charge. The stern, enthusiastic Republicans desired a public and solemn trial, which would prove their power and proclaim their right. No one had been more ardent than Cromwell in bringing about this step; but he never forgot his prudent measures. "Should any one have voluntarily proposed," he said, "to bring the king to punishment, I should have regarded him as the greatest traitor; but since Providence and necessity have cast us upon it, I will pray to God for a blessing on your counsels, though I am not prepared to give you any advice on this important occasion." It was voted that the king had rendered himself guilty of high treason by waging war with Parliament. A High Court, composed of a hundred and fifty

commissioners, was immediately constituted to try him. All the important men of the party were to form part of it, save St. John and Vane, who formally declared that they disapproved of the act and would take no part in it. The House of Lords protested. Some feeling of pride appeared to revive in its bosom. "There is no Parliament without the king," maintained Lord Manchester. "The king cannot be a traitor towards the Parliament." The measure was rejected. The Commons declared that, the people being, after God, the origin of all just power, the Commons of England, representing the people, are alone the supreme authority. The High Court, reduced to a hundred and thirty-eight members, received from the Commons orders to assemble without delay, to settle the preparations for the trial.

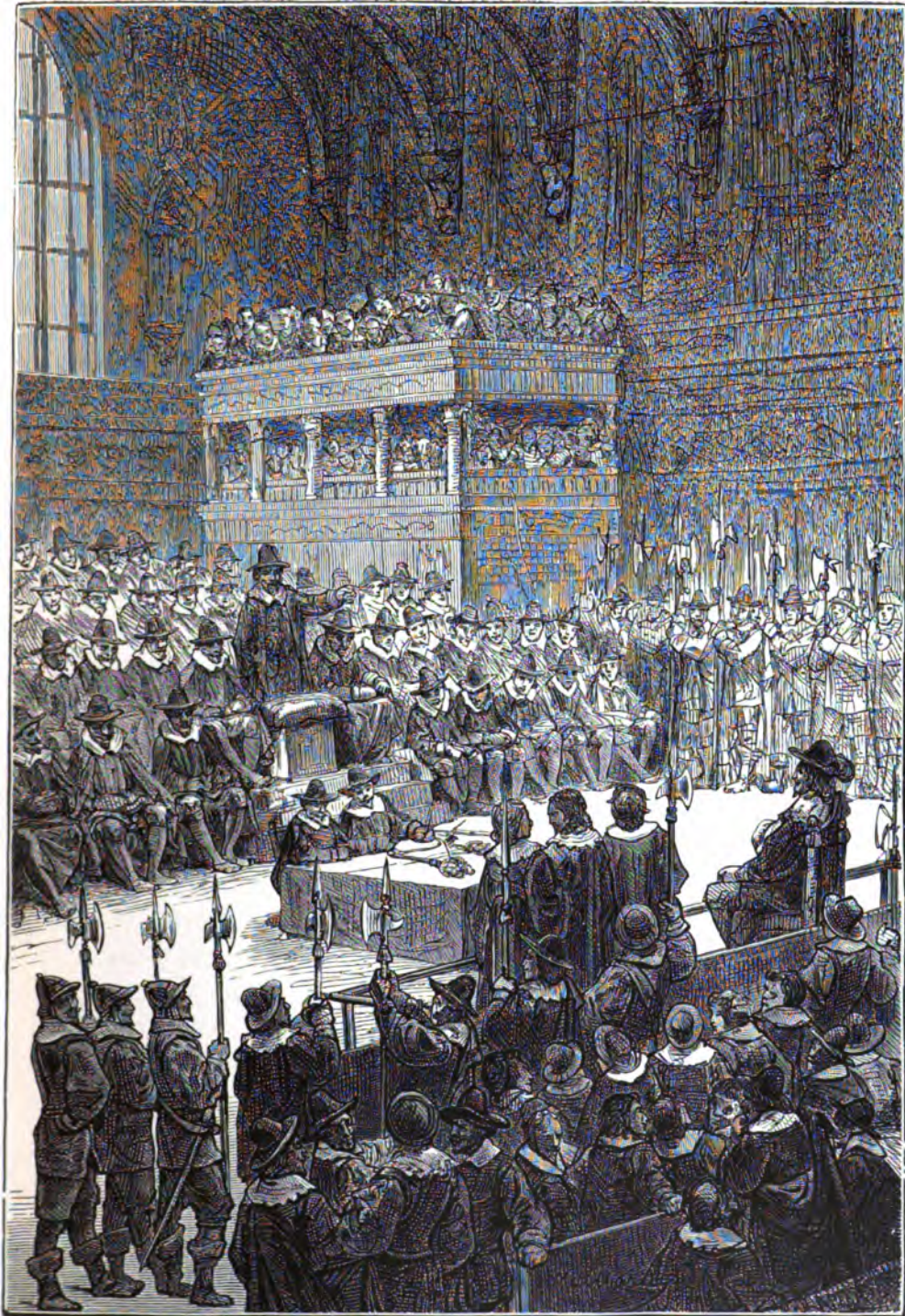
It met in fact with this object from the 8th to the 19th of January, under the presidency of John Bradshaw, a cousin of Milton and an esteemed lawyer, grave and gentle in his manners, but of a narrow and harsh mind, a sincere and ambitious fanatic. Already division had broken out in the court itself; on no occasion did more than fifty-eight members attend the preparatory sittings. Fairfax was present the first time, but never appeared there again. Others came merely to proclaim their opposition. Algernon Sidney, the son of Lord Leicester, feared the aversion which such an act would inspire in the people towards a republic. "No one will stir," exclaimed Cromwell, annoyed by such forebodings. "I tell you that we will cut his head off with the crown upon it." "Do as you please," replied Sidney; "I cannot prevent you; but, of a surety, I will have no hand in this matter;" and he went out, to return no more. The king was summoned to appear, on the 20th of January, before the court, at Westminster Hall. On the 17th, as if the condemnation had already been pronounced, a committee was

appointed to take an exact inventory of the furniture in all the royal palaces, henceforth to be the property of Parliament.

The king lived at Windsor in a strange security, more cheerful than his servants had seen him for a long while. "I have three cards to play," he said, "and the poorest may enable me to regain all." A significant trifle, however, came to trouble his repose. Up to this time he had been served upon bended knee, with all the forms used at court. Suddenly, upon an order from headquarters, this ceremonial ceased, and the canopy which surmounted the royal chair was taken away. Charles was keenly affected at this. "Is there anything more contemptible than a despised prince?" he said; and he chose henceforth to take his meals in his apartment, in order to escape the contrast between the present and the past, in this same Windsor Castle.

On the 19th of January the king was transferred to London, and lodged in St. James's Palace. "God is everywhere," he said, when attendants came to prepare him for departure; "and everywhere the same in power and goodness." Nevertheless he was visibly affected.

On the morrow, the 20th, towards noon, it was announced to the High Court that the king, borne in a closed sedan-chair between two rows of soldiers, was about to arrive. Cromwell hastened to the window, pale, but nevertheless very animated. "He is come! he is come!" he said; "and now we are doing that great work that the whole nation will be full of; therefore I desire you let us resolve here what answer we shall give the king when he comes before us: for the first question he will ask us will be by what authority and commission we do try him." No one spoke. "In the name of the Commons and Parliament assembled, and of all the good people of England," said Henry Martyn.



TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

The doors opened; the mob rushed into the Hall. "Sergeant," said Bradshaw, "let the prisoner be brought in."

The king appeared in the custody of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. He advanced, cast a long and severe look upon the tribunal, and sat down, without removing his hat, in an arm-chair prepared for him at the bar; then, rising, he looked behind him at the guard placed upon the left, and the crowd of spectators on the right of the Hall; he resumed his seat, fixed his eyes upon the judges, and waited.

Bradshaw immediately arose. "Charles Stuart, King of England," he said, "the Commons of England, assembled in Parliament, being deeply sensible of the calamities that have been brought upon this nation which are fixed upon you as the principal author of them, have resolved to make inquiry for blood. You are about to hear the charges which weigh upon you."

The solicitor-general, Coke, immediately read the indictment, which, imputing to the king all the evils arising first from his tyranny, afterwards from the war, demanded that justice should be done to him as a tyrant, a traitor, and a murderer. The king remained calm, casting quiet glances at his judges. For a moment he rose again, turned his back to the tribunal to look behind him, and sat down again, with an air of mingled indifference and curiosity. At the words "Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor, and murderer," he smiled, albeit he still preserved silence.

"Sir," said Bradshaw, "you have heard your charge read; the court expects your answer."

THE KING. — "I would know by what power I am called hither. I was, not long ago, in the Isle of Wight, in treaty with both Houses of Parliament, with as much public faith as is possible to be had. We were upon a conclusion of the treaty. I would know by what authority, I mean lawful,

for there are many unlawful authorities in the world, as of thieves and robbers by the highways; but I would, I say, know by what authority I was brought from thence and carried from place to place, and I know not what. When I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer."

BRADSHAW. — "The court requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer them."

THE KING. — "I deny that England was ever an elective kingdom. It has been for these thousand years an hereditary one. Therefore tell me by what authority I am called hither. I will stand as much for the privileges of the House of Commons rightly understood as any man here. I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a Parliament; and the king too should have been. Is this the bringing the king to his Parliament?"

Bradshaw became impatient. The court was adjourned to the following Monday. On retiring, the king touched with his staff the sword resting upon the table. "I do not fear that," he said. As he descended the staircase, a few voices were heard crying "justice! justice!" but a much greater number exclaimed, "God save the king! God save your Majesty!"

The same scene was enacted at the second sitting. "We are not sitting here to reply to your questions," said Bradshaw to the king. "Plead to the charge, guilty or not guilty."

THE KING. — "Show me that jurisdiction where reason is not to be heard."

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, we show it to you here — the Commons of England. Sergeant, take away the prisoner."

The king turned abruptly towards the people. "Remember," said he, "that the King of England is condemned

without being suffered to give his reasons for the liberty and freedom of the subject." An almost general cry arose of "God save the king!"

The same cry resounded incessantly around Westminster, stifling the voices demanding "Justice! execution!" One day, as the king was passing by, coming from the sitting, a soldier exclaimed, "God bless you, sire!" An officer struck him with his cane. "Sir," said the king, who was being brought forth, "the punishment exceeds the offence." The proceedings of Queen Henrietta-Maria, of the Prince of Wales, of the commissioners of Scotland, maintained the public indignation and sympathy which were every day manifested more clearly in favor of Charles. Announcement was made of the early arrival of an embassy extraordinary from the States-general of Holland, to intervene in favor of the king. This was the signal for the catastrophe.

On the 24th and 25th of January, the court heard the depositions of thirty-two witnesses. On the latter day, at the close of the sitting, and almost without discussion, the condemnation of the king as a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy, was voted. Scott, Martyn, Harrison, Ireton, and three others were intrusted to draw up the sentence, which was adopted on the morrow with closed doors.

On the 27th, at mid-day, as the sitting was being opened by a call of the House, the name of Fairfax was uttered. "He has too much wit to be here," said the voice of a woman from the back of a gallery. After a moment's silence and hesitation the proceedings were resumed: sixty-seven members were present. When the king entered the Hall, a violent cry was raised among the soldiers of "Execution! justice! execution!" The crowd, in consternation, remained silent.

"Sir," said the king to Bradshaw before seating himself,

"I shall desire a word; and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption."

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, you may answer in your time. Hear the court first."

THE KING. — "Sir, I desire — It will be in order to what the court, I believe, the court will say. Sir, a hasty judgment is not so soon recalled."

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given." The king sat down.

"Gentlemen," said Bradshaw, "it is well known that the prisoner here at the bar has been brought before the court in the name of the people of England —"

"Not half the people!" exclaimed the same voice which had answered to the name of Fairfax. "Where are the people and their consents? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!" The whole assembly shuddered; all looks were turned towards the gallery. "Fire upon her, soldiers!" exclaimed Axtell. Lady Fairfax was recognized.

The tumult increased. The king endeavored to speak. "I desire," he said, when Bradshaw had ended his speech, "that I may have a conference with a committee of Lords and Commons, upon a proposal which is of far more consequence to the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of my subjects than to my own preservation."

A violent agitation spread throughout the court and the assembly. Friends and enemies alike endeavored to guess what the king might have to propose in this conference with the two Houses. Many persons thought that he desired to abdicate in favor of his son. The embarrassment of the court was extreme; the soldiers murmured loudly, lighting their pipes and blowing the smoke into the king's face. The latter desired to speak; the cries of "Justice! execution!" redoubled around him. Agitated at length, and losing his

self-control, he exclaimed, "Hear me! hear me!" The agitation extended to the members of the tribunal. One of them, Colonel Downs, was restrained with great difficulty by his two neighbors. "Have we hearts of stone?" he said; "are we men?" "You will undo us all," he was told. "It matters not," replied Downs; "were I to die for it I must do it." At these words Cromwell, who sat below him, turned round abruptly. "Are you in your senses, colonel?" he said. "Can you not be silent?" "No," replied Downs, "I cannot;" and immediately rising, "My Lord," he said to the President, "my conscience is not sufficiently clear to allow me to deny the request of the prisoner. I ask that the court retire to deliberate upon it." "Since one of the members desires it," Bradshaw gravely replied, "the court must retire;" and they all proceeded to the adjacent hall.

Alone in the presence of all his colleagues, Downs was soon overcome. The court resumed the sitting. Bradshaw declared to the king that it rejected his proposal. "I will add nothing, sir," replied the king, visibly overwhelmed; "I would only desire that what I have said may be recorded." And he listened to the judgment in silence, with a serious gravity which only gave way towards the end. He appeared agitated, and endeavored to speak. The whole court rose to give its assent to the sentence. "Sir," said the king abruptly, "will you hear me, a word?"

BRADSHAW. — "Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

THE KING. — "No, sir?"

BRADSHAW. — "No, sir, by your favor. Guard, withdraw the prisoner."

THE KING. — "I may speak after the sentence. By your favor, sir, I may speak after the sentence — By your favor — hold — The sentence, sir — I say, sir — that — I am

not permitted to speak; expect what justice other people will have."

At this moment some soldiers surrounded him, and dragged him violently to the spot where his close chair awaited him. On descending the staircase he was insulted; lighted pipes were thrown under his feet; tobacco-smoke was blown in his face. The same threatening cry still resounded in his ears, "Justice! execution!" With these exclamations, however, the people at times mingled their own: "God save your Majesty! God deliver your Majesty from the hands of your enemies!" As long as he was not shut up in his chair the bearers remained bareheaded, notwithstanding the threats and even the blows of Axtell. Whitehall being reached, the king regained his composure; he shrugged his shoulders at the cries of the soldiers. "Poor men," he said, on getting out of his chair, "for a little money they would do as much against their commanders."

Having entered his apartment, "Herbert," said the king to his faithful servant, "my nephew, the Prince Elector, will endeavor to visit me, and some other lords that love me, which I would take in good part; but my time is short and precious, I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access unto me but my children. The best office they can now do is to pray for me;" and he sent for the Bishop of London, Juxon. As the latter, upon approaching him, gave way to his grief, "Let us leave that, my lord," said Charles, "we have no time to spare. Let us think of our great affair. I must resign myself to meet my God. We will not talk of those rogues in whose hands I am. They thirst for my blood, and they will have it, and God's will be done. I thank God I heartily forgive them, and I will talk of them no more!" He remained all day closeted



CHILDREN OF THE KING.

with the bishop, receiving none of those who presented themselves to see him.

On the morrow, the 29th, his children were brought to him. The Princess Elizabeth, who was twelve years of age, burst into tears at the sight of her father. The Duke of Gloucester, who was but eight years old, cried with his sister. The king took them upon his knees, and shared a few jewels between them. He consoled his daughter, appointing some pious reading for her. He enjoined her to tell her brothers that he had pardoned his enemies; and to say to her mother that, to the last moment, he would love her as on the first day. Then, turning towards the little duke, "Sweetheart," he said to him, "now they will cut off thy father's head." The child looked fixedly at him with a very serious air. "Mark, child, what I say! They will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee king; but thou must not be king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive; for they will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and thy head too they will cut off at last. Therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." "I will be torn in pieces first," replied the child, greatly disturbed. The king embraced him with delight, put him down, kissed his daughter, and blessed them both; then suddenly rising, "Have them taken away," he said to Juxon. The children went away in tears. Charles took them back into his arms, and blessed them once more; then, tearing himself from their caresses, he fell upon his knees and resumed his prayers with the bishop and Herbert, the only witnesses of these sad farewells.

While the king was thus tasting the bitterness of death, his judges met to sign the warrant for the execution. Great difficulty was experienced in assembling the commissioners. Nearly all were agitated and affected. Their signatures were

scarcely legible. Cromwell alone, gay, clamorous, and bold, besmeared with ink the face of Martyn, who was seated beside him, and seized the hand of Colonel Ingoldsby to compel him to sign. The ambassadors of the States-general of Holland, who had arrived five days previously, and had been received by the Houses, saw the preparations for the execution commence before Whitehall; and when, on the morrow, they issued forth, after a visit to General Fairfax, who had promised them to cause a respite to be solicited, they perceived the cavalry which was clearing all the avenues of Whitehall, and among the mob which overflowed into the adjacent street they heard it repeated that all was ready, and that the king would not delay long.

The king had risen early. "I have a great work to do," he said to Herbert, and he began his toilet. The hands of the faithful servant trembled in arranging his hair. "Take, I pray you, the same pains as usual," said the king; "although my head is not to remain long upon my shoulders, I would be as trim to-day as a bridegroom. Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary," he added, "the season is so sharp as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear." The bishop had arrived and opened the Gospel. He began the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, the narrative of the Passion of Our Lord. The king asked him if he had made choice of that chapter, being so applicable to his present condition. "It is the proper lesson for the day," said the bishop, touched by the coincidence. The king was at prayers; it was ten o'clock. A low knock was heard at the door: it was Colonel Hacker. He said softly, and almost tremblingly, "It is time to go to Whitehall; your Majesty will have there some further time to rest." "I will come presently," said Charles, and, after a moment's meditation, he descended with the bishop, trav-



EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

ersing the Park between the two lines of soldiers drawn up along his passage, with a serene aspect, his eyes bright, his step firm, walking even faster than the guard, and marvelling at their slowness. Arriving at Whitehall, he refused the services of the Independent ministers who desired to pray with him. "No," said Charles; "they have too often prayed against me, and without any reason, to pray with me at my death. If they wish to pray for me, I shall be grateful to them."

He received the communion from the hands of the bishop, and, rising again with alacrity, "Now," he said, "let these rogues come. I have forgiven them from the bottom of my heart. I am ready for all that is about to befall me." He would eat nothing; Juxon insisted. "Your Majesty has fasted for a long time. It is cold; perhaps upon the scaffold, some weakness—" "You are right," said the king. He ate a piece of bread and drank a glass of wine. It was one o'clock; Hacker knocked at the door. Juxon and Herbert fell upon their knees; it was the king who raised them. He traversed the banqueting-hall; behind the line of soldiers were a crowd of men and women, pale, motionless, praying for the king as he passed. The soldiers did not use him roughly. At the extremity of the hall, an opening made on the day previous led to the scaffold, level with it and hung with black. Two men stood near the axe; each in a sailor's attire and masked. The king arrived, with head erect, seeking the eyes of the people, to speak to them; but the troops alone covered the place. None could approach, and it was to Juxon and the colonel of the guard, Tomlinson, that Charles addressed the little speech which he had prepared. It was calm and grave even to coldness, maintaining that he had always been in the right in his conduct as king. While he spoke, some one

touched the axe. He turned abruptly round: "Do not hurt the axe that it may hurt me," he said. His speech was ended; the most profound silence reigned in the open space. The king himself arranged his hair under a silk cap; then, turning towards the bishop, "I have a good cause and a gracious God on my side." "Yes, sire; there is but one stage more; this stage is turbulent and troublesome. It is a short one, but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way. It will carry you from earth to heaven." The king replied, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world." He had taken off his collar of St. George and consigned it to the bishop, saying to him, "Remember." Then he looked at the block. "Be careful that it is set fast," he said to the executioner. "It is fast, sire." "I will offer up a short prayer, and when I put my hands out this way," stretching them out, — "then." He collected his thoughts, said a few words in a low tone of voice, raised his eyes to heaven, and knelt down, placing his head upon the block. The executioner touched his hair to rearrange it under his cap. The king thought that he was about to strike. "Stay for the sign," he said. "Yes, I will, may it please your Majesty." In the space of a moment, the king stretched out his hands, and the head fell at the first blow. "This is the head of a traitor!" exclaimed the executioner, showing it to the people; but a prolonged groan alone answered him, and the cavalry, making their way slowly through the crowd, had difficulty in dispersing the people, who rushed to the foot of the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of the martyred king.

The coffin remained exposed for seven days at Whitehall. Cromwell caused it to be opened, and, taking the head in



BURIAL OF THE KING.



ESCAPE OF JAMES II.

his hands, as though to assure himself that it was really separated from the trunk, "It appeared sound," he said, "and well made for a long life."

On the 8th of February, a few faithful servants accompanied the remains of their master to the tomb. It was at Windsor, in St. George's Chapel, where the body of Henry VIII. reposed, that Charles I. was to be buried. The sky was cloudless; but suddenly, as the coffin crossed the courtyard of the castle, a heavy fall of snow took place, and the pall of black velvet was completely covered with it. The servants of the king saw therein a heavenly sign of the innocence of their unhappy master. Juxon prepared to officiate according to the rites of the Anglican Church. Hacker opposed this. "The liturgy decreed by Parliament is obligatory for the king as for all," he said. Juxon submitted, and the coffin was lowered into the vault without any religious ceremony. Those who were present prayed in their hearts.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COMMONWEALTH AND CROMWELL. 1649-1653.

KING CHARLES I. had not yet been lowered into his tomb, when, on the 7th of February, the House of Commons, reduced by successive purifications to a hundred members, voted an Act conceived thus: "It has been proved by experience, and this House declares, that the office of King is in this country useless, and dangerous to the liberty, security, and good of the people; henceforth to be abolished." The House of Lords had been suppressed on the day previous. A Council of State was intrusted with the executive power. It was composed of forty-one members, among whom were the three leaders of the army — Fairfax, Cromwell, and Skippon — with five former peers. Nearly all the others belonged to the House of Commons.

A disagreement sprang up at the outset. The new councillors were asked to sign a declaration approving what had been done for the trial of the king and the abolition of the monarchy as well as of the House of Lords. Twenty-two members of the council refused to sign. They promised to serve faithfully the government of the House of Commons, the only power remaining, but without expounding their views upon acts which in different degrees they disapproved. Cromwell perceived that the regicides could not govern alone. He came to an agreement with Sir Henry Vane, the most sincere, the most able, and the most visionary





CRANFELD

Boston, Estes & Lauriat

of the republican statesmen. Sir Henry had refused to take part in the trial of the king, but he consented to sit in the council of state, provided that the past should not be referred to. The presidency was conferred upon Bradshaw. He took as Latin secretary one of his cousins, who had recently maintained, in an eloquent pamphlet, that it was right to summon to trial "a tyrant or a bad king, as well as to depose him and put him to death after having duly convicted him." This was the poet Milton.

The Republic was founded and its government was organized, but the country submitted to it without accepting it. Nearly four months elapsed before it could be proclaimed in the city of London. It had been found necessary to change the Lord Mayor, and the aldermen absented themselves upon the day of the solemn publication. "What was being done was against my conscience and my oaths," said Sir Thomas Sumes, when summoned to answer for his absence at the bar of the House. "My heart was not in this work," said Richard Chambers. Great difficulty was experienced in finding aldermen to replace them. Everywhere the same ill-feeling was manifested. Two years after the establishment of the Commonwealth, Parliament was compelled to intrust to the parishes the task of destroying all emblems recalling the monarchy. The clergy on all hands refused to take the oath of fidelity to the new power, and the government did not dare to give the name of the "Commonwealth of England" to a new frigate launched in the port of London in presence of the assembled council of state. "It was considered," wrote the Minister of France, M. de Croullé, to Cardinal Mazarin, "that if this ship were to perish, as all vessels are liable to do, it would be a bad omen."

The republican government, so shackled in its course, held

in its hands some of the most eminent Royalist leaders: the Duke of Hamilton, the Earls of Holland and Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir John Owen,—valiant remnants of the last struggles of the civil war, who for several months had all been prisoners. Scarcely had the High Court, which had condemned Charles I., completed its task, when a fresh tribunal was formed, still under the presidency of Bradshaw, to try those who had fought for him until the last moment, and of whom the greater number were to follow him to the scaffold.

The Court began sitting upon the 5th of February. The five accused men represented the different shades of the Royalist party. The Duke of Hamilton, a great nobleman and statesman of the court; Lord Holland, a courtier frivolous and corrupt; Lord Norwich, a true Cavalier, complaisant, jovial, and devoted to the king; Sir John Owen, a worthy country gentleman, courageous and simple-minded; finally, Lord Capel, a model of all the firm and grave virtues, as independent as he was faithful. All five were condemned to death. The Duke of Hamilton immediately received not only an offer of his life, but of restoration to his former office, if he would make revelations concerning the past. "If I had as many lives as I have hairs upon my head," said the duke, "I would sacrifice them all rather than ransom them by so shameful a bargain." When Sir John Owen heard his sentence pronounced, he made a low bow to the court. "It is a very great honor to a poor gentleman of Wales," he said, "to lose his head with such noble lords:" and he added with an oath, "I was afraid they would have hanged me."

Every endeavor was made to obtain from Parliament the pardon of the condemned. The appeal in favor of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Holland was rejected; Lord Norwich

and Sir John Owen were pardoned; the latter at the instigation of Hutchinson, who observed to Ireton, "I am going to speak for this poor gentleman, who is alone and without friends." There remained Lord Capel, the object to his family and friends of passionate solicitude and the most strenuous endeavors. His case was discussed in Parliament. Cromwell rose, dwelling more than any one upon the virtues of Lord Capel. "My affection for the public interest, however, weighs down my private friendship," he said. "I cannot but tell you that you have now to decide whether you will preserve the most bitter and implacable enemy you have. I know Lord Capel very well; he will be the last man in England who will abandon the royal cause; he has great courage, ability, and generosity; as long as he shall live, whatever may be his position, he will be a thorn in your side; for the well-being of the commonwealth I feel compelled to vote against his petition." It was rejected.

The death of Lord Capel justified the picture which his enemies had drawn of his life. The Duke of Hamilton and Lord Holland suffered the penalty simply and worthily, before him; he appeared alone upon the scaffold, having said farewell to his wife and children with words of consolation and encouragement. "Is your chaplain there, sir?" asked the officer in command. "No," replied he; "I have taken leave of him." Seeing several of his servants, who were weeping, "Restrain yourselves," he said. Then, removing his hat, he addressed the people, frankly and simply, as a Royalist and a Christian. He had promised his chaplain, Dr. Morley, to take blame to himself for his vote against Strafford. "I confess," he said, "for the glory of God, and to the shame of my own weakness, that it was indeed an unworthy act of cowardice not to have resisted the torrent which bore us along in this affair." Citizens and soldiers, friends and

strangers, all beheld him die, the object of admiration and respect.

The republican leaders perceived that this admiration and respect had not been favorable to them. They desisted from the system of execution. The Royalists remaining in their hands were banished, and their property was confiscated. Others merely remained in prison; no more clamor was desired; the proceedings of the High Court which had condemned Lord Capel were not published, the rigors of the past were silenced, blood ceased to flow. Parliament could not, however, suppress a book which had recently appeared, and of which the success increased daily. The *Eikon Basiliké* (or Royal Image) revealed to England under a pious form the reflections and feelings of the king during the course of his misfortunes. The book professed to be the personal work of Charles, but it was written by Dr. Gauden, who subsequently became bishop of Worcester, under the Restoration. The king had probably revised it during his sojourn in the Isle of Wight. It was in fact the royal image, a loftiness that was both natural and strained, a constant mingling of blind princely pride and sincere Christian humility, a true piety underneath false dealing, and the expression of an invincible devotion to his faith, to his honor, to his rank. Herein was matter to move Royalist hearts. Notwithstanding the efforts of Parliament, forty-eight thousand copies were circulated in England during the year. All Europe devoured the book, which was translated into all languages. The king's memory became the object of a passionate worship. Milton was commissioned to reply in the name of Parliament, but the apology of the *Iconoclast*, prolix and cold, notwithstanding its violence, did not destroy the effect of *Eikon Basiliké*. To his friends and to many people in Eu-

rope, Charles remained a martyr, and his enemies the murderers of a saint.

The annoyances and embarrassments caused to Parliament by the remnant of the Royalist party, were not the gravest difficulties against which it had to contend. Barely installed, the republican government found itself in presence of an ardent, democratic and mystical opposition. A man had been found, endowed with an indomitable courage and devotion, who constituted himself, not the chief — no man was the chief in that camp — but the interpreter and defender of all the malcontents. This was John Lilburne, already accustomed to playing this part under the monarchy.

Having become masters, the republican leaders felt the danger of the habits of agitation which they had but recently favored in the army, and they forbade the soldiers to join in any gathering contrary to discipline. A pamphlet by Lilburne appeared, attacking these prohibitions: the *New Chains of England discovered* incited the soldiers to disobedience. Five of them brought to Fairfax a violent petition; they were degraded. The libels of Lilburne succeeded each other, personally attacking the generals. "Speak to Cromwell of whatsoever it may be," he exclaimed, "he will place his hand upon his heart, he will raise his eyes to heaven, he will take God to witness, he will weep, he will groan, he will repent himself, and so doing, he will strike you under the first rib." Such violence could not be tolerated. The House voted that the pamphlet of Lilburne was full of false, calumnious, and seditious accusations. He was placed in the Tower with three of his principal fellow-laborers. Two new libels from the indomitable agitator appeared while he was in prison.

The doctrines which he preached with so much zeal began to bear their fruits. A band of rough men already over-

ran the county of Surrey, digging and sowing here and there, first on the commons and waste lands, but talking of throwing down the fences of the neighboring parks. They invited the people of the vicinity to join them, promising clothes and victuals to those who should come and aid them. Fairfax sent two squadrons against them; the chiefs were arrested; one of them, Everard, was an old soldier. "We are of the race of the Israelites," they said; "the liberties of the people were lost under William the Conqueror; we are nearing the time of deliverance; I have seen a vision which said to me, 'Go and till the ground to feed those who are hungry, and clothe those who are naked;' we do not desire to attack the property, but a time will come when all men will willingly give their possessions to put them into the common lot. That time is near."

Lilburne and his friends saw the danger. They added to their constitution an article formally declaring that "possessions would not be divided, nor all things put into the common lot;" but the "Delves," as the disciples of Everard styled themselves, or the "Levellers," as they were generally called, had excited the public imagination, and that title was soon applied to all the little anarchical associations, civil or military, which aimed at founding a republic under an absolutely democratic form, and offered an ardent opposition to the actual government of the country; and from words these men soon came to deeds.

Every day popular deputations besieged the gates of Westminster, demanding the restoration to liberty of Lilburne and his associates. "Return to your platters," was the answer of Parliament to a band of women. "We no longer have any platters," they said, "nor meat to put upon them." Amid this fermentation, eight regiments, cavalry and infantry, were chosen for service in Ireland. The soldiers com-

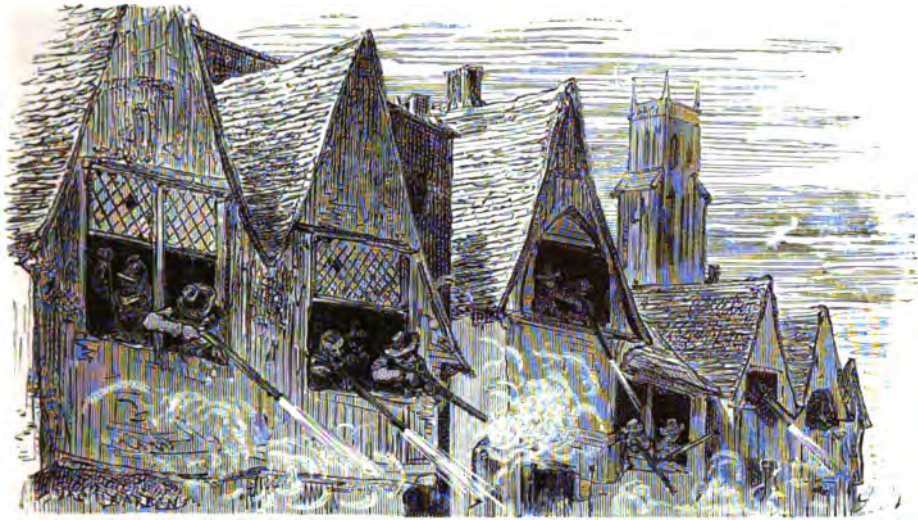
plained; they were unwilling to leave England without having their arrears of pay settled, and without having enforced their political views. A little paper was circulated among the ranks, advising them not to depart. A squadron of the cavalry of Whalley, who had received orders to quit London, took possession of the standard and refused to obey. Fairfax and Cromwell hastened to the scene; they quelled the insurrection; fifteen of the most mutinous were arrested, and five condemned to death by a court-martial, notwithstanding the representations of Lilburne, who maintained that no Englishman could, in time of peace, lose his life upon the decree of a council of war. But Cromwell could caress and strike at the same time; four of the condemned men were pardoned; the fifth, Robert Lockyer, was shot in St. Paul's Churchyard. He was young, brave, and pious, a fanatical sectarian, beloved by his comrades. Solemn obsequies were performed in his honor; a hundred troopers rode in front; the sword of the deceased man and branches of rosemary dyed with blood rested upon the coffin; a crowd of sympathetic spectators awaited the body at the cemetery. Such sights were at once an affront and a warning to the government.

Insurrection broke out in several regiments; fermentation was everywhere in progress. A corps of insurgent soldiers, placing at their head Captain Thompson, overran Oxfordshire. The generals marched upon them, after having in the first place assured themselves of the fidelity of the troops whom they had under their control; they attacked the rebels at Burford. Already discouraged by the blow which they had suffered from a first detachment sent against them, the insurgents defended themselves for some time in the town, from the housetops and in the streets. Then a great number surrendered. The rest contrived to escape; a court-martial decided that the rebels should be decimated. The

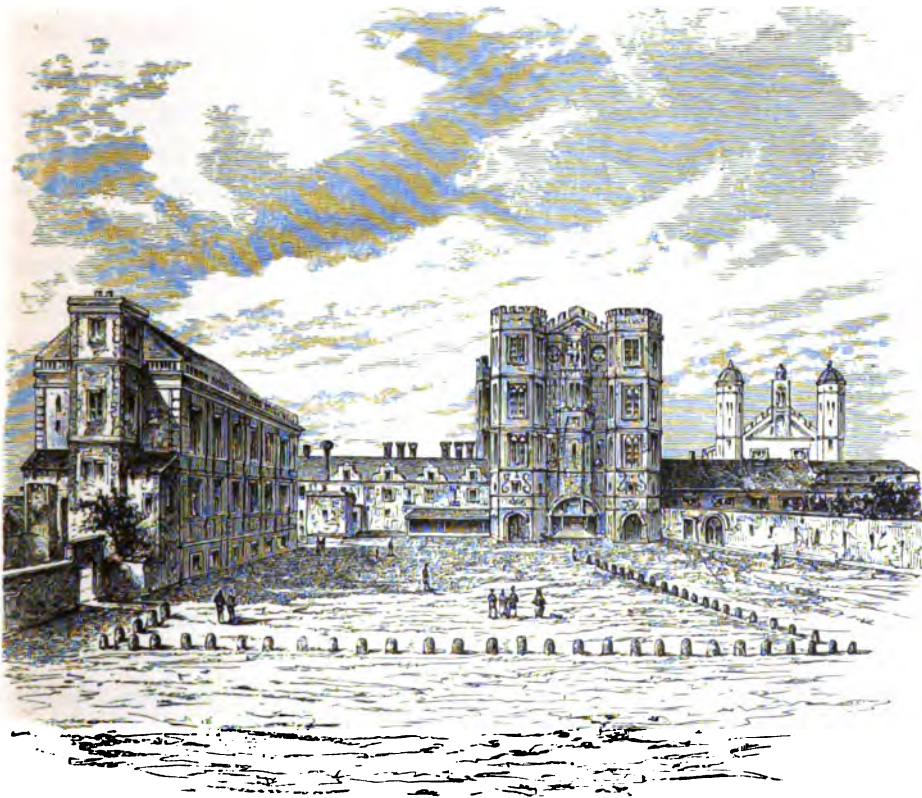
condemned men were assembled together upon the leads of the church, whence they saw their comrades brought out one by one to the square, and shot in the presence of the army. Three had already suffered their fate without retracting anything that they had done, and themselves giving the signal for the firing. Cornet Dean came fourth: he was a worthy soldier whom the generals knew; he manifested penitence; Fairfax pardoned him. Cromwell entered the church, ordered the remainder of the condemned men to descend, rebuked them, admonished them, reproached them for the peril which they had caused to the cause of God and the country. These rude and haughty soldiers shed tears, and, when restored to their regiments and sent off to Ireland, they marched with a good will.

The Republican generals had been both prudent and firm, bold and moderate. Parliament and the city of London congratulated them upon their success with a degree of gratitude which revealed their fears; but the danger was only lulled; fresh insurrections might break out; they were indeed breaking out every day, and the "Levellers," through hatred of Cromwell and his friends, became reconciled with the Cavaliers. "I would rather live seven years under the government of old King Charles, although they may have cut off his head as a tyrant, than one year under their present tyranny," said Lilburne, in his prison; "and I tell you that if they persist in this tyranny, they will create sufficient friends for Prince Charles, not only to proclaim his name, but further to bring him back to the throne of his father."

Parliament was rendered very anxious by this new danger. The trial of Lilburne, so long deferred, at length began. He appeared before the jury upon the 24th of October, 1649, as skilful in defending himself as he was in



FIRING FROM THE HOUSE-TOPS.



WHITEHALL

attacking his opponents. At the moment when the jury-men were about to retire to deliberate, the accused suddenly turned towards them. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "you are my sole judges, the keepers of my life, at whose hands the Lord will require my blood. And therefore desire you to know your power and consider your duty, both to God, to me, to your own selves, and to your country; and the gracious assisting Spirit and presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, the Governor of heaven and earth, and all things therein contained, go along with you, give counsel and direct you to do that which is just and for His glory." Lilburne was acquitted, and the acclamations of the people greeted this decision, accompanied with such outbursts of joy that no voice could be heard in the Hall for more than half an hour.

Parliament felt keenly this blow, and redoubled its rigors against the press. At the same time residence in London was forbidden the Cavaliers, the Catholics, and suspected persons. The old Presbyterian leaders, Sir William Waller, Major-General Brown, and a few others, hitherto detained at Windsor, were sent to different towns of England. The Republic exercised a tyranny which royalty had never known, or practised, but it did not succeed in establishing itself. Cromwell continued to become greater in its midst, and without encountering any active resistance. The Republican leaders, alone in the midst of irreconcilable enemies, in vain caused the pamphlets entitled the *Character of King Cromwell* to be seized at Coventry. Civil war was still further to increase the power of the rival whom they dreaded while they served him.

While England was organizing the Commonwealth, Scotland and Ireland, in the main Royalist, notwithstanding the

party dissensions which agitated them, had proclaimed the Prince of Wales king, and delegates had set out to implore the new monarch to repair to his kingdom. Charles II. was at the Hague, surrounded by the best counsellors of the king his father, who had prevented him from establishing himself in France, the policy and religion of which country inspired great distrust in them. They persisted, in concurrence with the Scottish commissioners, in urging the king to sever his connection with Montrose, and to accept the harsh conditions which the Presbyterians offered to him. But Montrose was at the Hague, speaking himself eloquently of the victories which might yet be expected in Scotland. The Marquis of Ormond urged Charles to proceed to Ireland, whither the chief of the rebels, Owen Roe O'Neill, himself summoned him. The young king hesitated, recoiled; he endeavored to draw up a manifesto which should satisfy at once the Royalists of England, Scotland, and Ireland; then, abandoning this impossible undertaking, he at length quitted the Hague, and, under the pretext of proceeding to France to say farewell to the queen his mother, he deferred his departure, more perplexed in his designs than eager to support by his presence the efforts which his faithful subjects were about to make on his behalf.

Parliament had not so long delayed in deciding upon its course. The proclamation of King Charles II. in Ireland rendered more than ever necessary the expedition which was to reconquer that kingdom for Protestant domination and snatch it from the disorder which had so long reigned there. There was, moreover, an ardent desire to occupy the army, and remove Cromwell to a distance on an honorable pretext. A hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling per month was voted for the maintenance of the army. Cromwell was appointed general, while to Fairfax was given, to

console him for his inaction, the vain title of generalissimo of all the forces of Parliament.

The army corps intended for Ireland was ready, well equipped, well clothed, well paid. Skilful precautions and prudent manœuvres were employed to alienate from the royal party on the one hand the moderate, and on the other the more fervent Catholics, who were flattered with the hope of freedom for their worship. Meanwhile, Cromwell did not depart. "It is scarcely to be reconciled with common sense," wrote M. de Croullé to Mazarin, "that Cromwell, who, according to the belief of several, carries his thoughts far beyond where the most intemperate ambition can lead him, should determine to abandon this kingdom to the mercy of the cabals which might be formed in his absence, and which his presence can prevent from being even undertaken."

Difficult, however, as it was for Cromwell to tear himself away from England, where he must leave behind him rivals and declared or secret enemies, the successes of Ormond, in Ireland, soon came, compelling him to take his course. Londonderry and Dublin alone remained in the possession of Parliament; and even this latter city had been besieged when, towards the end of July, the advanced guard of the Parliamentary general landed in Ireland. On the 2d of August the governor of Dublin, Michael Jones, made a successful sortie. Notwithstanding all the efforts of Ormond, the Royalist army, shamefully routed, found itself compelled to raise the siege. Cromwell himself landed in the port of Dublin on the 15th of August.

No sooner had he reached Ireland, however, than he saw that all attempts to harmonize the moderate party and the Catholics would be fruitless; passions were too violent and excited. English against Irish, Protestants against Catholics, Republicans against Royalists, it was necessary to allow full

scope to be given to hatred and vengeance in order to be assured of victory. Cromwell was anxious to conquer at all costs. It was under these gloomy auspices that the campaign began, on the 31st of August, with the siege of Drogheda, an important town of Leinster. The garrison was numerous, composed in great part of English, and they made a vigorous resistance. It was necessary to make the assault twice, and to carry the towers one by one. "I do not think," wrote Cromwell, after the victory, "that, of the whole number of the garrison, thirty have escaped with their lives. Truly, I believe that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future, which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret."

The massacre of Drogheda did not suffice to arrest the bloodshed. Wexford defended itself in the same manner and suffered the same fate. In places where success was more easy, it yet was sullied by great cruelties. Meanwhile the strictest discipline reigned over the army; the country districts were quiet, and the soldiers were careful to pay for everything they took. Cromwell had secretly recommenced his intrigues, at times causing the projects of his enemies to miscarry through their own dissensions, by means of the skilful agents whom he introduced among them. This man, who boasted of having slain all the friars of Drogheda, made good use of the ecclesiastics as secret emissaries. His attempts at seduction reached even the Marquis of Ormond, for whom he manifested great esteem, often saying, "What has Lord Ormond to do with Charles Stuart, and what favors has he received from him?" At the same time, and by an act of shrewd foresight, he authorized recruiting in Ireland for the service of foreign powers. In a few months this little Catholic kingdom, which had with great difficulty

furnished an army of eight to ten thousand men for the service of the king, sent to France and Spain more than fifty thousand soldiers, fierce enemies of Protestantism and the Parliament. The Republican chiefs, in London, began to find that Cromwell's absence and his new glory dangerously enhanced his greatness; they urged him to return to London, placing a part of Whitehall and of St. James's Palace at his disposal. Cromwell was profuse in his acknowledgments, but he delayed returning to England as he had delayed leaving it. Fresh events were preparing which were to furnish him with an opportunity for displaying both his skill and his genius.

Charles II. had left Ormond to fight for him in Ireland. At the first news of the defeat before Dublin, he had for a moment thought of throwing himself into the midst of the struggle. It was represented to him that the moment was ill-chosen; that it was not well to go there to take part in a defeat. "Then I must go there to die," he nobly replied, "for it is shameful for me to live elsewhere." Recovering from this courageous impulse, he lived elsewhere, leaving his friends to die in Ireland. The same fate was soon to overtake in Scotland the most brilliant and devoted of his adherents.

The Scottish Parliament had invited Charles to resume the negotiations previously entered upon at the Hague. The conditions of the Presbyterians were as harsh as ever, but Ireland was almost lost. Ormond's sole remaining chance lay in a war between England and Scotland. The king's friends urged him to listen to the proposals of the Scots; fresh conferences were held at Breda. While Montrose, ever independent and ardently opposed to the Presbyterians, was seeking soldiers and money in Germany, Charles II. wrote to him on the 19th of September, 1649: "I entreat you to

go on vigorously with your wonted courage and care, in the prosecution of those trusts committed to you, and not to be startled with any reports you may hear, as if I were otherwise inclined to the Presbyterians than when I left you. I assure you, I am upon the same principles I was, and depend as much as ever upon your undertakings and endeavors for my service."

Montrose was, in fact, preparing an important enterprise. He had recruited, with much difficulty, a certain number of soldiers; but his first division perished at sea; the second landed in the Orkney Islands, awaiting their general. Here, early in March, 1650, Montrose himself landed, accompanied only by a few Scottish noblemen and five hundred soldiers. He rallied the troops who had preceded him, and, full of confidence in the promises which he had received and the popular risings upon which he counted, he disembarked at the northern extremity of Scotland, displaying with the royal banner, a standard bearing a representation of the decapitated head of Charles I., with these words: "Judge, and avenge my cause, O Lord."

Montrose advanced across the counties of Caithness and Sutherland; but the reinforcements which he expected did not arrive; the chiefs whose support he hoped for placed themselves, on the contrary, on the side of Parliament. An army corps sent by the government of Edinburgh, under the orders of Colonel Strachan, marched against him. Ill-guarded and destitute of information regarding the movements of the enemy, Montrose was attacked unawares on the 16th of April, near Corbiesdale, in the county of Ross. The soldiers whom he had brought from Germany fought valiantly; but the recruits made in the Orkney Islands fled in disorder. While Montrose was vainly endeavoring to rally them, his horse was killed under him; his friend Lord Frendraught

gave his own to him. The rout was complete. The marquis threw off his clothes and decorations; he assumed the clothing of a peasant and plunged into the country, seeking a shelter. He wandered about in this manner for a fortnight among the mountains, now welcomed by his partisans, now repulsed with terror. At length he was delivered up to his enemies on the 3d of May, by Neil Macleod, a former friend, for four hundred bolls of meal. On the 17th of May, after being transferred from one halting-place to another, he reached Leith, near Edinburgh. The last act of the tragedy was at hand.

On the same day, the Parliament, assembled at Edinburgh, voted that "James Graham, bareheaded and bound by a rope to a cart, should be brought by the executioner to the bar, there to receive his sentence, and that he should be carried to Edinburgh, and there be hanged on a gibbet; then to be taken down, his quarters to be nailed to the different gates of the city." The hatred of Montrose's enemies was gratified by such a sight, and persons who were indifferent were rather intimidated than revolted.

The noble partisan, the bold and brilliant captain, pale and wearied by the severities of his captivity, was accordingly conducted upon a sorry horse from Leith to Edinburgh. Being received by the magistrates and the executioner, preceded by thirty-two of his officers bound together two by two, Montrose entered the city in a cart. The crowd in the streets was immense, and had gathered with the object of insulting the prisoner; but his courage and gravity imposed silence upon their ill-will. As the procession passed before the house of the Earl of Moray, the cart stopped for a moment, and behind a half-opened window the Marquis of Argyle was perceived, feasting his eyes upon the humiliation of his enemy. On arriving at the prison, Montrose was asked whether he

had anything to say before receiving his sentence. He refused to reply; he did not know whether the king had concluded any agreement with Parliament. The treaty was signed, and Charles II. was upon the point of proceeding to Scotland. This was made known to Montrose, who appeared somewhat moved, while persisting in his silence, notwithstanding the solicitations of the commissioners. Two days afterwards, at the bar of Parliament, where he appeared magnificently attired, vindicating himself from the charges which had been imputed to him of cruelties during the war, he heard his sentence kneeling. "I kneel to render honor to the king my master, in whose name you sit," he said, "and not to the Parliament." The execution was fixed for the morrow.

The soldiers and citizens were under arms, some attempt in favor of the prisoner being feared. "What," said Montrose, "do these good people, who were so greatly in fear of me when I was alive, still fear me when I am about to die? Let them beware! When I am dead I shall haunt their consciences, and be far more formidable than when alive." He refused the services of the Presbyterian ministers, and spent the entire night in prayer and in the composition of verses beautiful and noble, though somewhat too metaphysical. "I wish," he said, "I had limbs enough to be dispersed into all the cities of Christendom, there to remain as testimonies in favor of the cause for which I suffer." Proud and calm, he walked to the scaffold; the executioner wept on placing the rope round his neck. A sorrowful murmur arose among the crowd. Argyle himself was agitated and sad, as though smitten with some regret or with a presentiment of his own fate.

The commissioners of the Parliament had not deceived Montrose when they told him that they had negotiated with



MONTROSE IN EDINBURGH.

the king, and that he was about to come back among them. The moment that the news of Montrose's defeat arrived at Breda, Charles II., who had hesitated till then, decided to accept the Covenant and to promise to govern in all civil matters according to the advice of the Parliament, in all religious matters according to the advice of the Presbyterian Church. To give to his promises the sanction of a brilliant falsehood, he wrote to the Parliament that, having forbidden Montrose to undertake his expedition, he could not regret the defeat of a man who had disobeyed him.

He doubtless accepted in the same spirit the execution of his loyal servant, whose life, it was said, he wanted to save. No trace has remained of this disgraceful compact. Montrose died on the 21st of May. On the 2d of June, Charles II. embarked for Scotland with a fleet which his brother-in-law, the Prince of Orange, had placed at his service. Three weeks later he set foot in his kingdom, after having signed the Covenant aboard his vessel, and taking farewell of nearly all the gentlemen who accompanied him. The King of Scotland had delivered himself up, bound hand and foot, to the Parliament and the Presbyterians.

At the same moment Cromwell was at last returning victorious from Ireland. He landed at Bristol. An immense crowd thronged his passage, rending the air with their acclamations. "What a crowd come to see your lordship's triumph!" said one of those present to Cromwell. "If it were to see me hanged, how many more there would be," abruptly replied the general.

Cromwell's repose was not to be of long duration. Parliament had conferred on the Council of State all necessary power to repress the invasion which was expected on the part of the Scots. The council decided that the invasion should be forestalled by themselves making an attack upon

Scotland. Fairfax had been appointed generalissimo; but when he learned that the English army was to take the initiative in hostilities, he resigned his command. In vain did many remonstrate with him, Cromwell foremost. "The lieutenant-general," said Ludlow, "acted his part so to the life that I really thought that he was in earnest; this obliged me to go to him, as he was issuing forth from the council chamber, to beg him not to push scruples and modesty to a refusal which would be hurtful to the service of the nation; but the sequel showed that this was in no wise his intention." Fairfax resigned all his offices. Cromwell was appointed in his place, and on the 22d of July, 1650, he crossed the Tweed at the head of about fifteen thousand men. On setting foot upon Scottish soil he turned towards his troops: "As a Christian and a soldier, I exhort you to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us. But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still."

If he had known what was taking place in the councils of Scotland, Cromwell would, without doubt, have been confident of success. The Presbyterian Scots surrounded with royal honors the monarch whom they had recalled, all the time, however, treating him as a prisoner who is distrusted, and who must at all hazards be deprived of any share in the management of affairs. The king was never present at the council, and when he wished to converse with Argyle upon some affair of importance, the latter respectfully avoided the conversation. On the other hand, the theologians overwhelmed with their exhortations the young prince, who was endeavoring, but in vain, to become a hypocrite. Distrust continued. When Cromwell had crossed the border, the king was brought to the camp near Leith; but in a few days alarm was taken at the influence which he might exert over

the troops, and he was conducted to Perth, further away than ever from the scene of operations.

This was not sufficient for the fanatics; they required Charles to sign an expiatory declaration, in which he should expressly acknowledge the misdeeds of the king his father, the idolatry of the queen his mother, and his own sin in the treaty which he had concluded with the Irish rebels. It was also demanded, that, in the interest of free Parliaments and the Presbyterian rule in the Church, in England as well as in Scotland, he should renew all the protestations and engagements against Papacy which had already been wrung from him.

On the first impulse Charles refused. "I could not look my mother in the face if I were to sign such a document," he said. But symptoms of disorganization were increasing among the Royalist party; the king knew that outside Scotland there was for him neither party, nor army, nor kingdom. He signed the expiatory declaration, and the fanatical preachers assured their audiences that "the wrath of heaven being now appeased, an easy victory would be gained over a blaspheming general and an army of sectaries."

The sectaries and their general were meanwhile advancing into Scotland, but in circumstances so difficult that they were more occupied with escaping from their own perils than with taking advantage of the weakness and divisions among their enemies. Everywhere before them, as they marched, they encountered a desert; men and flocks had disappeared, in accordance with the orders of Lesley, and the impassioned exhortations of the Presbyterian ministers. Without any resource in the country itself, Cromwell could only feed his troops by means of provisions coming to him by sea from England, a circumstance which compelled him to keep near the coast. Lesley remained behind in his in-

trenchments, between Edinburgh and Leith. Bad weather engendered a host of diseases in the English army. "They hope," wrote Cromwell to Bradshaw, on the 30th of July, "that we shall famish for want of provisions, which is very likely to be if we are not timely and fully supplied."

The situation had become so urgent that Cromwell resolved to fall back upon Dunbar, there to await convoys and reinforcements. From this point it would be possible, if the supplies were too long delayed, to regain the English border. Upon the way, Lesley, who had at length issued forth from his camp, constantly harassed the English. Scarcely had they arrived at Dunbar, when they found their retreat cut off by a considerable detachment occupying the defile of Copperspath,—"so narrow," said Cromwell himself, "that ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way." Lesley at last yielded to the solicitations and anger of the fanatics. He had hitherto carefully avoided battle, being satisfied with driving before him day by day the famous Ironsides and their invincible general, without endeavoring to measure his strength with theirs. But the ministers were eager to enjoy the honor of a victory, and conjured the general not to let the enemy escape whom God had delivered into their hands. "They had disposed of us," said Cromwell, "and of their business by sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England, believing that their army and their king would have marched to London without any interruption." Lesley resisted no longer. "To-morrow, at seven o'clock in the morning," he said, on the 2d of September, to his officers, "the English army will be ours, dead or alive."

Cromwell had just left a prayer-meeting, and mounted his horse, accompanied by Lambert, his major-general. Survey-

ing with his glass the positions of the Scottish army, he was struck by the movement which was going on among the enemy. Lesley was preparing to throw himself across the way with all his troops. Cromwell asked nothing better than to fight. "The Lord delivers them into our hands; they come!" he exclaimed, and he proposed to his officers to forestall the Scots and to march towards them. Monk vigorously supported the general's opinion, and solicited the command of the infantry of the advanced guard. The English spent the night in preparing for the struggle.

A dense fog prevailed at daybreak. The first engagements were not fortunate for Cromwell and his troops. The men fought almost without seeing each other, to the cry of "Covenant!" among the Scots, and "The Lord of Hosts!" among the English. The Scottish lancers had thrown the English advanced guard into some disorder; towards seven o'clock the regiment of Cromwell charged sharply. At the same time the sun, dispersing the mists, lit up the sea and mountains. "Let God arise!" exclaimed Cromwell, "and let His enemies be scattered!" Inspired by his enthusiasm, his soldiers redoubled their efforts; the Scottish cavalry wavered; an infantry corps, which yet resisted, was broken by the Ironsides. "They run! they run!" cried the English; a rout began. "They were now but stubble to our swords," wrote Cromwell. At nine o'clock the battle was over; three thousand dead bodies and ten thousand prisoners testified to the victory of the English general. Four days later he was master of Leith, of all the country in the neighborhood of Edinburgh and of the city itself, with the exception of the Castle. Charles II. and his councillors were at Perth. Lesley, with the remains of his army, had fallen back upon Stirling. The Republican Parliament could rest in peace.

Scotland would for the present be fully occupied with the defence of her own territory against invasion.

Scotland, in truth, was thus occupied; but her king soon thought of taking the offensive. He endeavored to escape and place himself at the head of the Royalist movements which were promised in the Highlands; but, although he was soon retaken and brought back to Perth, his attempt gave uneasiness to the Parliament, who resolved to take a decisive step, and solemnly crown the king at Scone, according to the ancient Scottish custom. This ceremony took place on the 1st of January, 1651. Charles, who, notwithstanding his grave faults, possessed tact and the art of pleasing, took advantage of the crowd which thronged around him to secure numerous partisans. The moderate party began to regain influence in the councils. Argyle once more found himself in rivalry with the Duke of Hamilton, brother of him who had perished upon the scaffold. The Presbyterians were a prey to the most violent dissensions. The Royalist party was re-forming.

Meanwhile Cromwell, whose skilful management constantly thwarted the projects and manœuvres of the king, fell seriously ill; so seriously, that the Parliament of England sent two physicians to take charge of him, and the general believed himself at death's door. At the same moment Royalist plots burst forth in England, despite the severity displayed towards the Cavaliers, and the strict surveillance to which they were subjected by Scott, to whom the Council of State had intrusted this duty.

The plots miscarried, and Cromwell's health was re-established; but meanwhile the king had gained ground. The army had been reorganized according to his desire, and he had been placed at its head by the Presbyterian Parliament. At length master of his actions, he abruptly announced to

his council his intention of breaking up the camp at Stirling, and of carrying war into England, where his partisans were only waiting for his presence to declare themselves. Many complained, protested; Argyle declared that he would not take part in such an undertaking, and retired to his castle at Inverary. The king persisted. He issued a proclamation, and on the following day, the 31st of July, 1651, he took the road to Carlisle with an army of eleven or twelve thousand men. David Lesley had been appointed his lieutenant-general.

Cromwell had, doubtless, foreseen this movement, and had made no great effort to prevent it, but he foresaw at the same time the rage and terror which it would cause in London. He immediately wrote to Parliament: "As the enemy is some few days' march before us, I do apprehend that it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences, which I hope we are as deeply sensible of and have been, and I trust shall be as diligent to prevent as any, but as there is a possibility for the enemy to put you to some trouble, we pray you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto, improve the best you can such forces as you have in readiness, or as may on the sudden be gathered together, to give the enemy some check until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavor in. This will be a hopeful end of your work, in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your cause."

Cromwell was not mistaken in his forecasts; uneasiness was rife in London, the fear was great, but vigorous measures were taken. The Republican leaders, Vane, Scott, Martyn,

were men of active and impassioned courage, resolved to make every effort for their cause. New regiments were raised, the ordinance respecting the militia was put in force again in all the counties; corps of volunteers were intrusted with the defence of London; the surveillance of all Cavaliers was redoubled. Heads of families were forbidden to allow their children and servants to leave the house except at fixed hours. It was hoped thus to prevent Royalist insurrections in favor of Charles, who however continued to advance without obstacle in the north-west of England.

The king, indeed, advanced, but the people did not rise at his approach, as he had hoped. Surrounded with strangers and Presbyterians, Charles did not inspire absolute confidence among the Cavaliers and the partisans of the Anglican Church. The acclamations were loud, but his army had been increased by only a very small number of English Royalists when he reached Warrington, upon the banks of the Mersey. One of the most faithful servants of his royal father, the Earl of Derby, who had retired to the Isle of Man with his wife Charlotte de Trémoille, had hastened to offer his services to the monarch. Being commissioned by him to overrun Lancashire to assemble his adherents in that county, Derby was surprised and defeated by Colonel Robert Lilburne. He escaped almost alone, and made his way to the king. When he arrived at Worcester, Charles had forced the passage of the Mersey in spite of Lambert and Harrison, dispatched by Cromwell to oppose it, and the Scots, wearied, were establishing themselves in a friendly town, counting upon a few days' repose before the arrival of the Ironsides. The royal standard was solemnly unfurled, and all the subjects of the king were convoked to the great review on the banks of the Severn. Thirty or forty gentlemen only repaired thither with their retinues. Not over two thousand Englishmen, at

most, had joined the Scottish army. Cromwell, on the contrary, had seen his forces trebled during his march. When he arrived before Worcester, on the 28th of August, he numbered under his standards thirty-four thousand men.

A discussion arose in the Royal army who should be in command upon the day of the battle. Buckingham, Lesley, Middleton, all urged their claims or their rights. "I will have no other generalissimo than myself," Charles said, to conciliate all, and he spent his time in reconciling his lieutenants with each other, while Cromwell was planning the attack, and sending over to the right bank of the Severn some troops commanded by Lambert and Fleetwood. He himself occupied the left bank. On the 3d of September all was ready.

The king had been ill-informed, and was not expecting any serious engagement upon that day; but towards noon he ascended the belfry of Worcester Cathedral, and thence perceived several of Cromwell's regiments crossing the stream upon a bridge of boats, and marching towards the Scottish corps intrusted with the defence of the town upon the west, under the orders of Major-General Montgomery. Immediately descending from the belfry, the king went out on horseback to support his troops who were attacked. Cromwell was before him in the combat, and was vigorously urging matters forward. The struggle began at the same time upon the right bank; the Scots resisted firmly. The king re-entered the town, placed himself at the head of his best infantry and his English horsemen, to attack the camp of Cromwell. The general immediately crossed the stream after him, and came in person to defend his quarters. Fighting was carried on at both extremities of the town: "As stiff a contest as ever I have seen," wrote Cromwell. The corps conducted by the king caused the Republicans to waver.

Three thousand Scottish troopers, commanded by Lesley, were under arms in the rear. They received orders to charge; they did not stir. "One hour of Montrose! Only one hour!" cried the English Cavaliers. But Montrose was not there. Cromwell resumed the offensive. The Royal infantry lacked ammunition. The Duke of Hamilton and Sir John Douglas were mortally wounded. The Republicans pushed forward to the foot of the fortress, and summoned it to surrender. The commandant replied with cannon-balls. The fortress was carried by assault, and the garrison put to the sword. The struggle became confused; the combatants re-entered the town in disorder. Everywhere munitions of war failed the Royal troops, who fell back upon Worcester, followed by their enemies. Fighting took place in the streets. The king endeavored to rally his men, crying to his friends, "I would rather you would shoot me than keep me alive to see the sad consequence of this fatal day!" But soon his friends were forced to think only of saving him; a small body of the most ardent Cavaliers threw themselves upon the enemy to open a passage before the king, and to cover his retreat. While the fugitive monarch was making his way towards the north with a handful of devoted companions, Cromwell entered Worcester, which city was given up to pillage, and wrote to Parliament: "The battle was fought with varying success, but still hopeful on your part, and in the end became an absolute victory; and so full a one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the enemy's army."

The joy and pride of the English Parliament equalled the uneasiness which they had before felt. Honors and rewards were lavished upon Cromwell and his officers; severities were not spared the vanquished. Six or seven thousand prisoners impeded the march of the triumphant army; the prisoners of importance were numerous. The Duke of

Hamilton died of his wounds. The Earl of Derby was tried and executed at Chester, with Sir Timothy Featherstonhaugh and Captain Bembow. "I feel in my conscience," said the earl, on ascending the scaffold, "no scruple as to the cause to which I pledged myself; it is in the name of the law and religion that I have supported it; my judgment is satisfied; and I thank God for it. I have not the presumption to decide in these controversies. I pray God to cause to prosper for his glory those who are in the right, and I wish you as much grace and peace as I am about to find beyond all that you possess here." Parliament did not multiply cases like this. The virtuous nobleman, the loyal and independent servant, was not followed upon the scaffold by those who had supported the same cause without being all among his friends, nor worthy of being so. While the Countess of Derby was yet guarding for the king the Isle of Man, which was only wrested from her by treachery, the Tower held within its cells the greater number of the prisoners of note. The Royalist soldiers were secretly sold or given to merchants and planters, for the work of the colonies and the African mines. Parliament offered a reward of one thousand pounds sterling to whoever should deliver up Charles Stuart, "son of the late tyrant."

The king, meanwhile, fled across the kingdom, hiding from mansion to mansion, from farm to farm; sometimes concealed in the hiding-places which served as retreats for the proscribed Catholic priests, hearing or seeing at every moment the Republican soldiers who were seeking him, ready to seize him; sometimes in the garb of a peasant, sometimes in that of a servant. He spent one night hidden in the leafy branches of a great tree, which has since that time preserved the name of "the Royal Oak." Imperturbably gay and fearless, Charles braved the dangers, which more than once disap-

peared before his resolution and skilful self-confidence. All his efforts were directed towards reaching the coast, where he proposed to embark for France. Several attempts to charter a small vessel had failed, when, on the 14th of October, near Shoreham, the master of a bark at length promised to take on board the gentleman about whom he had been told. When he saw the king, he took the merchant aside who had engaged him. "You have not dealt fairly with me," he said; "you have not been clear with me; for he is the king, and I very well know him to be so." And as the merchant boldly denied this, "I know him very well," repeated the master, "but be not troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king; and by the grace of God I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." The master kept his word; the king and Lord Willmot, who had not left him, landed from a small fishing-smack at Fécamp, on the 16th of October, at one o'clock in the afternoon. They repaired at once to Rouen; but they were so poorly clad, and presented so bad an appearance, that they could not obtain admittance at the inn where they presented themselves. On the 30th, Charles at length arrived in Paris, where the queen, his mother, was living, after having wandered for forty-two days across England, concealed in eight different places of refuge, and known to forty-five persons whose names are recorded, without having suffered from any betrayal, without having even been imperilled by any indiscretion; a rare proof of intelligent and passionate fidelity in the midst of the deepest misfortune.

Cromwell, meanwhile, had returned in triumph to London, and established himself at Whitehall. Ireton, before his death, which was caused by typhus fever, had completed the subjugation of Ireland; Monk had conquered Scotland; the fleets

of the Commonwealth of England had compelled the Channel Islands to return to their obedience; the distant colonies had accepted the new rule. Parliament was master of all the English territory; it remained for it to treat with Europe.

Europe was, at first and from principle, ill-disposed towards Parliament and the Commonwealth. The trial and execution of Charles I. had caused a powerful sensation, though for different reasons and in different degrees. Protestants everywhere had felt the need of clearing themselves from complicity with this deed. Catholics had seen in it the fruits of heresy. In France, among the partisans of the Fronde, the Parliament of England had found admirers; but the English revolution, with its consequences, had soon excited an exasperation mingled with alarm, which the presence of Queen Henrietta-Maria, her sons and her fugitive followers, continued to maintain. Cardinal Mazarin had taken no step in the name of the little king, Louis XIV., to save the life of the king his uncle. Two solemn letters written to Cromwell and Fairfax were never delivered. Before they had even been dispatched from Paris, the king was dead. When he was dead, however, the ambassador, M. de Bel-lièvre, was recalled, and his secretary, M. de Croullé, alone remained with the care of French interests. Solicitous everywhere to maintain relations which might do harm to its rivals, Spain did not recall Don Alonzo de Cardeñas; but she did not renew his credentials, and he acquired no official position in the Commonwealth of England. Alone, of all the sovereigns of Europe, the Czar of Russia, Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, severed all connection with the revolutionary republic, and drove out the English merchants from his empire.

At the Hague, in the United Provinces, notwithstanding

the hostile feelings of a great portion of the States-general, the devotion of the Prince of Orange to his wife's family preserved for the fallen royal house of England a support and a shelter. At the Hague, Doctor Dorislaüs, a Dutchman long naturalized in England, and but recently employed to draw up the impeachment of Charles I., was assassinated, shortly after the death of the king, by some Cavaliers who had taken refuge in Holland. Such was also to be the fate a few months later, in an inn at Madrid, of Asham, who had placed his talent as a writer at the service of the revolution. At the Hague, as at Madrid, public feeling was on the side of the murderers. A Dutch patrician would have said with Don Luis de Haro, "I envy the gentlemen who have done so noble a deed; whatever may befall them in consequence, they have avenged the blood of their sovereign. If the king my master had had subjects as resolute, he would not have lost his kingdom of Portugal!"

The words of diplomatists are not always in accordance with their acts. The English Parliament was not moved by the outburst of indignation and of legitimate anger which had seized on monarchical and conservative Europe, at the sight of the triumphant revolution. Reserved and haughty, it waited, with distrust, but without any outburst of passion, until its successes and its power should compel its enemies to recognize the Commonwealth of England. The name did not terrify the sovereigns of the Continent. The republic of the United Provinces and the Swiss leagues had lived in peace without disturbing the repose of Europe. The monarchical power was growing constantly stronger in France, Germany, Spain, at the moment when the throne was falling in ruins in England. In vain did Charles II. send agents everywhere, accredit ambassadors at the courts of all the sovereigns of Europe. They were received with kindness and

with empty compliments. Care was taken not to go beyond this limit, and no preference was manifested towards the exiled monarch on the one hand, or the Republican government on the other. "The servants of the King of Great Britain," the agent of Cardinal Mazarin in Scotland, M. de Graymond, wrote to him on the 23d of October, 1649, "are here uttering curses against all the kings and sovereigns of the earth, and principally against his Majesty, if he does not assist their king, after whose ruin they desire that of all the others. They do not fear to say that they will contribute with all their might to their destruction, which will be very easy for them to bring about, the people having once got a scent, through the example of England, of the delights of popular power. . . . They say that Cromwell will begin with us, and that we fully deserve it, because we do not think of the restoration of the King of England, though we have the greatest interest to do so."

Upon one single point Parliament abandoned its calm and prudent attitude. In the month of June, 1648, eleven English crews, having revolted against Parliament, had crossed over to Holland to place their ships under the orders of the Prince of Wales, in behalf of the captive king. Prince Rupert assumed the command of this Royalist fleet, and from that time forth he prosecuted at sea, against the Commonwealth, the implacable, roving, and plundering warfare which he had earlier sustained upon land against the Parliament. Charles II. found in his cousin's prizes precious resources against actual want. A number of ship-owners of all countries asked permission to join the expeditions of the prince, so as to share the profits of them. They paid a tithe to the king. All security disappeared from the seas. The ships of the King of France, as well as those of the States-general of Holland, did not disdain sometimes to lower their flags, and

to take part in the expeditions and captures. Against this ruinous and insulting danger the English Parliament at once reorganized and augmented its fleet. In the winter of 1650-51, several squadrons were sent out to protect the English flag in all the seas. Before the end of the winter Prince Rupert's fleet, pursued from the coast of Ireland as far as Spain and Portugal by the Republican admiral Blake, took refuge, greatly diminished, in the Mediterranean, and thence near the coast of Africa, while Parliament determined equally to punish the French pirates, took possession of six vessels, which were confiscated, without the slightest respect being paid to the complaints which came from Paris upon this subject. Upon the seas the Commonwealth had caused its power to be felt; there it was dreaded by its enemies and respected by its rivals.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were prosecuting in London secret and complicated designs which gave great uneasiness to Cardinal Mazarin. Through a want of sagacity and foresight, through hatred of Queen Henrietta-Maria, and distrust towards her family, Parliament had not been able to see that the power of Spain was declining, and that the House of Austria was divided and enervated, while France and the House of Bourbon were advancing together in a path of bold and rapid progress. It was towards Spain that the preference of the Republican government inclined. It was Spain which first recognized the Commonwealth. On the 24th of December, 1650, Don Alonzo de Cardenas was received in solemn audience by Parliament; while a few days later, on the 6th of January, 1651, M. de Croullé was arrested at his residence, during the service of mass in his own chapel, and conducted before the Council of State, who ordered him to quit England within ten days. Some secret negotiations were attempted to bring about a reconciliation, but Mazarin was

near his fall, and soon found himself compelled to fly from France. Spain remained sole mistress of the position until the end of the year 1654.

A much more pressing matter at this moment occupied the minds of the Republican leaders. The Prince of Orange had just died (6th of November, 1650), and the disappearance of his influence restored the United Provinces and the States-general to their natural bias. Republican traditions returned again; the civic aristocracy, scattered by the House of Nassau, regained power; everything indicated fresh favor towards the Commonwealth of England, of which the latter power speedily took advantage. Two envoys extraordinary, St. John and Walter Strickland, set out in great magnificence for the Hague; they were eagerly received. An intimate alliance between the two Protestant republics seemed on the eve of consummation; but the immoderate ambition of St. John, as well as of the Parliamentary leaders whom he represented, placed an obstacle in the way of this desirable result. Their pretensions involved nothing less than the incorporation of the United Provinces in the Commonwealth of England, and the formation of one state under a single government.

Such audacity was difficult to express in words. Two months elapsed. The situation at the Hague became every day more grave. The Cavaliers were numerous there around the young Duke of York. Their negotiations with the Orange party thwarted the efforts of the Dutch patriots. "Add to that," John de Witt subsequently said, "the intolerable caprice of the English nation, its continual jealousy of our prosperity, and the mortal hatred of Cromwell towards the young Prince of Orange, son of the sister of this banished king, who was what he feared most in the world." The negotiations did not advance, and when St. John at length decided

to put forth in seven articles some of his pretensions, they so completely subordinated the policy of the United Provinces to the policy and interest of the Commonwealth of England, that it was not difficult to foresee the failure of the envoys. They quitted the Hague on the 1st of July, 1651, haughty and menacing. "Believe me," said St. John to the Dutch statesmen with whom he had been negotiating, "you will repent having rejected our offers." On the 5th of August Whitelocke introduced into Parliament a bill known under the name of "The Navigation Act," which prohibited all foreign nations from importing into England any commodity other than the produce of the soil or of the industries of their own countries. This was the most serious blow which could have been struck at Holland, whose carrying trade made its wealth. Before the end of the year the bill was passed and put in force. The United Provinces had not allowed themselves to be conquered by negotiations; war was now prepared against them.

Meanwhile the battle of Worcester had caused the scale in Europe to incline decidedly towards the Commonwealth. Recognition, and the resumption of official relations, came from all quarters. Don Alonzo de Cardenas was empowered to propose a treaty of alliance in the name of Spain, and the Republicans manifested their inclination to accept it. Urged by so many perils, Mazarin at length adopted his course. He had been negotiating for more than a year with the English, endeavoring to cause the recognition of the Commonwealth to be purchased by a declaration of England in favor of France and against Spain. He had failed: seven French vessels, sent from Calais to revictual Dunkirk, which the Spaniards were closely besieging, had been captured by Blake, and Parliament had refused to give them up. The neutrality of the English appeared to be about to cease. The cardinal commissioned M. de Bordeaux to bear a letter

from the king to Parliament and to re-establish official relations between the two states. The envoy did not possess the title of ambassador, and the letter of Louis XIV. was addressed to "Our dear and great friends the people of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England." The State Council refused to receive the missive thus addressed. It soon returned with this superscription, "To the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England." Bordeaux was then received, not by the Parliament, nor by the Council of State, but by a committee of this latter body. Relations were re-established, with a bad grace on the part of France, without good-will on that of the English Republicans. "In my great misfortune I have experienced nothing equal to this," wrote, however, Henrietta-Maria. Charles II. spoke of quitting Paris; but he did not do it. His monthly pension of six thousand livres was continued, but his situation became more and more isolated and depressing, and his faithful counsellors all urged him to seek shelter elsewhere.

Holland could no longer offer him support. A decree of the States-general had closed their territory to foreign princes. Although the Dutch statesmen in their patriotism and foresight had rejected the foolish demands of St. John, they sincerely wished for peace. A solemn embassy was dispatched to London to resume negotiations. Upon their entrance into Westminster Hall, the speaker and all the members of Parliament rose and removed their hats; but this act of courtesy indicated no modification in their pride and rancor. They listened to the proposals of the Dutch with the obstinacy of a haughty power, confident in its own might, eager to avenge itself for a disappointment which it considered as an insult. The disposition of the people corresponded with that of Parliament. More than once the mob attacked the house

which the Dutch envoys occupied at Chelsea. It was found necessary to assign a guard to the ambassadors.

Amidst these diplomatic agitations, it suddenly became known that, on the 12th of May, off Dover, the Dutch fleet, commanded by Van Tromp, and the English fleet, commanded by Blake, had encountered each other and fought. It was said that Van Tromp had refused a salute peremptorily demanded by Blake, and that upon a reiterated summons he had fired upon the English flag-ship. The encounter had been brisk, but without decisive issue. Popular wrath was its most immediate result. All the explanations given by a new envoy, Adrian de Paw, and the assurance that Van Tromp had received no instructions, did not appease the chiefs of the Council of State. On the 7th of July, 1652, war was declared, and fifteen days later the States-General accepted perforce and with sadness the challenge which had been thrown down to them.

The navy of the United Provinces at this time was more renowned than that of England: captains and sailors were inured to long cruises; their admirals already were skilled in ingenious manœuvres as yet unknown to the English. The latter, on the other hand, possessed larger vessels, well manned and equipped; they were more ardent in battle, and supported by a country richer and more powerful than Holland. The war opened with the utmost eagerness. Blake dispersed the fleet of herring-fishers upon the coast of Scotland, after having defeated the men-of-war which protected them. Van Tromp endeavored to avenge his compatriots upon the fleet of Sir George Ayscough; but he was first detained by a calm, and afterwards defeated by a storm. Blake, coming to the assistance of Ayscough, triumphed without fighting. He cruised impudently along the western coast of the



COMBAT BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND DUTCH FLEETS OFF DOVER.

United Provinces before returning to Yarmouth, bringing in his wake his prizes and nine hundred prisoners.

Van Tromp gave in his resignation. He belonged to the party of Orange, and had no taste for serving the States-general. He was replaced by Michael Ruyter, a man of obscure origin, of popular renown, a stranger to political parties, and passionately devoted to his country. He soon compelled Ayscough to return into port at Plymouth, leaving the Dutch masters of the English Channel. He marvelled at his own success. "It is only," he said, "when it pleases God to give courage that one gains a victory. This is a work of Providence which cannot be accounted for by man." Proud of this victory, and resolving to prosecute the war with vigor, the States-general gave the command of a new squadron to Cornelis de Witt, one of the boldest of the aristocratic leaders, and committed the mistake of placing Ruyter under his orders. Cornelis de Witt was courageous in the extreme, but harsh and unpopular with the sailors. The Dutch encountered Blake's fleet. Ruyter was not in favor of giving battle; but De Witt pressed forward. After a desperate fight, which lasted during a whole day, the advantage everywhere remained with the English, so much so, that on the morrow it was impossible for the fleet of the States-general to resume the struggle, as Cornelis de Witt desired to do. They were compelled to return into harbor, followed by Blake, who was anxious to follow up his victory. Constrained by the public voice, the States restored to Van Tromp the command of their forces. Ruyter offered no objection to serving under his orders; Cornelis de Witt was ill, and refused. On the 30th of November, 1652, at the moment when the Parliament of England and its admirals believed themselves absolved from further efforts, the Dutch fleet, composed of seventy-three vessels, attacked Blake, who had but thirty-

seven. The English were defeated, and Van Tromp cruised about the Channel as a conqueror, carrying a broom at his mainmast head, braving the English navy in the very seas whose sovereignty it claimed.

Parliament did not accept the resignation tendered by Blake; it sent him large reinforcements. In all English ports the available vessels were put in requisition, and two months and a half later, on the 18th of February, 1653, Blake in his turn was seeking the enemy. Van Tromp was occupied in protecting a rich convoy of merchant vessels, which impeded his progress. He fought for four days with consummate skill and prudence, continuing to press forward towards the coast of Holland, in order to bring in his convoy. When he had at length succeeded in this object, the advantage rested incontestably with the English. Parliament made a great demonstration over a victory which had cost them dear. The war seemed no nearer its conclusion, and the expenses were becoming enormous. The courts of Europe, divided between the two belligerents, sought to imbitter their hostility rather than to appease it. The ambitious and short-sighted arrogance of the English Parliament had impelled it into a policy which placed the Commonwealth in contention with its natural friends, without obtaining for it any ally. At home it had to contend against ever-renewing difficulties, and to apply increasing severities. It was from the Cavaliers that the money necessary for supporting the war was extorted; and while tyranny was thus resorted to in providing for the wants which a bad foreign policy had created, Cromwell, powerful but inactive, silently undermined the ground beneath the feet of Parliament by taking skilful advantage of its faults.

Cromwell was inactive for good reasons. On the morrow of the victory of Worcester, Parliament, anxious both to

diminish its burdens and to enfeeble its rival, had disbanded a portion of the army, at the same time announcing further reductions. The general, loaded with presents and with marks of gratitude, had returned to take his place in the House, where his presence soon made itself felt. By his influence, and notwithstanding the resistance of the majority of the Republican leaders, two popular measures were passed, — a general amnesty act, and an electoral law decreeing that Parliament should not sit beyond the 3d of November, 1654. It was now the month of November, 1651: a duration of three years was thus assigned to the contest beginning between Cromwell and Parliament. Cromwell had too much good sense not to be willing to wait. He appreciated correctly what was possible, and he stopped at that even when his desires and his schemes would have led him further. He had succeeded in fixing a limit to the existence of Parliament; his efforts, at one time impassioned and brilliant, at another secret and indirect, were now to be employed in harassing the power with which he was at variance, and to this end he knew how to employ means of every description.

The spirit of innovation had taken possession of the young republic. On all hands bold projects, chimerical or practical, were submitted to Cromwell, who knew by instinct the popular wants and desires. He had made himself the patron of reform in the matter of civil proceedings, and more than once he authorized his officers to constitute themselves improvised judges. In ecclesiastical matters, amid new sects which sprang up every day, Cromwell never abandoned two great principles, — the liberty of conscience, and the regular preaching of the Gospel. The Presbyterians furnished him with pious and learned preachers in great numbers. The persecuted of all parties claimed his support. In the ranks and

beneath the banners of all the Christian sects he had established relations and nourished fruitful hopes; he made it his business to assure himself of the forces he had gained over, and to act in the interest of his soldiers.

Upon one occasion, at the residence of the speaker of the House of Commons, Lenthall, some leaders of the army and of Parliament were assembled. Cromwell submitted to the little assemblage the question of a stable government for the nation. The lawyer, Whitelocke, came at once to the point. "I should humbly offer," he said, "whether it be not requisite to be understood in what way this settlement is desired. Whether of an absolute republic, or with any mixture of monarchy?"

This, in fact, was the question constantly revived and discussed in these social meetings, which every day assumed more importance. Cromwell aimed prudently at the establishment of a single power. He was aware that the thoughts of some rested upon the young Duke of Gloucester, still in the hands of Parliament. He contrived to restore the little prince to liberty. The child was sent to Holland, to his sister, the Princess of Orange. This royal competitor being removed, Cromwell prosecuted his purpose. His daughter, the widow of Ireton, had recently married Fleetwood. He appointed his son-in-law to the command of the forces in Ireland, taking to his own charge the expenditure of Lambert while he had been Lord Deputy. The petitions of the army recommenced. "Take care," said Whitelocke to Cromwell, "this manner of causing the officers to petition thus, sword in hand, might very possibly be inconvenient to you some day!" But Cromwell was more anxious for success than concerned about the embarrassments which he might cause to spring up at some later day. He proceeded towards his end, feeling his way at each step. "What if a man should

take upon himself to be king?" he said one day to White-
locke, after a long conversation. "As to your own person,"
said the shrewd lawyer, "the title of king would be of no
advantage." And in expounding the reasons for his remark,
he finally proposed to Cromwell a negotiation with King
Charles II. and the Scots, for effecting a restoration. Crom-
well did not reply and changed the conversation, being urged
in different directions by his own desire and by the adverse
opinions of the men whom he questioned. The English
army was devoted to him; that of Ireland was more divided,
owing to the influence of Ludlow. Streater, an officer in
this army, came to England with some comrades, to oppose
the designs which they suspected. He accused the general
of seeking his own aggrandizement. Harrison resented this
accusation, saying that he was sure that the general only
wished to open the way for the reign of Christ. "Well!"
replied Streater, "let Christ come then before Christmas, other-
wise he will come too late."

The danger was not so urgent. Cromwell allowed his
adversaries time to wear themselves out in public estimation.
He ceased to oppose the new reduction of the army. Ab-
solute master of the fortune and the fate of all, Parliament
soon came to be regarded in public opinion as an iniqui-
tous and corrupt judge.

This was the juncture for which Cromwell had waited.
Impelled by the country, the Republican chiefs themselves
prepared the bill of dissolution and the law according to
which a new Parliament was to be elected. They still hoped
to deceive the public; their proposal retained the sitting mem-
bers as the nucleus of the new assembly: it was represented
as a question of completing, not of renewing the Parliament.

Cromwell was not in the House on the 20th of April,
1653, when Vane, Martyn, and Sydney introduced what they

styled the Dissolution Bill, urging its immediate adoption. Colonel Ingoldsby came in haste to Whitehall. "If you wish to do something decisive," he said to Cromwell, "you have not a moment to lose." The general proceeded to Westminster, posted some troops at the gates, and entered, sitting down quietly in his usual place. St. John approached him. "I have come," said Cromwell, "with a purpose of doing what grieves me to the very soul, and what I have earnestly with tears besought the Lord not to impose upon me. I would rather a thousand times be torn piecemeal than do it, but there is a necessity which weighs upon me in order to the glory of God and good of the nation." Vane had ceased speaking: the speaker was about to put the bill to the vote. Cromwell rose and began to speak, in the first place doing justice to Parliament, to its zeal and to the services which it had rendered to the country; then gradually changing his tone, he reproached the members of the House with their procrastinations and their corruption. "You only wish to perpetuate yourselves in power. Your hour has come; the Lord has done with you — He who has taken me by the hand, and who causes me to do what I do." Vane and his friends endeavored to reply; all spoke together. Cromwell replaced his hat upon his head, and stepping into the middle of the Hall, "I will put an end to your prating," he exclaimed. Upon a sign from Harrison, the door opened, and a platoon of musketeers entered the Hall. "You are no Parliament; get you gone," said the general; "give place to honest men!" And as Lenthall refused to quit the chair, "Take him down then yourself," said Cromwell. Harrison placed his hand upon the robe of the speaker, who submitted. The members resisted. "It is contrary to morality and common honesty," exclaimed Vane; "it is an indignity." "Oh! Sir Harry Vane, Sir Harry Vane," replied Cromwell;



LENTHALL TAKEN FROM THE CHAIR.

"you might have anticipated all this, but you are but a juggler; the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" He addressed the members one by one as they issued forth, reproaching them for their faults and vices. The Hall was soon cleared; the general caused the papers to be seized, taking from the hands of the clerk on duty the Dissolution Bill, upon which they had been about to vote. Finally, he alone was left, and going out, locked the doors. When he returned to Whitehall, "I did not think of doing this," he said to his friends who were awaiting him, "but perceiving the spirit of God strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood."

A few hours later, the Council of State was also dissolved, notwithstanding the protestations of the president, Bradshaw. On the morrow, the passers-by stopped before Westminster Hall, to read a large placard, put up in the night by some Cavalier, on which were the words, written in large characters: "This house is now to be let unfurnished."

CHAPTER XXVII

CROMWELL PROTECTOR. 1653-1658.

THE deed was done. Parliament, which had at first aided, then thwarted Cromwell in his aims and in the exercise of power, had ceased to exist. A Council of State, composed of twelve members, convoked and presided over by the general himself, was henceforth charged with the control of public affairs. No resistance had been offered. A few austere Republicans had protested when Cromwell already began to feel the weight too heavy for his robust shoulders. The government of England was not, could not be the despotic empire of one man; the semblance at least of a Parliament was necessary. He resolved to constitute it himself with the men designated in public esteem by their virtues and their piety. A hundred and thirty-nine persons were thus chosen and convoked in the name of Oliver Cromwell, Captain-general of the forces of the Commonwealth. On the 4th of July, 1653, in the Council-chamber at Whitehall, the men thus chosen by Cromwell listened to his address, which was long and diffuse as usual, but was intended to give them confidence in their task and in their right to govern their country. "Accept your trust, for, I repeat to you, it is of God."

Cromwell in vain endeavored to establish upon the solid basis of Divine will that power which he had consolidated with his own hands, and which he was shortly about to



OLIVER CROMWELL.

overthrow. The "Barebones Parliament," as it was called, from the name of one of its members, sat for five months. Laborious and exact, ardently occupied in reforming abuses and in establishing new laws, it was at the same time inclined to dispute the power and actions of the general more often than was agreeable to Cromwell. He had been lately leaning for support upon the sectarian reformers, but soon became aware that such innovators, available for destroying, were still prone to destroy the very power which they had raised; he resolved, therefore, to rid himself of them. He declared this to the Anabaptist preacher Feake, whose violence embarrassed and exasperated him. "Be assured that on the day when I shall be pressed by my enemies, more pressed than I have ever been, it will be with you that I shall begin to rid myself of them," he said. He found in the very midst of Parliament the instruments necessary for his purpose.

On Monday, the 12th of December, 1653, the friends of the general were assembled together at an early hour in the House. Scarcely had they concluded prayers, which were said as usual by one of the members present, when Colonel Sydenham, addressing the House, vigorously attacked the reformers, or rather the revolutionists, who, he said, rendered all government impossible. "I propose to declare that the sitting of this Parliament any longer would be of no service to the nation, and that we shall repair in a body to the Lord-general and resign the trust which has been committed to us."

A debate began upon this strange proposal. The reformers defended themselves. They sent notice to their friends, who arrived in haste. The issue became doubtful. Rouse, the speaker, abruptly closed the sitting, and proceeded to Whitehall, accompanied by forty members: thirty or thirty-

five remained in the House embarrassed and indignant. They did not muster a sufficient number to deliberate ; some began to pray. Colonel Goffe entered with a platoon of soldiers and caused the place to be cleared. Four days later, the act of abdication of the "Barebones" Parliament had received eighty signatures, and Cromwell solemnly accepted the government from the hands of the army, in the name of the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, under the title of Protector.

This was the re-establishment of a single power, the first step towards the restoration of a monarchy. As Whitelocke had shortly before predicted to Cromwell, it was henceforth against him that all the blows would be aimed. Sectaries, fanatical like Feake, or sincere like Major Harrison, refused to recognize the new government. Several colonels immediately entered into hostile conspiracies. John Lilburne had reappeared in England, and, although immediately incarcerated in Newgate, he had begun once more to write and to agitate the public with his indefatigable ardor. Cromwell resolved to place him upon his trial. "Freeborn John," wrote one of the confidants of the Protector, "has been sent to the Old Bailey Sessions, and I think that he will soon be hanged."

Every possible precaution had in fact been taken to assure the issue of the trial and the condemnation of Lilburne, but his ability, his eloquence, the impassioned ardor of his friends, thwarted all the efforts of the executive. "Last Saturday," wrote Beverning to John de Witt, "there were present at his trial no less than six thousand persons, who would not have heard him condemned without some few of them at least leaving their lives there." Lilburne was acquitted ; but Cromwell was more powerful and more obstinate than the Long Parliament itself. Notwithstanding his acquittal, the indom-

itable pamphleteer was detained in the Tower, then transported to Jersey. He at length consented to remain quiet as a condition of freedom, and died in obscurity four years later, in a little town in Kent. Meanwhile, before ridding himself of the "Barebones" Parliament, Cromwell, warned by the trial of Lilburne of the tendencies of juries, caused to be vested in himself the exceptional jurisdiction which had at first tried the king, and afterwards Lord Capel and his friends. The High Court of Justice had been reconstituted under the presidency of Bradshaw. The Protector took his precautions against the attacks and conspiracies which he foresaw. He was not deceived: five months after the establishment of the new power, a Royalist plot, which was to begin with the assassination of Cromwell, brought before the judges Colonel Gerard, who perished with two accomplices. The Protector had the prudence to spare the persons of distinction who were compromised in the affair. His wish had been to show the vigilance of his police and the strength of an authority which knew how to practise moderation.

While Cromwell thus displayed his energy and sagacity at home, accomplishing rapidly and by his sole authority the reforms long discussed by Parliament, he triumphed in Scotland, through the efforts of Monk, over the last of the Royalist insurrections. A simple ordinance at the same time incorporated with England the ancient kingdom of the Stuarts, relieving it of all independent representation and jurisdiction. Monk was commissioned to quietly govern the country which he had subjugated. Ireland remained calm and silent; the Protector had leisure to turn his eyes towards the Continent of Europe.

There again good fortune attended his ability and firmness. The war with Holland continued, and was generally favorable to the English arms. "Why should I remain si-

lent longer?" Cornelis de Witt said in an open assembly of the States. "I am here before my sovereigns; it is my duty to tell them that the English are now masters of us and of the seas." The struggle still continued, negotiations being meanwhile attempted. Van Tromp was killed on the 31st of July, 1653, in the midst of a desperate combat. "It is all over with me," he said as he fell, "but you, take courage." Ruyter, Cornelis de Witt, Floretz, Ewertz, continued the struggle, which every day became more fierce on the part of the English. Cromwell, however, was resolved to put an end to it. Diplomatic hesitations had ceased with the government of Parliament; the Protector wished for peace with the United Provinces, and for an alliance of the Protestant States; he set himself at work, without delay, to realize these two indispensable conditions of the greatness of his country and of his own influence in Europe.

The conditions imposed by the Protector were harsh, and they wounded the legitimate pride of the United Provinces: he renounced the idea of the incorporation of the two republics; he admitted the allies of the Dutch to the advantages of the treaty, but he demanded of the States an agreement never to receive within their territory any enemy of the Commonwealth, thus closing against the Stuarts their last place of refuge. He at the same time forbade the United Provinces ever to raise the young prince, William of Orange, or his descendants, to the office of Stadtholder or of commander of the land and sea forces. The States-general refused to assent to this stipulation. Cromwell then had recourse to indirect negotiations: he obtained, not without difficulty, a private and secret agreement from the States of the Province of Holland, which were sufficiently powerful to decide the question alone in the general assembly. On the 5th of June, 1654, the articles being at length ratified, the

treaty of peace became definitive, to the general satisfaction of the English as well as of the Netherlanders.

During this time Whitelocke was negotiating with Queen Christiana of Sweden, who was deeply impressed with the rare faculties which she recognized in Cromwell. "In the end, I think that your general will be king of England," she said. On the 28th of April, 1654, the English envoy signed, in common with Chancellor Oxenstiern, a treaty of friendship and alliance between the two countries. On the 30th of May, the Queen of Sweden, seduced by the unknown charms of a free life, solemnly abdicated before the Diet of Upsal, while Whitelocke, embarking for England, brought back to Cromwell an important success for his policy, and stories invented to flatter his pride.

Such rapid progress in so many directions produced a great impression upon the two important Catholic powers who at that time disputed the empire of the Continent. Don Alonzo de Cardenas, the Spanish ambassador, and M. de Bordeaux, the French ambassador, besieged the Protector with compliments and overtures. The Long Parliament had inclined towards the Spanish alliance. Cromwell, with higher sagacity, on the contrary, had a preference for France. But Cromwell was in no hurry to declare what he thought, and he allowed Cardenas and Bordeaux in turn to conceive a hope of his preference, and thus became every day more the object of their jealous attentions.

Thus sought after abroad by every government, and conqueror at home of all parties, the Protector at length deemed himself in a position to confront a Parliament. He ordered therefore, for the 3d of September, 1654, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester, the assembly of a Parliament freely elected.

It was the first time for fourteen years that there had

been in England a general election. No one was excluded except the Cavaliers and the Roman Catholics. Four hundred and sixty members, among whom the Presbyterians and sectaries were numerous, were present on the day appointed for the opening of the session. All had accepted the condition expressed in the writ of their election: "The persons elected shall not have the power to alter the government as it is settled, in one single person and a Parliament."

This was, however, the first question put to the vote by the House. Returning to their own hall, after the opening speech of the Protector, the Republicans there revived all the maxims, all the pretensions of the Long Parliament. The form of government had for four days been the object of the most animated discussions, when, on the 12th of September, on arriving at Westminster, the members found the doors closed and guarded by soldiers. "You cannot pass," said the sentinels; "go into the Painted Chamber, the Protector will be there soon." He arrived as promised, and taking his seat in the chair of state, which he had occupied a week before to open Parliament, he reviewed, in a speech which was both bold and embarrassed, his past works, the services which he had rendered to the country, and the necessity of putting an end to the agitation to which it had been a prey. "I had a thought within myself," he said, "that it would not have been dishonest nor dishonorable, if, when a Parliament was so chosen as you have been in pursuance of this instrument of government and in conformity with it, some owning of your call and of the authority which brought you hither had been required before your entrance into the House. This was declined. What I forbore from a just confidence at first you necessitate me unto now. . . . I have caused a stop to be put to your entrance into the Parliament House. I am sorry, I am sorry,



PRESENTING THE ADDRESS TO WILLIAM.



"'YOU CANNOT PASS,' SAID THE SENTINELS."

and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this. . . . There is therefore somewhat to be offered to you, that is to say, in the form of government now settled, which is expressly stipulated in your Indentures not to be altered. The making of your minds known in that, by giving your assent and subscription to it, is the means that will let you in to act those things, as a Parliament, which are for the good of the people. The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the Lobby without the Parliament door."

A hundred and fifty members, belonging to the austere Republicans, refused to pledge themselves, and immediately withdrew; before the end of the month, more than three hundred members had signed, and Parliament continued its session, accepting, since it was so compelled, the first article of the constitutional act, but reserving to itself to discuss all the others. During more than four months quibble succeeded to quibble, difficulty to difficulty. On the 22d of January, 1655, the five months of session which the act of convocation assured to Parliament at length expired. Cromwell repaired to Westminster. "Though some may think it is a hard thing to raise money without Parliamentary authority upon this nation," he said, "yet I have another argument to the good people of this nation if they would be safe and yet have no better principle. . . . Whether they prefer the having of their will, though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of necessity? . . . I should wrong my native country to suppose this. . . . I leave the unknown to God, and conclude with this, that I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these nations, nor for common and public good, for you to continue here any longer. And therefore I do declare unto you that I do dissolve this Parliament."

Cromwell was free, but uneasy and dissatisfied. He had hoped for much from the new Parliament, and the disappointment was bitter to him. He had spoken in his speech of the Royalist conspiracies which had been developed under the uncertain government of the Republicans. An insurrection which broke out shortly afterwards in the West and in the North, proved the correctness of his assertions. It was easily repressed, and its chief, Penruddock, perished upon the scaffold with his principal adherents. Almost at the same time the Protector was informed of the insurrectionary projects on the part of the Republican sectaries under the leadership of Overton and Wildman. Both these men were placed in the Tower. Other chiefs of the Levellers were arrested and sent to prison quietly. When the men of his former party were concerned, Cromwell conducted in a very different manner from that which he employed towards the Royalists. He applied himself to preventing and stifling. He wished them to be powerless, but not conspicuously victims.

The conspiracy of the Cavaliers furnished, moreover, to the Protector a resource which became every day more necessary to him. He had no money; and he resolved to impose upon the Royalists a tax of ten per cent. upon their incomes. Under pretence of collecting this impost he established in every county a local militia, of which he formed twelve corps, under the command of tried officers. All the Royalists found themselves outlawed. It was, apparently, against them alone that this measure, destined to secure in all quarters the power of the Protector, was directed.

The measure was tyrannical; its enforcement was more odious still. Cromwell gained the money of which he was in need, but the militia officers nearly everywhere abused their power. Returning into the old path of revolutionary violence, parties once more found themselves at contention, not

in the way of civil war, but of resisting oppression. The allaying of mutual passions and hatreds, and the establishment of a regular and legal government, continued to be a vain hope for England. Cromwell felt it to be so, and struggled bitterly against that conviction.

In the midst of the disorder and violence which he could not or would not repress, Cromwell always had the credit of understanding and respecting liberty of conscience. Constrained by the fanaticism of his friends to oppress the Catholics, often even the Anglican Church, he secretly used leniency towards the latter, and left to all the sects which divided England among them a full and absolute independence. He protected them against each other, defending even the liberty of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers; of the Jews, who asked to be allowed to establish themselves in England; and of Republican men of letters like Harrington, who dedicated to him his Republican Utopia of *Oceana*. He at the same time defended the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge against the ignorant and fiery sectaries who would have destroyed these centres of Episcopacy, and he took pleasure in restoring to them something of their past splendors. Few despots have understood like Cromwell how to restrain themselves within the limits of practical necessity, while leaving to the human mind a vast and free field of action.

All these efforts in the direction of a good internal government did not suffice to found his power upon a solid basis. Cromwell sought foreign renown. Near the close of October, 1655, he had sent Blake into the Mediterranean, in command of a large fleet, to cruise round Spain and keep watch upon its ports, while Admiral Penn was preparing to carry war into the Spanish colonies of America. Blake acquitted himself of his mission as usual, repressing the Bar-

bary pirates in the seas where he cruised; bombarding Tunis, which had refused him water, and exhibiting boldness and moderation in turn. The Republican admiral caused the English flag to be everywhere respected. Cromwell knew this, and laid great stress upon it. "That is how things must be done," he said; "and I will render the name of Englishman as great as was ever that of Roman."

Unfortunately, Penn's expedition had partly failed in its object: the attack upon St. Domingo completely miscarried through the misunderstandings of the commanders and their want of foresight: the result of all this effort and expense proved to be only the taking of Jamaica. The great attempt against the Spanish colonies was more profitable to Mazarin than to Cromwell: it caused a definitive rupture between the Protector and Spain. The shrewd French minister hastened to take advantage of it. On the 24th of October, 1655, the Spanish ambassador, Cardeñas, embarked at Dover to return to his country, and on the same day a treaty between France and England was signed,—a treaty of commerce, which became, towards the end of November, a treaty of alliance. The position of the Protector in Europe became every day more important and powerful; but for eighteen months he had governed alone and arbitrarily: his strong good sense warned him that absolute power soon exhausts itself. He wanted money to wage war against Spain. The moment appeared to him propitious for at length founding legal order, and he again convoked a Parliament.

When the House assembled, on the 17th of September, 1656, the efforts of the Protector and of his agents had not succeeded in preventing the entrance of a great number of indomitable Republicans. Vane and Bradshaw had failed; Ludlow and Harrison had not presented themselves; but Haslerig, Scott, Robinson, and some hundred of their friends,

had been elected. At the door of the Session Hall were guards, who asked of each a certificate of admission. The majority presented it: a hundred and two members were without one and could not enter. The tumult was great. The Master of the Rolls of the Commonwealth was sent for. He arrived in great haste. "His Highness," he said, "had given orders that the certificate of admission should be given only to members approved of by the council." On the morrow, Nicholas Furnes, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, appeared at Westminster. "According to the constitutional act of the Protectorate," he said, "no one can be elected member of Parliament who is not a man of recognized integrity, fearing God, and of good conduct. It is the duty of the Council to consider whether the elected combine these conditions, without which none can be admitted to sit."

Thus mutilated at the outset of its session, the House accepted its humiliation. The rejected members appeared before the Council of State; their protest was useless. Parliament passed on to other matters, being in haste, it was said, to occupy itself with affairs of state. But public opinion disapproved the arbitrary act of the Protector; it weighed upon the whole assembly. Feeble and insignificant as it was, it never lost the recollection of the affront which it had suffered, nor abandoned the desire to be avenged.

Cromwell, however, was in need of the Parliament, for he was meditating a great enterprise. Being assured of the necessity of founding that order which he had re-established upon durable bases, he contemplated taking the title of *king*, which had been proposed to him by his officers at the time of the constitutional establishment of the Protectorate, and which he had then refused. His pretensions amounted to nothing less than placing his family upon the re-established throne. His eldest son, Richard, was of peaceful tastes

and manners, with little capacity for government and contention, but he would be able to lean for support upon his brother Henry, who had recently given proof of his ability as governor-general of Ireland. Parliament appeared devoted; fortune had just favored the Protector with a lucky incident. The squadron which was cruising in the Spanish seas had captured a fleet of galleons, coming from America and laden with gold. The treasures were brought triumphantly to London; the people were enthusiastic; the House voted the new taxes asked by the Protector. The idea of royalty had been sown in people's minds, and readily took root throughout the country.

The Cavaliers were so convinced of this that two of their number, among those who lived on good terms with him,— Lord Hertford and Lord Broghill,— made overtures to Cromwell in favor of Charles Stuart. "You can bring back the king on any conditions you please," said Lord Broghill, "and preserve with much less trouble and peril the authority which you possess." "The king can never forgive the blood of his father," said Cromwell. "You are but one of those who took part in that act, and you alone will have the merit of having re-established the king." "He is so debauched that he would ruin us all," replied the Protector, and he broke off the interview, but without ill-humor, leaving Lord Broghill convinced that he had himself contemplated this expedient.

In the country, many wearied and discouraged Cavaliers would willingly have accepted the return of monarchy, in the hope of seeing the legitimate monarch again in a short time ascend the throne. The Presbyterians, who were monarchists by nature, were protected by Cromwell, and preponderant in religious matters. The sectaries, who were not favorable to him, and who considered him lukewarm in reli-

gious matters, enjoyed under his government a liberty for which they owed him gratitude. Everything had succeeded with him for three years; almost all believed that his good fortune would go as far as his daring would seek to carry it, and the public manifested an inclination to trust him, or at least to acquiesce in his schemes.

Cromwell began to make overtures to his confidants in this great matter; he appeared yet to hesitate; exciting by his conversation their curiosity or their zeal, he skilfully urged them in the path which was to lead him to his object, always remaining in a position to stop them or to repudiate them.

He made use of the same policy for undermining Parliament and the army. The House had condemned to a cruel punishment John Naylor, a prophetic enthusiast, accused of blasphemy. At the very moment of the execution, Cromwell caused it to be asked in Parliament why the fanatic had been denied trial by jury, that bulwark of personal liberty so dear to Englishmen. Desborough proposed to prolong the tax of a tenth imposed upon the Royalists for the maintenance of the army. Lord Claypole, son-in-law of the Protector, energetically opposed this measure, which was rejected. The tax-gatherers thus remained alone exposed to the public hatred aroused on all hands by their exactions. Their rancor deprived the Protector of some of his most faithful allies.

While the friends of Cromwell were disunited, his enemies rendered assistance to his great design. Charles II., then at Bruges, where he received assistance from Spain, was preparing, it was said, an expedition. He possessed some trustworthy supporters among the Republicans, among others a man named Sexby, who promised to raise a popular insurrection which would become Royalist, as soon as Cromwell should

have disappeared. Assassination was counted upon, and the assassin was already found. Miles Sindercombe, a bold soldier and an ardent Republican, passed his time in watching for the moment and in seeking the means of taking the life of the Protector. On the 19th of January, 1657, Thurloe solemnly revealed the plot in Parliament. Sindercombe was arrested, as well as two of his accomplices.

The public excitement was great. It was proposed to form a committee instructed to ask the Protector when it would be convenient to him to receive the expression of the opinion of the House. "I propose something more," said an obscure member, Mr. Ashe; "I would ask his Highness to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution; then our liberties and tranquillity, the safety and the privileges of his Highness, would be established upon solid foundations." A tumult arose; the motion of Mr. Ashe was violently opposed and warmly defended: it fell as an untimely measure; but the first landmarks were erected, the first step was made. One month later, the 22d of February, Alderman Pack, member for the City of London, presented to the House of Commons a proposal entitled, "The humble address and remonstrance of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, now assembled in the Parliament of this Commonwealth;" it was for the re-establishment of the monarchy and of the two Houses. The Protector was invited to take the title of king, and to designate his successor. After a violent discussion, the proposal was taken into consideration, and the debate postponed until the morrow.

While the House was discussing, some hundred officers, at the head of whom were Lambert, Desborough, and Fleetwood, Cromwell's son-in-law, presented themselves at the residence of the Protector. They implored him not to accept the title of king. "This title displeases the army," they said; "it is

hazardous for your person and the three nations; it will make way for the return of Charles Stuart."

Cromwell immediately replied to them, that the title of king need not startle them so dreadfully, inasmuch as some of them well knew it was already offered to him and pressed upon him by themselves when this government was undertaken; that the title "king," a feather in a hat, was as little valuable to him as to them. But on every occasion, he said, they had made him their instrument; and he briefly recalled all the arbitrary acts which he had done, he said, at the instigation of the army. "The nation is tired of uncertain arbitrary ways, and wishes to come to a settlement," he continued. "By what this Parliament have done, by their own mere vote and will, with James Naylor, you will see that a check is necessary; what has happened to James Naylor may be any one's case some day. Does the fundamental law of the Protectorate empower me to check them?"

The facts which Cromwell recalled were embarrassing, his voice was full of influence over his old companions. Many wavered in their resistance, a compromise was arrived at. It was agreed that the question of the title of king should be suspended until the end of the debate. Upon this condition the officers accepted the two Houses of Parliament, and the right of the Protector to designate his successor; they undertook to allow the discussion to follow its course peacefully. On the 25th of March, the House voted, by a hundred and twenty-three votes against sixty-two, the first clause of the project which had been reserved until that day. "That your Highness will be pleased to assume the name, style, title, dignity, and office of King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the respective dominions and territories thereunto belonging, and to exercise the same according to the laws of those nations."

On the 25th of March, 1657, Cromwell received the House at Whitehall, in that banqueting-hall which, eight years before, Charles I. had crossed between two rows of soldiers on his way to the scaffold. "I am but a servant," said the speaker, Widdrington, "and I have not to express my own thoughts, but to declare what the Parliament has commanded. I am like a gardener who plucks flowers in the garden of his master and makes therewith a nosegay. I will only offer to your Highness what I have gathered in the garden of the Parliament." And he detailed the eighteen articles of the "humble petition and advice," dwelling upon the impossibility of mutilating it by rejecting one article to accept the other.

Cromwell listened gravely and in silence; he asked time for reflection. On the 3d of April, he begged Parliament to send delegates to him to receive his reply. "You do necessitate my answer to be categorical," he said, "and you have left me without a liberty of choice save as to all. I should be very brutish did I not acknowledge the exceeding high honor and respect you have had for me in this paper, and by you I return the Parliament through you my grateful acknowledgments. I must need say that that may be fit for you to offer which may not be fit for me to undertake. I have been able to attain no further than this, that seeing the way is hedged up so as it is to me, and I cannot accept the things offered unless I accept all, I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake this charge under that title. And if Parliament be so resolved, 'for the whole paper or none of it,' it will not be fit for me to use any inducement to you to alter their resolution. . . . That is all that I have to say."

Parliament understood what was meant amid the perplexity and vagueness of this reply. It was accustomed to

unravel and follow the desire of Cromwell in the labyrinth of his deeds and words. It determined that it persisted absolutely in its petition, while asking officially to expound its motives before the Protector.

Cromwell knew, as well as Parliament, what was wanting to the stability of the government of England. Lord Broghill summed up the thought of his colleagues as well as that of the Protector, when he said: "It is by the title of king, and never by any other, that our ancient laws designate the head magistracy; now, ancient foundations, when they are good, are better than new ones, were they equally good; that which is confirmed by time and experience has afforded proof of its worth, and carries with it much more authority."

In reality, Parliament was not speaking to Cromwell, nor Cromwell to Parliament. They were both addressing themselves to a public who were not present in Whitehall, to the dissentient but moderate Republicans, whom they hoped to bring over to their views; to the whole country, which they wished to associate with the foundation of a new dynasty, in order that it might compel the former parties to accept it.

The conferences therefore continued. Cromwell listened to the exhortations of Parliament with evident satisfaction, mingled, however, with great mental perturbation; he was not a man of simple and fixed ideas, nor one who advanced steadfastly towards his object. While they were addressing him, his powerful imagination brought rapidly before his eyes the most hidden recesses as well as the most diverse phases of his position,—all the consequences, near or remote, probable or only possible, of the act which he was meditating. The matter went forward slowly, and Parliament began to evince some ill-humor. It was quite willing to assist the Protector in making himself king, but not to present the

appearance of making him so against his will, thus assuming all the responsibility of the re-establishment of the monarchy. All the amendments, however, being adopted, the petition was again presented to the Protector. He contented himself with glancing at the last sentences, saying hurriedly, and in a low tone of voice, that the document requiring some consideration, he could not yet appoint a day; that as soon as he should have determined upon one, he would let the House know of it; and that it would be as soon as was possible, he doing all he could to expedite it.

Cromwell had gained over Parliament; he had influenced the public mind; but, notwithstanding his ardent endeavors, some of the most important of the leaders of the army remained hostile to him, and persisted in their opposition to his design, either through envy or Republican and sectarian fidelity, or, as in the case of Desborough, his brother-in-law, and Fleetwood, his son-in-law, in the very interests of his own family; all were convinced that the re-establishment of the monarchy would turn to the advantage of Charles Stuart. In vain did Cromwell repeat his favorite phrase, that it was "a feather in a hat," and that he was astonished that some men did not allow children to play with their rattles; the Republican chiefs were inflexible. The country itself was indifferent to the question. England did not expect from the projected change the return of the two things which she had at heart, — a stable monarchy and a free Parliament.

Meanwhile the House was convoked for the 6th of May, at Westminster. The choice of the place appeared to indicate a resolution at length to accept the crown, for the Protector ordinarily received the House at Whitehall. But on the 7th of May the committee learned that the general audience was postponed to the morrow; they themselves awaited in vain the interview which had been promised them. When

they returned on the morrow to Whitehall, a deputation of officers presented themselves before the House. "Cromwell has decided to accept the crown," Desborough said to Colonel Pride. "He will not do it," said Pride. "How will you prevent it?" "Get me a petition well drawn up, and I will prevent it!" It was this petition, written by Doctor Owen, formerly Cromwell's chaplain, which the officers brought to the bar of Parliament. "Certain people," they said, "were making great efforts to place their country again under its former servitude, by urging their general to accept the title of king; and that to ruin him, in order that the power should no longer be in the hands of the faithful servants of God and the public!" They implored the House to lend no support to such people or to such designs, and to remain firm to the good old cause, for which they were always ready to sacrifice their lives.

The House was embarrassed and agitated. Cromwell, being immediately informed of this incident, sent for Fleetwood, complaining bitterly that he should have suffered such a petition to be presented, and demanding that the House should repair on that very day to Whitehall. As soon as the assemblage was present in the banqueting-hall, Cromwell entered.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I come hither to answer that which was in your last paper to your committee you sent to me yesterday, which was in relation to the desires that were offered me by the House in that they called their petition.

"I have the best I can resolved the whole business in my thoughts. I must bear my testimony to the act, that the intentions and the things are very honorable and honest, and the product worthy of a Parliament. . . . I have only had the misfortune not to be convinced of the necessity of that

thing which hath been so often insisted on by you—to wit, the title of king. . . . And whilst you are granting other liberties, surely you will not deny me this which is not only a liberty but a duty. . . . If I shall do anything on this account to answer your expectation at the best, I should do it doubtingly. . . . And whatsoever is not of faith is sin to him that doth it. . . .

"I, lying under this consideration, think it my duty, only I could have wished I had done it sooner for the sake of the House, who have laid such infinite obligations on me. . . . But truly this is my answer, that, although I think the act of government doth consist of very excellent parts in all but that one thing of the title as to me, I cannot accept of the government, nor undertake the trouble and charge of it, as to which I have a little more experimented than everybody. . . . I say I am persuaded to return this answer to you, that I cannot undertake this government with the title of king. And that is mine answer to this great and weighty business."

The House withdrew, astonished and discontented. Three weeks later it voted, in all its details, the "Humble Petition and Advice," in which the title of Protector everywhere replaced the title of King, and on the 26th of June, in great pomp, Cromwell took the oath to the new constitution, which re-established the two Houses, concentrated the power in the hands of the Protector, and gave him the right of designating his successor. There was no longer a republic. To make the government again a monarchy there lacked only the hereditary right and the title of king.

Cromwell had attempted more than he could accomplish; and, notwithstanding the splendor which surrounded the new Act of the Protectorate, notwithstanding the new rights which were attached thereto, he felt his power and reputation

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lessened. A little tract was profusely circulated, under this title: "Killing no Murder." The pamphlet was dedicated to Cromwell himself. "To your Highness the honor is due of dying for the people," said the pamphlet, which was attributed to Sexby, "and it will surely be for you, at the last moment of your life, an inexpressible consolation to see how much good you will do in the world by quitting it. Then alone, my Lord, the titles which you now usurp will really belong to you: then you will be the liberator of your country, for you will deliver it from a bondage almost equal to that from which Moses freed the Jews. . . . All this we hope from the death of your Highness. . . . It is to hasten this great good that I write this tract. . . ." Sexby was arrested and placed in the Tower; he died there several months later, thus escaping the punishment which he had so often merited.

While the assassination of the Protector was thus openly proposed to the country, suggested as a means of deliverance, the Upper House, which had been recently formed with great difficulty, met with considerable jealousy and ill-will from the Commons. Cromwell had been compelled to place in the former assembly a few of his most faithful adherents; he had summoned thither seven of the former peers: one only responded to the appeal. A friend of Cromwell, Lord Warwick himself, whose son, Mr. Rich, had recently married Lady Frances, youngest daughter of the Protector, refused to take his seat. "I will not," he said, "sit beside the shoemaker Hewson." In vain did Cromwell, on the 25th of January, 1658, open the sitting of Parliament with a speech which began with the traditional words, "My Lords and Gentlemen of the House of Commons;" the Commons refused to give an honorary title to the "other" House, and only accepted communications with the Peers through their

own messengers. The members excluded at the opening of Parliament, in 1657, presented themselves to take their seats, and Cromwell no longer thought of excluding them, for they proposed to take the oath to the new constitution. Republican passion gained the ascendant; it had found its former chief, Sir Arthur Haslerig; being summoned to the House of Lords, he refused to sit, and returned to take his place in the House of Commons at the head of the opposition.

Cromwell had in vain kept out of office his former comrade, Lambert, who had refused to take the oath to the new constitution. In vain had he been delivered from an austere witness by the death of Admiral Blake, who had succumbed beneath the fatigues of his triumph, after having won the victory of Teneriffe against the Spaniards. The Protector, who had not succeeded in making himself king, was conscious of a revolutionary agitation around him. On the 4th of February, without consulting or apprising any one, he repaired to the House of Lords, and caused the House of Commons to be summoned. "I had very comfortable expectations," he said, "that God would make the meeting of this Parliament a blessing. . . . It was granted I should name another House. I named it . . . of men of your own rank and quality, who should shake hands with you, who would not only be a balance unto you. . . . Yet, instead of owning a king, some must have I know not what, and you have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole nation, and that at the moment when the King of Scots hath an army at the water-side ready to be shipped for England. . . . If this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting, and I do dissolve this Parliament. And let God judge between you and me." "Amen!" replied a few of the opposition.

Cromwell sought in the army the support which Parlia-

ment refused him: he convoked a grand council of officers, and expounded to them the perils of the situation, with an invasion and an insurrection imminent, Charles Stuart united with the Spaniards, the Spaniards with the Cavaliers, the Cavaliers with the Levellers; civil war was certain, and the army threatened with losing all the advantages which it had conquered at the price of its blood. Parliament was laboring to destroy the constitutional act which it had voted. Were the army and its leaders determined with him to preserve it? This was responded to with acclamations. Cromwell urged his advantage. He had noticed some officers who were gloomy and silent. He addressed them personally. "We are ready," said Parker, a major commanding his own regiment, "to fight against Charles Stuart and his adherents, but we cannot engage ourselves blindly and for every case." Cromwell did not reply, but a few days later the adverse officers were dismissed, and proceeded to range themselves around Lambert, who was cultivating flowers in his garden at Wimbledon.

It was the general opinion that, in all these demonstrations, the Protector much exaggerated the perils with which the public peace and his government were threatened. The nation was in this neither so clear-sighted nor so well informed as their chief. Indomitable in their hopes as in their hatreds, the hostile parties were rallying in the shadow of their reverses. As soon as the Protector was seen to be in contention with the Parliament which had proposed to make him king, a new and terrible conspiracy was set on foot against him in all directions. Levellers, Cavaliers, Republicans, ex-members of the State Council, Anabaptist ministers, were alike eagerly engaged in it. The conspirators carried their audacity, in London even, and under Cromwell's very eyes, to the point of fixing the day and hour on which the

city was to be occupied, the Lord Mayor arrested, and the Tower fired.

The policy of Cromwell was as bold as that of the conspirators, and more experienced than theirs. He was the first man to know that the Marquis of Ormond was in London for the purpose of coming to an understanding with the conspirators of all parties and all ranks. "Tell him that I know where he is and what he is doing," the Protector said to Lord Broghill, who was defending himself from the charge of having been cognizant of the journey of Ormond. The plot was mature and about to burst forth, when suddenly numerous and hurried arrests took place, surprising the Republican, Royalist, and Anabaptist conspirators. The Tower was filled with prisoners. In London, on the very morning of the day fixed for the great insurrection, the ringleaders were captured in the house in which they had met, and Colonel Barkstead, Lieutenant of the Tower, advanced to the middle of the city with five cannon. The plot was thwarted everywhere, stricken powerless at the moment when the conspirators thought themselves assured of success.

Cromwell was unwilling to trust this important matter to a jury. By virtue of an act of the Parliament which he had recently dissolved, he constituted a High Court, composed of a hundred and thirty members and presided over by Lord Lisle, one of the judges of Charles I. The accused persons all protested against this exceptional jurisdiction. "I demand to be tried by a jury," said Sir Henry Slingsby, an indomitable Cavalier; "you are my enemies. I see among you persons who have confiscated and caused my estates to be sold. . . . You accuse me of having violated your laws. . . . I cannot have violated them since I have never submitted to them. . . ." Doctor Hewitt, a justly esteemed

clergyman of the Church of England, claimed with the same firmness the rights "which were those of his fellow-countrymen as well as his own." Both were condemned and executed, though Sir Henry Slingsby was the uncle of Lord Falconbridge, who had recently married Lady Mary, one of the daughters of the Protector, and though Doctor Hewitt was the person who had performed the marriage ceremony. Lady Claypole, Cromwell's favorite daughter, in common with her sisters, made ardent efforts to obtain the pardon of the Doctor. Cromwell was inflexible; he thought severity necessary. Six executions took place, then the Protector allowed the High Court to adjourn, and the last accused persons were tried by jury. He continued to be troubled and dejected, ordering his horses to be driven with great rapidity when he went out in his carriage, being attended by numerous guards, and often changing his sleeping apartment in Whitehall. This gloomy anxiety with regard to his safety ill accorded with the character of Cromwell; his powerful self-will was still firm and bold, but an evident necessity weighed upon him; he accepted it frankly and without self-deception, guarding his life with the same ardor which he had formerly brought to bear in achieving his great position.

He undoubtedly experienced a bitter mixture of pleasure and pride when he turned his eyes to the other side of the Channel, and when he contrasted with his situation at home, so precarious and so perilous, the power and splendor which he had conquered abroad for his country and for himself. It was precisely at this time, when he was striving so arduously in England against plots, that he obtained upon the Continent the most brilliant successes. He had not been slow to perceive that, to make war against Spain effectively, the treaty of peace and commerce which he had concluded with France did not suffice; he had therefore wel-

comed the advances of Mazarin for a more intimate and effectual union. A treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and England, had been concluded at Paris, on the 23d of March, 1657; and a few weeks later six thousand English soldiers, carefully chosen by Cromwell, landed at Boulogne, ready to join the army of Turenne. "Sire," said the English ambassador, Lockhart, himself a relative of Cromwell, to the young king, "the Protector has commanded his officers and soldiers to display in the service of your Majesty the same zeal as in his own." Louis XIV. showed himself to be very sensible of this mark of affection from a prince whom he considered, he said, "as one of the greatest and happiest in Europe." The campaign was prolonged; meanwhile Mazarin did not keep his promise: Cromwell complained as he knew how to complain. Mardyck, besieged and soon captured, was consigned as a pledge to the English; the troops marched towards Gravelines, but the Spaniards having opened all the dams around the town, the capture became impossible. It was found necessary to put off to the spring of 1658 the siege of Dunkirk. The town was invested; all the court was present to be witnesses of the assault. The Spaniards would not believe that Dunkirk was in danger. Don John of Austria hastened forward, however, to its defence, with his cavalry and a portion of the artillery. The Prince of Condé, unhappily engaged among the enemies of his country, was desirous of awaiting the remainder of the troops. "I am persuaded," said Don John, "that the French will not even dare to look at the army of his Catholic Majesty face to face." "Ah! you do not know M. de Turenne," said Condé; "a mistake is not made with impunity in presence of that man." The fight began on the 14th of June. At daybreak Turenne sent an intimation to Lockhart, who had assumed the command of the English

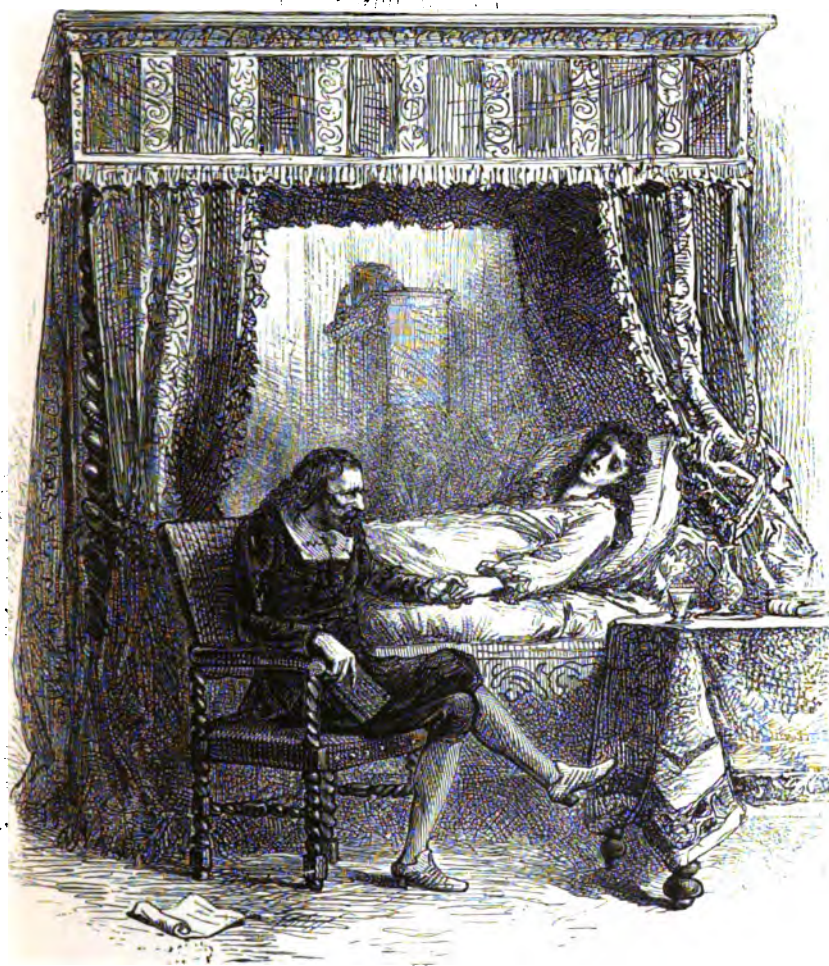
troops. The aide-de-camp of the marshal was desirous of explaining his plan to the English general. "It is well," replied Lockhart; "I rely upon M. de Turenne; he shall tell me his reasons after the battle, if it is agreeable to him." Strange contrast between the manly discipline of English good sense, and the frivolous blindness of Spanish pride. Condé was not mistaken: the issue of the battle could not be doubtful to his tried experience. "My lord," he said to the young Duke of Gloucester, who was serving in the Spanish army with his brother, the Duke of York, "you have never seen a battle?" "No, prince." "Well, you are going to see how a battle is lost." The battle of the Dunes was in fact completely lost by the Spaniards. With two exceptions, all the officers of Lockhart's regiment were killed or wounded. On the 25th of June, 1658, Louis XIV. entered Dunkirk, to solemnly surrender it into the hands of the English. "Although the court and the army are in despair at depriving themselves of so good a morsel," wrote Lockhart to Thurloe, "the cardinal is firm in his promises, and appears as pleased at surrendering this town into the hands of his Highness, as I am to receive it. The king is also extremely obliging and polite, and he has more probity in his soul than I imagined."

It was a great triumph for Cromwell, and he enjoyed it without suffering himself to be dazzled by success. An exchange of magnificent embassies — Lord Falconbridge in France on the part of the Protector, the Duke of Créquy in England on the part of Louis XIV. — completed the ratification of this alliance, which had already borne such glorious fruit, and restored to England that foothold in France of which the Duke of Guise had deprived it in reconquering Calais. Cromwell began once more to think of the election of a new Parliament, which at last should sanction, support, and per-

petuate his power. The confidence of the country and the money necessary for the war were equally wanting to him. His friends urged him to nominate his successor.

Cromwell listened, hesitated, and did not act. He was painfully occupied by family afflictions. After three months of marriage his daughter Frances had lost her husband, Robert Rich, who was scarcely twenty-three years of age; and his favorite child, Lady Claypole, who for a long time had been dangerously ill, was growing weaker day by day. She was a person of noble and delicate feelings, of elegant and cultivated mind, faithful to her friends, generous towards her enemies, and she enthusiastically returned to her father the affection which the latter manifested towards her. For a fortnight he did not leave her bedside, and when she died at last on the 6th of April, 1658, all business was suspended until public affairs were able to obtain from the father a momentary cessation of his grief.

Cromwell himself was, moreover, poor in health; he had made an effort to resume his labors, but intermittent fever set in, aggravating the disorders to which the Protector had for a long while been subject. His physicians insisted upon his leaving Hampton Court, where his daughter had died. He returned to London. The complaint increased and became serious. The Protector appeared to have no thought of public affairs, but he set in order matters concerning his family and household. He had, however, not abandoned the thought of living, and he counted upon the answer of God to his friends' prayers. "Treat me like a poor servant," he said to his doctors; "ye may have skill in your profession, but Nature can do more than all the physicians in the world, and God is far above nature." And indeed Cromwell was much prayed for. "Truly," wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, "there is a general consternation upon the spirits of all



CROMWELL AT THE DEATH-BED OF HIS DAUGHTER.

men, good and bad, fearing what may be the event of it should it please God to take his Highness at this time; and God having prepared the heart to pray, I trust He will incline His ear to hear."

The disorder increased nevertheless; the attacks were more violent and frequent, and Cromwell's prostration greater. He had not yet named his successor; no one dared to speak to him of it. Thurloe had undertaken to do so, but he still hesitated. The Protector had kept his intentions secret; mention was made among the people of his two sons and of his son-in-law, Fleetwood, who was more agreeable to the army. The prudent Thurloe did not wish to place himself at variance with any of the candidates; he therefore waited.

The religious opinions of Cromwell had very feebly influenced his conduct, and he had often placed them at the service of his worldly interests, but they had never disappeared from this soul burdened with prevarications and lawless deeds, and they resumed all their sway upon his death-bed. "Tell me," he said, on the 2d of September, to one of his chaplains, "is it possible to fall from the state of grace?" "No," said the divine. "Then am I safe," said Cromwell, "for I am sure that once I was in a state of grace." He tossed about in his bed, praying aloud. "Lord," he said, "I am a miserable creature. . . . Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee service. . . . And many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love. . . . Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm. . . . Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure. Amen."

The repose which Cromwell asked of God was approaching for him. It was on the 3d of September, the anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester. He muttered now only broken words: "Truly God is good indeed He is. . . . I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people, but my work is done yet God will be with His people." Some drink was offered to him, and he was urged to sleep. "It is not my design to drink or sleep," he said, "but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone." He fell into a profound stupor, from which he did not arouse again. A sigh alone announced to those present that he had expired.

A universal shudder ran through England at this news. Friends and enemies all felt that the hour of stirring events had struck again. Only a few hours before his death the Protector had named his son Richard to succeed him; he was proclaimed without opposition. "It has pleased God," wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, "to give to his Highness your brother a very easy and peaceful beginning in his government; there is not a dog who wags his tongue, so profound is the calm which we are in." The great leader of European Protestantism was interred at Westminster with a magnificence which surpassed anything that had been seen in England at the funerals of kings; it was from the obsequies of "the most Catholic king," Philip II. of Spain, that the ceremonial was copied.

Everything had succeeded with Cromwell; he had risen to the summit of power and grandeur, and yet he died in sadness. Whatever may have been his selfishness, he was too high-souled for the most brilliant fortune of a purely personal and ephemeral kind to afford him satisfaction. Weary of the destruction which he had accomplished, he desired in his heart to restore to his country a regular and stable

government, the only kind which was suited to her, namely, monarchy with the Parliament. At the same time carrying his ambition beyond the tomb, and longing for that permanence which is the seal of greatness, he aspired to leave his name and his race in the possession of power in the future. In both these designs he failed. His unlawful deeds had placed in his way obstacles which neither his powerful genius nor his obstinate will had sufficed to overcome. Loaded with power and glory personally, he died disappointed in his dearest hopes, leaving behind to succeed him, only the two foes against whom he had so ardently contended — anarchy and the Stuarts.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROTECTORATE OF RICHARD CROMWELL.

CROMWELL was dead, and his son Richard had succeeded him without excitement or resistance. To the joy which had seized the Royalists at the news of the decease of the Protector, to the transports which found expression in the streets of Amsterdam in shouts of, "The Devil is dead!" now succeeded an undue dejection. "We have not found that advantage by Cromwell's death that we reasonably hoped," wrote Hyde to Howard, one of the most faithful servants of the king in England; "nay, rather, we are in the worse situation for it, people imagining by the great calm that has followed that the nation is united, and that the king has very few friends. . . . I hope, however, that this young man will not inherit the good fortune of his father, and that there will happen some confusion which will open a door for us."

Confusion had already set in, latent and silent as yet; but the most zealous partisans of Cromwell and of his sons were even then under no delusion. Amid the general adhesion which surrounded the new Protector at his accession, they were filled with anxiety and convinced that their success was superficial and their peril imminent. The body of Cromwell was still lying upon his bed of state, and already the impression which his death had caused and the unanimous assent which it had brought to his successor were but a vain ap-



RICHARD CROMWELL

pearance. The strong hand which had raised and supported the power was scarcely cold in death when from all quarters the pretensions sprang up which he had reduced to silence. The first blow was not long delayed. For several days the Republican leaders of the army had assembled at the house of Desborough. On the 14th of October, two or three hundred officers, conducted by Fleetwood, or rather conducting General Fleetwood at their head, presented to Richard a petition demanding that the army should henceforth have a chief of its own, empowered to fill all the vacant posts. It was taking away the army from the Protector, and placing him at the army's mercy. Richard put a good face on the matter; Thurloe had prepared his answer. He intrenched himself behind the "Petition and Advice," the act by which the Protectorate had been established, which was opposed to the request of the officers. He spoke of the arrears due the troops, of his wish to pay them. The officers did not persist: it was enough to have made known their demands; they promised themselves to return to the attack. Richard and his friends did not deceive themselves as to these pretensions. "In the present state of affairs," wrote Henry Cromwell to his brother, "the waves, I am afraid, are too rough for you to be able to cast your anchor anywhere; you must content yourself with drifting and waiting for the turn of tide. . . . I sometimes think of a Parliament, but I doubt whether wise men would be willing to embark in such ventures in the midst of so troubled a State; should they be willing, could the army be prevented from offering violence to the elections?"

It was also towards a Parliament that the thoughts of the Protector's friends very generally inclined. Money was wanting. Thurloe had caused Mazarin to be sounded as to a loan of fifty thousand pounds sterling; but the cardinal, re-

cently so assiduous in his attentions to Cromwell, was not disposed to make the same efforts in favor of his successor; he wished to live on good terms with him, and see his destiny accomplished without giving him efficient assistance to contribute artificially to secure his position. He pleaded his own embarrassments, and refused the money. Every resource had been exhausted; the time of arbitrary taxes had passed away; with his genius Cromwell had carried tyranny with him to the tomb. The council of the Protector resolved to convoke a Parliament. "We shall have great struggles to sustain," wrote Thurloe to Henry Cromwell; "the Republicans assemble every day and discuss as to what republic they ought to prefer; for they deem it certain that they have only to choose and take. They flatter themselves that a portion of the army will march with them. I trust that they are mistaken. However, I must say that I do not like the aspect of things, and my fears outweigh my hopes."

Under the dominion of the fears expressed by Thurloe the new government did not dare to conduct the elections according to the electoral system prepared by the Long Parliament and twice practised by Cromwell; the customs of the monarchy were revived in the hope of influencing the elections in the boroughs. Scotland and Ireland, recently incorporated with England, had no traditional rights to invoke; and to each were allotted thirty representatives, whose election would necessarily depend upon the army which ruled the two countries. The army of Ireland was commanded by Henry Cromwell; that of Scotland by Monk, who had shown himself favorable to the new power. The "other House" was convoked by letters-patent similar to those which the king had formerly addressed to the peers of the realm. Thus no legal or consistent principle presided at the formation of



FLEETWOOD PRESENTING THE PETITION TO RICHARD CROMWELL



"'RECANT, RECANT,' THEY SHOUTED TO HER."

the new Parliament. When it assembled on the 27th of January, 1659, after elections which had been much discussed, but had everywhere taken place freely, the diversity in its ranks was considerable. The Protector and his advisers were not, however, discouraged. "Our enemies in the Parliament are numerous and bold beyond measure," wrote Lord Falconbridge to Henry Cromwell, "but more than doubly counterbalanced by the moderate party, so that if the results are slow and difficult to obtain, we do not see, as to the present, great cause for fear."

Delays and difficulties were not slow in manifesting themselves. On the 1st of February, Thurloe boldly proposed to Parliament the recognition of the new Protector. "It has pleased God," he said, "to put an end to the days of his Highness. Sad consequences were expected from that blow. God has granted us the favor of a son of his Highness who possesses the hearts of the people, a testimony to his undoubted right of succession. . . . It behooves this House to respond to this favor by recognizing in his Highness, now engaged in his functions, the undoubted successor. . . . It is with this object that I propose a bill for the recognition of the Protector."

The ill-humor as well as the surprise of the Republicans was extreme. They did not expect to see the contest upon fundamental matters so soon recommenced. "This is not proposed opportunely," exclaimed Haslerig; "we have many things to consider: the committee of grievances, the affairs of religion. . . . Let us not busy ourselves with a bill of this importance before the day of fasting and solemn prayers which we have ordered; we have never destroyed anything without first addressing our prayers to God; let us not attempt to establish without praying." The discussion was long and animated; the Republicans maintained the full sovereignty

of the people and their supreme power. The partisans of Richard Cromwell, warned by experience and political instinct, did not think that the popular voice sufficed for the whole government, or had the right to destroy and establish at pleasure. They gained the ascendant at last, and, on the 14th of February, the House voted that it recognized and declared his Highness Richard, Lord Protector and first magistrate of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of all the territories dependent thereon; but, at the same time, the House declared that the bill should contain additional clauses intended to limit the power of the first magistrate and to guarantee the rights and liberties of the Parliament and the people. Thurloe alone voted against this amendment.

The victory appeared decisive; but the long debate had revived the memory of all discords, inflamed all passions, and once more set the Republic at contention with the Protectorate under the eyes of the observant and motionless Royalists. "The dissension is such in Parliament," wrote to Hyde one of his friends, John Barwick, "that it will probably end in confusion: one party thinks that the Protectorate cannot last; the other, that the Republic cannot raise itself again; the indifferent hope that both will be right. It is easy to foresee and foretell the upshot."

Defeated in regard to the Protectorate, the Republicans fell back upon the other House, the existence of which they called into question. The debate was long and stormy: all the friends and followers of Cromwell sat in that assembly which gave umbrage to the Commons; but again, Haslerig, Vane, and their friends were defeated. The Upper House remained as it had been constituted by Cromwell; and other attacks directed against the internal and external policy of the dead Protector also failed. The great name of Cromwell still protected his work and his son.

Then began a fresh toil ; two powers were in opposition, Parliament and the army. In their blind hatred of the Protectorate, which assumed, they said, to oppress them, the Republican leaders undertook to foment the natural jealousy which existed between the politicians and the soldiers, in order to compel the Protector to lean for support upon one of the two parties, thus destroying beforehand all equilibrium in the government.

The situation could not possibly be sustained ; a catastrophe was rapidly approaching. Cromwell had been able, although with great difficulty, by turns to caress and misuse the revolution which he had created, and the army which he had conducted to victory ; neither to the Parliament nor to the army was Richard anything. He still possessed a majority in Parliament, but when, by the aid of the alarm of the moment and the services of his father's adherents, he triumphed over his enemies, it was for him a barren victory : the day was coming when, placed between the army and Parliament as a powerless moderator, he was to fall a victim to the blows which were aimed at each other by these two great enemies, for he could not conciliate them, nor could he choose between them without peril.

In a moment of weakness, without consulting his surest friends, Richard had yielded to the solicitations of Fleetwood and Desborough, who urged upon him the convocation of a general council of the officers, summoned to agree among themselves and with the Protector. This was forming a hostile and rival assembly in opposition to Parliament. The House of Commons complained. The Republican leaders alone, by a sudden change, manifested some alarm at the idea of the disaffection of the army. Alarmed at the constant albeit silent progress of the Royalists, Vane, Haslerig, and their friends, had secretly made overtures to the officers. The House went

further, and voted that the council-general of the officers could not assemble without authorization of the Protector and of the two Houses of Parliament. Lord Broghill proposed to Richard that he should himself dissolve the council. "How am I to proceed?" said the Protector in embarrassment. "I will compose your speech for you." Accordingly on the morrow, Richard arrived at the council which was being held at Wallingford House; he listened for an hour to the discussion, then, rising suddenly, "Gentlemen," he said, "I gratefully accept your services; I have examined your grievances, and I think that the best means of redressing them is to confer about them with Parliament, which will do you justice. I therefore annul the orders that I gave for your assembling, and I invite you all to return to your various commands."

Surprised and exasperated, the malcontents did not dare to resist the Protector to his face. They retired, but shortly afterwards meeting Lord Broghill in the House of Lords, some of the leaders of the army, turning towards him, loudly demanded that an address should be presented to the Protector, in order to ascertain who had advised him thus to dissolve the council of war without having previously informed Parliament of his design. "At the same time this address is made," said Lord Broghill, "I humbly move there be another address to know who advised the calling of a council of war without knowledge or consent of Parliament; for if he be guilty who advised the dissolution of the council, he must be much more guilty who advised the calling of it." Bold frankness impresses the most impetuous: both propositions fell to the ground. But the situation became day by day more difficult; the struggle was more flagrant between the House of Commons and the army. Notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Protector and the House, the

council of officers continued to assemble at Wallingford House, concealing its strength and preparing its blows. The friends of the Protector urged him to action. "This business requires a bold stroke, and must be supported by a good head," said Lord Howard; "Lambert, Desborough, Fleetwood, and Vane are the contrivers of all this. I will rid you of them; do you stand by me, and only back my zeal for your honor with your name." Ingoldsby joined his solicitations to those of Howard, proposing to take charge of Lambert, who was looked upon as the most dangerous. Richard continued to hesitate. "I have never done anybody any harm, and I never will," he said; "I will not have a drop of blood spilt for the preservation of my greatness, which is a burden to me." Howard persisted. "I thank you for your friendship," the Protector said at length, "but let us speak no more of it; violent counsels do not suit me." Howard left Whitehall; released from the two Cromwells, whom he had loyally served, he now, like Lord Broghill, thought only of preparing the return of Charles Stuart.

The Cavaliers yet hoped to involve the Protector himself in their cause, and made redoubled advances towards him, but Richard declined. Almost as honest as he was weak, though a Royalist by inclination, he was loath to betray his name and cause, or to attempt serious enterprises by himself. He had for a moment sought a support in Monk, offering him a pension of twenty thousand pounds sterling if he would take up his cause and defend him against his enemies; but Monk, more shrewd than avaricious, had been content to reply, "Let him keep his money; it will do Richard more good than my sticking to him."

The enemies whom Richard dreaded, and against whom he wished to enroll the able commander of the army in Scotland, were in greater haste than the latter. They desired to

obtain from the Protector the dissolution of the House of Commons, the real object of their fears and of their wrath. This Richard obstinately refused. It was decided to compel him. The Protector, being informed of the danger, sent for Fleetwood; the latter did not reply, but repaired to St. James's, where were already assembled a great number of officers. The whole army was soon convoked. A counter-order from the Protector summoned him to Whitehall. A few colonels, faithful to Richard, would have brought their regiments to him; the majors and subalterns had already ordered the soldiers to proceed towards St. James's. The very guards of the Protector disbanded; he found himself almost alone. It was on the 21st of April, at mid-day, that Desborough arrived at Whitehall, and, with his accustomed rudeness, declared to Richard that if he would dissolve Parliament, the officers would take care of him and of his interests; otherwise, they would effect the dissolution without him, and would leave him to extricate himself from the difficulty as he could. The poor Protector yet hesitated; he assembled some of his most trusty friends: Whitelocke alone spoke against the dissolution, being prudently resolved to have nothing to do with it; the necessity was urgent. Richard yielded, and, on the morrow, April 22d, as the Commons were assembling in their hall, the Usher of the Black Rod invited them to the House of Lords, without informing them, however, that the Secretary of State, Furniss, awaited them there with the decree of dissolution. A few members left at once; but the immense majority remained motionless in their seats, notwithstanding a second summons from the usher. At length, accompanying the speaker in a body to his coach, in the presence of the soldiers placed at the door of Parliament, the House of Commons, which had declined to hear the reading of its own death-warrant, adjourned until

the Monday morning, with the intention of then resuming its labors.

On the same evening the decree of dissolution was published, and padlocks were placed upon the door of the House of Commons. The monarchical government attempted by Cromwell, and the only Parliament freely elected since the death of Charles I., fell together. The phantom of the republic, conjured up by the army, arose and took its stand between England and royalty.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RESTORATION OF THE STUARTS. 1659-1660.

THE downfall of the Protector was accomplished, although he still resided at Whitehall. The question now was to found a government. The leaders of the army looked with little favor upon the republic: they had shared and strongly supported the tyranny of Cromwell, but they dreaded the increasing progress of the Royalists; it was against them that they had allied themselves with the old Republican leaders, in order to submit to their yoke a phantom Protector. It was also in opposition to them that they resolved to exhume all that remained of the republic, the remnants of the Long Parliament expelled by Cromwell in April, 1653.

It was a mere handful of men, the majority already old, and wearied by political struggles, who thus assembled together on the 7th of May, 1659, and returned to that place of assemblage from which they had been so roughly ejected; forty-two members only were there, their former speaker, Lenthall, at their head. The latter hesitated for a long time, wishing to preserve what he already called his peerage in Cromwell's new House of Lords; but when the line of members passed near his door, he joined them, being unable to resist the desire once more to see the hall of the Long Parliament. The general officers awaited



CHARLES II.

them at the door, congratulating them as they passed in, and promising to live and die with them.

Scarcely had they been restored and placed once more in possession of the government by the leaders of the army, when the Republicans of the Long Parliament found themselves confronted with legal difficulties. The Presbyterians, excluded from the House of Commons in 1648, claimed their seats; fourteen of them presented themselves at the door in the name of their companions in misfortune: there were two hundred and thirteen in all. The Republicans peremptorily repelled them. Prynne contrived to slip into the Hall, and he remained imperturbably in his place, notwithstanding the insults of Haslerig and Vane. The House was declared adjourned. Prynne was the last to leave; but when he returned in the evening, every outlet was guarded, and placards posted up in all parts confirmed the exclusion already pronounced against all members who had been strangers since 1648 to the sittings of the Long Parliament. "A worse and more real levying of war against the Parliament," said Prynne, "than the beheaded king and his party were ever guilty of."

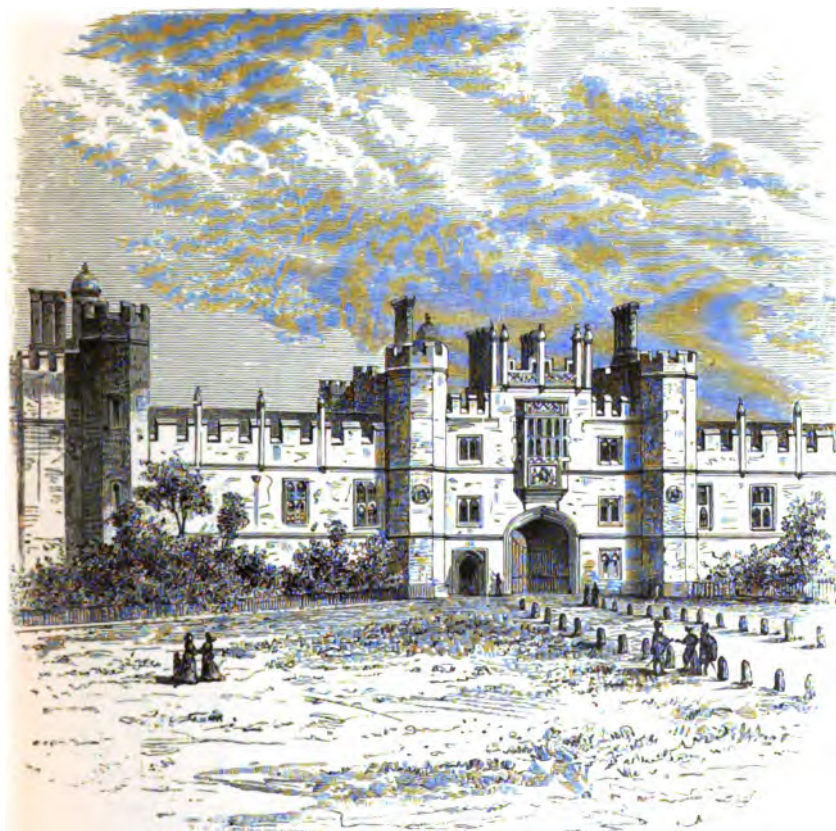
Weak in appearance and in reality, the Republican chiefs were courageous and sincere, profoundly devoted to their cause, and irrevocably involved in its fate. They hastened to strike another blow at the shadow of the Protectorate, which was still retained by Richard Cromwell. Haslerig intimated to him orders to quit Whitehall. Richard received the message and the messenger with scornful haughtiness. He lent ear to the solicitations of the Cavaliers, who were secretly assiduous in their attentions to him as well as to his brother Henry, who was still Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and powerful in the midst of his army. The Protector was moreover burdened with debts, and Whitehall afforded him

a place of refuge against his creditors. Six weeks later, however, when Parliament had guaranteed him against any proceedings, Richard at length consented to abandon the last fragment of his greatness. "My past carriage," he wrote to Parliament, "hath manifested my acquiescence in the will and disposition of God, and that I love and value the peace of this commonwealth much above my own concerns. . . . And as, with other men, I expect protection from the present government, I do hold myself obliged to demean myself with all peaceableness under it, and to procure, to the uttermost of my power, that all in whom I have any interest do the same." Parliament undertook all his debts, and granted, on the 16th of July, to "Richard Cromwell, eldest son of the late Lord General Cromwell," a yearly income of £10,000 sterling. For this price Richard consented to quit Whitehall and Hampton Court. As his personal effects were being carried away, he specially recommended to his attendants two old trunks standing in his bedroom. One of his friends asked him what they contained. "Nothing less," said Richard, "than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England." The two boxes were full of the addresses which, on his accession, had come to him from all parts, placing at his disposal the fortune and the life of the whole nation, of which his government, they affirmed, was the salvation.

The retirement of Henry Cromwell was less disputed, if not less bitter; he even preserved his dignity in the matter. Being recalled to England, on the 7th of June, by Parliament, which had decided that Ireland should be governed by five commissioners, he sent in, on the 15th of June, his formal resignation. "I acquiesce," he said, "in the present way of government, although I cannot promise so much affection to the late changes, as others very honestly may. . . . I acknowledge my own unfitness to serve you in the car-



"THE LIVES AND FORTUNES OF THE GOOD PEOPLE OF ENGLAND."



HAMPTON COURT.

rying on of your further superstructures, and as I cannot promise anything which infers the diminution of my late father's honor and merit, so I thank the Lord for that He hath kept me safe in the great temptation wherewith I have been assaulted, to withdraw my affection from that cause wherein he lived and died."

The Royalists were in consternation; they had counted upon the support of Henry Cromwell. "Richard has retired into Hampshire," Hyde was informed by letter, "having no money within his purse, nor, without it, a friend. Harry is gone to his father-in-law, in Cambridgeshire. Claypole lurks for debt (being really very poor), and pretends himself in France. The old woman's wealth falls short of expectation, nor is Falconbridge any whit proud of the alliance." Such a fall for the Cromwells and such a disappointment for the Royalists was a double victory for Parliament.

It soon gained a more decided success. Monk declared himself in its favor. Despising anarchy like an old soldier, and dreading it for his own fortune as well as for his country, Monk always rallied, without devoting himself to it, around the power which, for the moment, appeared to him the best able to govern. After the expulsion of the Long Parliament he had supported and served Cromwell. When Richard Cromwell was overthrown, he decided for the same reasons, and with the same limitations, to support the Long Parliament when it was recalled. This occasioned great joy in London; the House hastened to manifest to Monk its satisfaction in the matter, but when it desired to remove some officers from the army in Scotland, Monk immediately wrote to the speaker that he heard it said that the House intended to make some modifications in his list of officers; it certainly did not know the officers in person, or their qualities or their shortcomings; it judged of them according to instruc-

tions which others furnished to it; he thought himself, he, the general, as worthy of being believed as anybody; he assured the House that the officers who had been denounced to it were honest and stanch men, and he would answer for their fidelity as well as for their good conduct. The House took alarm; it drew back; the officers who had been dismissed remained at their posts and were not superseded. Monk thus gained in importance in England as well as in Scotland, in the Parliament as well as in the army. While distrusting him, the House sought to conciliate him as a necessary support, and he served it without belonging to it.

A good understanding now appeared to prevail at home between Parliament and the army. Abroad, the republic had entered upon a prudent and sensible policy, which was already bearing its fruits. After some hesitation, Mazarin had recognized the new government; and Lockhart, who continued to be the English ambassador at the court of France, had accompanied the cardinal to Fontarabia, where peace with Spain was in course of negotiation, and, for his part, was engaged in negotiating for a cessation of the hostilities between Spain and England. The war still continued between Sweden and Denmark. England had hitherto supported Sweden, and Holland had remained faithful to Denmark. The plenipotentiaries of the republic, commissioned to settle that question of the Baltic, which disturbed the peace of the North, the commerce of England, and the harmony of the Protestant States, having failed to overcome the obstinacy of the King of Sweden, it was soon perceived that England had changed its policy. "I foresee, by the language of Mr. Downing," wrote John de Witt to his ambassador in London, "that England is determined to vigorously prosecute the war with Sweden, if his Majesty continues to refuse to make peace on the proposed conditions. I hope that God will grant a happy



PORTRAIT OF MONK.

ending to all this." These were real successes for the new government, and obtained by the fidelity of its chiefs to their cause, and by their intelligent activity in the exercise of their power; but these successes and merits were in vain. The Republicans remained an isolated coterie, repugnant to the nation, which believed neither in their right nor in the permanence of their influence. The most eminent of its chiefs, Vane himself, preserved for the republic a devotion devoid of hope. "The king," he said, "will one day or other take the crown again; the nation is disgusted with every other government."

The Royalists had hoped for a more rapid success, and a more prompt realization of the painful forebodings of Vane. Remaining inactive hitherto, in the expectation of a conflict between the Parliament and the army, they had counted upon the revolt of Monk; then upon that of Henry Cromwell; then upon that of Lockhart; and their expectant policy exasperated the new Royalists who every day became more numerous. "It is the most passive and indifferent of the parties," said Mordaunt, one of the best recruits whom King Charles had made; "I endeavor with a heavy heart to struggle against this tide of baseness which invades us, and to shake off this fatal lethargy." Mordaunt did himself and his friends an injustice; their efforts did not remain unproductive. A general insurrection was resolved upon in the eastern, midland, and western counties. The Royalists, old or new, Cavalier or Presbyterian, prepared for it with ardor. The king placed himself at the disposition of his partisans, being quite ready to land at their call at the place which should be chosen for him. He even offered to Admiral Montague, if he would declare himself for him, to proceed immediately aboard his vessel, and to make sail with him for England.

Parliament was upon its guard. Sir Charles Willis continued to inform Thurloe of what was going forward among the Royalists, as he had but recently served Cromwell. The Royalists betrayed themselves by their foolish confidence. The organization of the militia was urged forward; six new regiments were formed in the city. The three regiments which had served in France were recalled. The strictest supervision was everywhere exercised over the Royalists; a certain number of them were arrested; many great noblemen hesitated. The king was at Calais, where the Duke of York soon arrived; but the prince was the bearer of sad tidings; irresolution had borne its fruits; the insurrection was deferred; nobody dared any longer urge the king to proceed to England. In one place alone, in Cheshire, a plain Presbyterian gentleman, Sir George Booth, more bold than the other conspirators, or being warned later of the postponement, had raised the royal standard and organized the struggle against the republic. The king did not lose courage. The Prince of Condé offered troops to him, and even spoke of accompanying him to England. Turenne, on the other hand, offered him his own regiment of infantry, twelve hundred men strong, and the Scottish men-at-arms, with provisions and ammunition. The Duke de Bouillon, a nephew of Turenne, conducted the first detachment to Boulogne himself, and was preparing to embark with the Duke of York, when it was learned that Sir George Booth had been defeated by Lambert, that his friends were dispersed or captured, and that the Royalist insurrection, annihilated by one blow in the only part in which it had been attempted, no longer offered to the king and his allies any support.

Sir George Booth, who had taken up arms on August 1st in Cheshire, might in fact have conceived some hopes; during the first days he had seen numerous volunteers hasten

to place themselves under his banner, among others the Earl of Derby, son of him who had perished upon the scaffold after the battle of Worcester. The king had been proclaimed in several towns, and the insurgents were occupying Chester, when Lambert marched against them with six thousand men. Some hesitation had prevailed as to intrusting the forces of Parliament to him, but he was accounted able and successful. On August 6th he confronted Booth, who attempted to negotiate with him. Lambert repelled all advances, vigorously urged forward the attack, and defeated almost without any fighting the brave but inexperienced men who held the city. Chester and Liverpool returned once more into the power of Parliament. The Earl of Derby and Sir George Booth were arrested and imprisoned in the Tower. The jails of London were filled with Royalists. It was found necessary to hire a portion of the buildings of the archbishop's palace at Lambeth to lodge the prisoners in. Parliament was triumphant, and the confiscation of the property of the insurgents went to fill its coffers; but it did not forget the perils of its situation, and it treated the vanquished with leniency. Sir John Grenville and several others were set at liberty after a simple examination. The king, who was much grieved, set out for the Pyrenees, in order to seek from Mazarin and Don Louis de Haro, who were there negotiating for a reconciliation between the two crowns, some hope of recovering his own. He could not promise himself any great success in this attempt. The polite attentions of Don Louis de Haro were as empty as they were assiduous, and Mazarin bestowed great consideration upon Lockhart, who was still the ambassador of the republic. "We see how the Spaniards treat you," Hyde was told in a letter from England; "that the French betray you, and that the Dutch have already declared themselves against you." "If our friends could

stand upon their legs," said Ormond, who had joined the king in Spain, "till it might appear to the cardinal that he could turn the balance, and have the principal honor of doing it, it is probable he would frankly engage France in our cause. But to make this appear to him, his own reason, which is very nice, must be satisfied of almost the infallibility of success; and in the meantime he will doubtless, by any arts, keep fair with the Commonwealth and with Lockhart, their very industrious minister, of whom he hath a high esteem." Charles was not successful in obtaining an audience of the cardinal.

Meanwhile Lambert did not hasten to return to London. Parliament had solemnly testified its gratitude towards him by sending him a jewel of great value; but the victorious general marched through the country, sounding the population as to their inclination, and even paying attentions to the vanquished Royalists. It was soon learned that a petition, signed by his officers, had arrived in London. Parliament demanded it from Fleetwood, who brought it the same evening. It was a renewal of the wishes already expressed a week after the return of Parliament by the council-general of the army, asking that Fleetwood should be appointed general-in-chief, and that Lambert should be his major-general. The House rejected the petition, simply commissioning Fleetwood to reprimand the officers; but the challenge was thrown down, the struggle had begun, and even in the midst of Parliament itself the army found allies. Vane, who was more pliant than Haslerig, and was determined to save the republic at any price, had entered into relations with the officers and lent them his support. This noble but visionary man, carried away by his political and religious passions, had already sacrificed the people to the sectaries. He allowed himself in this instance to be impelled to sacrifice



LAMBERT.

Parliament to the soldiers, always obtaining his support from lower down as his cause declined, and seeking his safety even in the abandonment of his principles and of his friends.

The council of officers assembled together by Fleetwood did not insist upon the petition of Lambert's troops, but prepared another, an offensive compound of hypocrisy and arrogance. On the 5th of October, Desborough, accompanied by some of his comrades, carried this address to the bar of Parliament. The House, forewarned, received the petition without any sign of dissatisfaction, and promised to take it into consideration on the following Saturday, the 8th of October. At the approach of the crisis, and under the watchful eyes of the country hostile to the two revolutionary factions, each felt its own weakness, neither would provoke the quarrel or accept the responsibility of it. On the morning of the 12th of October, the discussion had already begun when the House learned that the petition of the officers was circulating in the army, accompanied by a letter signed by Lambert, Desborough, and seven other generals, asking for the support of the troops. Indignation broke forth. Lambert and the other generals were immediately dismissed from their posts. Fleetwood, who was compromised, though he had not signed, lost the command-in-chief of the army, which was intrusted to seven commissioners, he being one of their number. Haslerig encamped around Parliament those regiments which were relied upon, commanded by Colonels Morley, Okey, and Moss, and the troops posted in the environs of London were summoned in great haste. On the 13th of October, in the morning, Westminster presented the aspect of a camp.

Lambert meanwhile had arrived, notwithstanding a missive which he had received during the night. "Secure yourself," he was told, "or to-morrow before this time your head will be in peril." Haslerig had conceived the project of causing

him to be shot upon the spot. The soldier stole a march upon the politician; at the head of his own regiment of infantry he patrolled the streets, caused those thoroughfares by which the members could repair to their posts to be barred, cut off all communication with the city, and himself marched upon Westminster. Near the palace he encountered Colonel Morley, who, pistol in hand, opposed his advance. "I will fire if you come one step farther," said the latter. "Colonel," replied Lambert, "I would go there if I pleased; but I will take another way;" and he turned off, entering at the same time with Colonel Moss upon a discussion which soon became a parley. The guards of Parliament had just passed by Lambert, when the coach of Speaker Lenthall was arrested by a detachment. Lenthall persisted in his determination to proceed; the soldiers laughed, proposing to take him to Fleetwood, who would furnish him with explanations. "If Lieutenant-general Fleetwood has anything to say to me," replied Lenthall, "he can come and say it to me at my house;" and he returned home unmolested.

Meanwhile matters did not go forward; the public were undecided; the streets were filled with indifferent passers-by who went as usual about their business; the soldiers belonging to the two parties chatted together and appeared determined not to come to blows. A few members had succeeded in penetrating into the House of Parliament by way of the Thames; they were summoned to the Council of State, which had just assembled. Lambert and Desborough repaired thither. A negotiation was set on foot. Colonel Sydenham justified the act of the army. "Providence makes it a necessity for us," he said; "it is our last remedy." Bradshaw, who was old and in poor health, rose, exclaiming, "It is a detestable act, and one which I abhor. Being about to appear before God, I cannot bear to hear His name



LAMBERT CONFRONTED BY COLONEL MORLEY.

blasphemed." He quitted the council, dying a fortnight later despondent but indomitable. The parleying still continued; necessity weighed upon all; they could neither fight nor become reconciled. Parliament at length yielded; it was agreed that it should cease to sit, and that the council of officers should undertake to preserve the public peace until the convocation of a new Parliament. The troops withdrew into their quarters, and, as the result of the weakness on both sides, the Long Parliament quietly quitted that hall from which Cromwell, six years earlier, had driven them forth amid so much commotion. Lambert remained master of the battlefield without having won the victory.

This was the death-blow of the Republican party, struck by its own hand. The Royalists, conquered and inactive, but filled with ardor and hope, contemplated the death-struggle of their enemies with a joy mixed with anxiety. In the midst of these domestic commotions and the rivalry of Fleetwood and Lambert, Haslerig and Vane, all eyes were turned frequently towards Monk, who remained quiet in Scotland, at the head of his army. Conciliated and sought after by the leaders of the most opposite parties, he welcomed all information, repelled no advances, displayed uniform good feeling, all the time himself remaining silent, and without surrendering to any, made all hope to secure him. He had neither principles, nor passions, nor great political ambition; but he was sober-minded and shrewd, and would only support a strong power which appeared to him equal to its task, and which inspired in him some confidence in its duration. Since the death of Cromwell, he had been biding his time.

At the bottom of his heart, by natural instinct as well as by family tradition, Monk was a Royalist. At the time of the great Cavalier insurrection, the king himself had writ-

ten to Monk, soliciting his services, and the general appeared to have taken his side. He had already given orders to make sure of Edinburgh and Leith, when a return of his customary prudence arrested him. "Gentlemen," he said to the few persons who were in possession of his secret, "it will do us no great harm to await the news of to-morrow's post. Lambert has marched against Booth; he is now engaged with him; we shall then know whether Booth really hath the forces which it is said he hath, and what likelihood there is of the action by any further assistance." On the morrow, news came that Booth had been defeated, and that the Royalist insurrection had been crushed. Republican officers gathered in crowds at the general's residence, rejoicing, and loudly congratulating themselves on Lambert's success. "I wish," said Monk, "that Parliament would make a law that whoever should but mention the restoring of Charles Stuart should be hanged." The conversation became animated; the Church was attacked as well as the Stuarts. "We shall have neither peace nor quiet," said a certain Captain Poole, "so long as there is a parish priest or a steeple-house." Monk rose indignantly. "Fair and softly, Captain Poole," said he; "if you and your party come to pluck there, I will pluck with you." He seldom lost his temper, and his authority was respected; the officers held their peace and retired. While the confidants of the general were congratulating themselves upon his prudence, which had saved them from so great a danger, Price, his chaplain, asked, "What would you have done, general, had the tidings of Lambert's beating of Booth surprised us in the very first appearance of our design?" "I could have secured Edinburgh Castle and the citadel of Leith," replied Monk. "Some officers and many soldiers would have followed me, and I should have raised all Scotland in insurrection."

The reply was judicious as well as bold, for Monk could rely upon his army; but he also knew that the good disposition of the masses is of service only when it is invoked opportunely and under favorable circumstances. He was struck with the danger which he had incurred, and he resolved upon the most complete inaction. His brother Nicholas, the bearer of verbal messages between him and his cousin, Sir John Grenville, had not been as discreet as was desirable; the general reprimanded him sharply, declaring to him that if ever the affair should be discovered by his act or Grenville's, he would ruin them both, rather than allow himself to be ruined by them.

Monk was beginning to recover somewhat from his first discouragement, when news arrived at Dalkeith that Lambert had turned out Parliament, and that just before its expulsion the House had appointed Monk one of the seven commissioners intrusted with the government of the army. Monk immediately resolved upon his course of action. He repaired to Edinburgh and caused the troops to be assembled together. "The army of England," he said, "has expelled the Parliament; in their uneasy and ambitious frame they claim to govern altogether themselves, and prevent any sound establishment for the nation. They will soon go as far as to desire to impose their insolent extravagances upon the army of Scotland, which is neither inferior nor subordinate to them. As for me, I consider myself compelled by the duty of my position, to keep the military power in obedience to the civil power; it is from the Parliament that you have received your commissions and your pay: you should defend it. I hope that in this you will all obey me willingly; but if there are any among you who think otherwise, they are at liberty to quit the service; they shall receive their passes." The troops responded with acclamations, and the decision of the Scottish army was immediately made known to the English

army, in order to remind it of the engagements which it had violated, while Monk wrote himself to Lambert and to Fleetwood, as well as to Lenthall, declaring to all three that he was resolved to support, and if need be defend, the cause of Parliament.

When the letters of Monk arrived in London, on the 28th of October, they caused a great commotion. The military leaders had striven to construct a government, and had as yet only succeeded in forming a council of safety, in which the members intrigued against each other. Discord was smouldering in some of the regiments. If Monk should act for Parliament, what would ensue? In what direction did he tend? What did he desire? Vane and Whitelocke expressed their suspicions that he meditated the return of Charles Stuart. Lambert offered to march against Monk. It was finally decided to send negotiators to him. Three commissioners, among whom was Clarges, brother-in-law of Monk, and secretly implicated in all his designs, were appointed to go and confer with him, while Lambert, having been appointed commander of all the forces of the North, set out for his post, with orders to fight Monk, if the attempts at conciliation should be unsuccessful. The army of England replied to the army of Scotland, Fleetwood replied to Monk, with the affectionate familiarity of former comrades wounded to the heart as well as alarmed. Letters rained down upon Dalkeith, now designed to awaken sympathy, now to sow division.

The commissioners reached Monk. The general, for his part, encountered grave embarrassments; the army of Scotland had coldly responded to his advances; the governors of some important towns of which he wished to take possession had remained faithful to the army of England. In a conversation with his brother-in-law, Clarges, the latter asked

him what was really his design. "Do not think," he said, "that after this rupture you can make your peace with the army of England; . . . those people never will place confidence in you." "We must negotiate," said Monk, ever prudent even with his most confidential friends; "the time is against them." And he immediately convoked the council-general of officers, to confer on the subject with them.

The taciturn chief well understood that in the great enterprise in which he had embarked, the simple obedience of his agents was not sufficient, and that their intelligent and voluntary assistance was necessary. In the council which he had summoned he allowed anything to be said, and himself spoke little. Two commissioners were chosen by the general at the solicitation of the officers; the third he refused to designate; the commissioner who was appointed did not suit his views, but he did not complain, and the three delegates immediately set out for London, encountering on the way Lambert, who ill-humoredly suffered them to pass, when he learned that the first condition of the negotiations was the recall of the Parliament which he had expelled.

Lambert, however, was in no hurry to come to blows. At York he encountered Morgan, lately appointed major-general of the Scottish army, who was proceeding to his post, when an attack of gout arrested him on the way. Morgan loudly censured the conduct of Monk. Lambert asked him whether he would not willingly do what he could towards destroying Monk's influence over the army. Morgan consented, and at the moment when the general's commissioners were quitting York to proceed to London to prosecute their negotiation, Morgan on the other hand set out thence to repair to Edinburgh on behalf of Lambert, to arrange with Monk or to alienate his soldiers from him.

Monk received Morgan as an old friend and an officer of

whose ability he had the highest opinion. "I come," the latter said to him, "to ask if you will lay down your arms, and become reunited in friendship with Fleetwood and Lambert." "If they will re-establish Parliament," replied Monk, "I shall not have much to say." "I have promised to put the question to you," said Morgan, "but not to take back the answer. I am no statesman, but I am certain that you are a friend of your country, and I am ready to take part in anything you may do." At the same time Lambert's messenger delivered to Monk a letter from the chaplain of Fairfax, Dr. Bowles, offering to the general of the army of Scotland the assistance of the former general of the Long Parliament, and of a great many gentlemen of Yorkshire, provided he would pronounce against the established form of government more clearly than he had done in his declaration.

"What you ask would be my ruin," said Monk, "since all I have writ can scarce prevail with the army to believe that I have not a design to set up the king." And he continued in his falsehoods. But before setting himself in motion to bring his quarters nearer the border, he came to an understanding with the principal Scottish noblemen, and with a certain number of deputies of the towns, intrusting to them the safety of Scotland, and asking them to see that the arrears of taxes were paid and to preserve order. They would willingly have offered more, but Monk was able to restrain their zeal, as well as to cope with the elements of division which the commissioners of the army of England sought to sow among his troops. They did not always act with tact. One day, General Deane, specially sent by Fleetwood, passed in front of a company of infantry. "My Lord Lambert is coming upon you," said he, "and all Monk's army will not be enough for a breakfast for him." "The cold

weather will have given Lord Lambert a good appetite then," said the offended soldiers, "if he can eat pikes and swallow bullets." Monk sent back Deane, reprimanding him for his arrogance, and was himself at Haddington, on the road to England, on the 18th of November, 1659, when he received the despatches from the Committee of Safety. As soon as he had finished reading them he re-entered his room without saying a word, and on the morrow returned to Edinburgh.

It was a treaty, comprising nine articles for the reconciliation of the two armies, concluded in London in three days by Monk's emissaries, who had been circumvented and trifled with by the Republicans. Nothing was said about the re-establishment of the Long Parliament. All the declarations against Charles Stuart were renewed, and the dissolution of the army of Scotland was prepared for by the revision to which the titles of the officers appointed by Monk were to be subjected. It was the ruin of the general, of his power, his partisans, and his schemes.

On his return to Edinburgh, where the news was already in circulation, Monk found his staff strongly agitated. He was walking to and fro in silence in the council-chamber when his chaplain Gumble entered. "I come to make a little request of you," he said to the general. "What is that?" "I beg you will have the goodness to sign me a pass for Holland. There is at Leith a vessel ready to set sail, and I am anxious to take the opportunity." "What, you desire to leave me?" "I don't know how your Highness will provide for your own safety when your command is taken from you; but for my part, though I am a poor man, I will never put myself in their power, for I know it will not be for my safety if I do." "Is all this any fault of mine?" asked Monk sharply. "Let the army hold for me, and I will hold

for them." All present exclaimed that they were ready to live or die with their general. The same impulse communicated itself to the whole army. The malcontents did not dare to show their dissent. It was proposed to reject the treaty without further ceremony. Monk contented himself with having the council of officers declare that certain articles were obscure, and that negotiations must be reopened. The messengers of the Committee of Safety were sent back to their masters with these new propositions; the army of Scotland, continuing its march, removed its headquarters to Berwick.

Here the general received, late in November, a letter, signed by nine members of the old Council of State, secretly gathered in London under the presidency of Scott, conferring on him the title of Commander-in-chief of all the forces of England and Scotland. The shrewd instincts of Monk had not deceived him. The time and the situation itself were working for him more effectively than all intrigues could do. The party of the army became more and more disorganized. Lambert, without funds, at the head of troops discontented and divided, had caused secret proposals to be addressed to the king, promising to re-establish him on the throne on condition that Charles should marry his daughter. Fleetwood also made advances to the Royalists. The politic Hyde treated with them all, not without some contempt in the bottom of his heart. "If the two crowns of France and Spain," he wrote, "would but declare openly that they will have no dealings with these fanatics, who have neither form nor order of government, and who respect no rule either among themselves or towards others, we should quickly make an end of our work, and a little more money than, twenty years since, would have served to purchase five of our western manors, would now serve to purchase the kingdom."

Hyde was mistaken. The kingdom was not to be bought, and instances of conscientious and indomitable devotion to the republic were not wanting. But the general disposition of the nation, enlightened and wearied by its own errors, was leading it back to Charles Stuart. If the public feeling had not undergone a change, it would have been in vain to buy the great personages who were offering themselves to him.

At this moment, and on the surface, the cause of Parliament seemed again to become popular; the governor of Portsmouth had summoned Haslerig thither, who rallied round him his friends. The city of London had renewed its council by elections hostile to the military government. The fleet, commanded by Admiral Lawson, had just declared itself in favor of Parliament. A rising of gentry in the county of York was preparing, under the inspiration of Fairfax, who, like Monk, was a Royalist without mentioning the name of the king. Even in the councils of the army there had been a talk of the recall of Charles Stuart as the sole means of restoring peace to the nation; but that idea had been hurriedly discarded. "We could not," they said, "trust ourselves to him for our safety; for even if he was himself well resolved to accomplish what he had promised, his Parliament would not ratify his promises, and we should be lost." The summoning of a new Parliament was then resolved upon, and their meeting fixed for the 24th of January. The soldiers themselves no longer obeyed their officers. They wandered off, pillaging in the neighborhood of their garrisons. Irritation and anxiety reigned on all sides. The parliamentary party felt that the moment had arrived. Scott and some other members of the Council of State met in London at the residence of Lenthall, and assuming in concert with him the power which no one now retained, they ordered the troops to assemble in Lincoln's Inn Fields, there to be reviewed

by the Colonels Alured and Okey, men devoted to the cause of Parliament. The deserted generals retired. Desborough sought safety in the camp of Lambert. Fleetwood, always weak, acknowledged his error, and sent to Lenthall the keys of the House of Commons. Forty members reassembled there on the evening of the 26th of December, applauded by the soldiers who gathered along the streets.

Monk had now arrived at Coldstream, a little village situated on the southern border of Scotland. He received news at the same time of the re-establishment of the Long Parliament and the precipitate insurrection of Fairfax. The old general was threatened by Lambert. Monk resolved to sustain him, still marching towards London. On the 1st of January, 1660, in brilliant sunshine, although the weather was extremely cold, the army of Scotland crossed the Tweed, and the same day took up its first quarters on English soil at Wooler, in the county of Northumberland.

Monk's march towards London was not destined to be retarded by any struggle. He received in the night letters from the restored Long Parliament, which thanked him coldly without undertaking to support him. The same messengers had borne to Lambert's troops an order to disperse and to return to their various quarters. Monk had no difficulty in perceiving that little confidence was reposed in him, but that no one dared undertake to oppose him in anything. He continued to advance. Lambert's army was already disbanded when he arrived at Newcastle. The general, abandoned by all, had retired to a small country house. Everywhere on his route Monk was received by the people with acclamations.

On the 11th of January Monk was at York, where he had an interview with Fairfax, who was detained by the gout. He offered, it is said, to the old general of the Long Parliament the command of all the forces which they could

gather for their common object. Fairfax positively refused, declaring that it was better that the command should belong to Monk alone. In the evening the general had a long conversation with Fairfax's chaplain, Dr. Bowles. "What do you think of this?" afterwards said Monk to his own chaplain, Price. "Mr. Bowles, on the part of my Lord Fairfax, has very warmly pressed me to remain here and declare for the king." "And have you promised to do so, sir?" "No, truly, I have promised nothing; I have promised nothing as yet." They looked at each other. Price continued: "After the death of the great Gustavus, king of Sweden, I heard it related that when he entered Germany he said that if his shirt knew of his intentions he would pull it off his back and burn it. Do as he did, sir, until you are in London. You will then see what is to be done." Monk had no need of Price's counsel to be silent and dissemble. Being informed that an officer had said, "This Monk will end by bringing us back Charles Stuart," he struck him publicly with his cane, menacing with the same punishment any man who should dare to repeat the calumny.

He however advanced, being kept well informed of the state of public feeling in London by his chaplain Gumble, to whom he had intrusted his letters for Parliament. "The prevailing and governing influence of Parliament," wrote the latter, "is reduced into the hands of a few and inconsiderable persons, either hare-brained and hot-headed fools, or obscure and disregarded knaves. They regard all those who have been in the service of Oliver Cromwell, or who have adhered to the Committee of Safety, as renegades from the good old cause. They are satisfied that your inclination is for the king, and would willingly replace Lambert at the head of their army to resist you. They are about to confiscate the property of all the gentlemen who were engaged

in Sir George Booth's plot. . . . These gentry, moreover, are infinitely divided among themselves. But keep your troops well about you, without which you are in the greatest peril."

Gumble had not exaggerated the picture of the miserable dissensions in the lately restored Parliament. This handful of Republicans, who aspired to keep in subjection a nation which obstinately rejected their authority, were constantly more and more divided, and were mutually persecuting each other. Whitelocke, threatened with confinement in the Tower, was compelled to retire into the country; Vane was sent to his residence at Raby; Ludlow was summoned to return from Ireland to answer a charge of high-treason. They would gladly have made the Royalists the objects of their anger and their attacks; but that party made no movement. They did not dare to assail Monk notwithstanding the suspicions with which he was regarded. Parliament even voted him a sum of money; and a letter was dispatched thanking him for his great services and his march towards London; finally it was decreed that two members, selected from among the most violent Republicans, — Scott and Robinson, — should carry to him these acknowledgments of the gratitude of the House, and should accompany him on his journey. The general was already at Leicester when the delegates arrived at his headquarters.

Monk had not brought his entire army with him. Only five thousand eight hundred men accompanied him, but his troops were trustworthy. On setting foot in England the army had resumed the strict discipline of camps, — no more councils, no more deliberations. The little force advanced modestly and quietly, welcomed by the sound of the bells on their entry into the towns, confident in their general, and not requiring to know whither he was leading them.

No one questioned Monk regarding his plans, but dissimulation became every day more difficult. Everywhere people eagerly gathered around him. The gentry and the citizens sought interviews with him and sent in addresses expressing their regrets and their desires. As a rule, these were not Cavaliers — they were Presbyterians; sometimes men who had previously become compromised among the opposition and who had long served Parliament. No mention was made of king or monarchy. Some required the return to Parliament of the members expelled in 1648; others demanded a new and free Parliament. Probably at the instigation of Scott, Monk had already written to some of his friends, who demanded the return of the excluded members, to dissuade them from their design in the name of order and unity in the government. Now he scarcely replied to the pressing appeals of his visitors, confining himself to receiving them with courtesy, and intrenching himself always behind the civil authority, which the two members of Parliament at his side were eager to exercise. Scott became angry with the petitions and the petitioners. "My age might excuse me from taking up arms," he exclaimed one day, "yet, old as I am, before this present Parliament shall be entangled by restoring the secluded members, or by new elections, I will gird on my sword again, and keep the door against them!" Amid these explosions of anger or pride from his watchful visitors, Monk remained cold and impassive. It suited him to let the public ill-humor fall on them alone, and that their presence should appear evidently to be the cause of his taciturnity.

Scott and Robinson, however, continued anxious and suspicious, and they had good cause. When he drew near London, Monk felt that the moment had come for acting with authority; and, without consulting the two commissioners, he dispatched to Parliament a letter prepared long before, de-

manding in set terms the removal to other quarters of the Parliamentary army, recently reconstituted under the orders of General Butler. "I must tell you in good truth," he wrote, "that I do not think it good for your service that those soldiers in London, who once revolted against you, should mingle with those who have proved to you their fidelity." He asserted that his troops could easily do the service required. The city was excited and angry, but the demand was granted. This movement of the regiments which were compelled to leave London increased the importance of the general's protection, and when he entered the Strand, on the 3d of February, at the head of his cavalry, the interview between him and Lenthall was as courteous as it was ceremonious. Monk repaired to Whitehall, where he established himself in the apartments of the Prince of Wales, which had been prepared to receive him.

Distrust and dissimulation cannot long confront each other without bringing truth into the light of day. The general was scarcely in London when ill-feeling began to break out between him and the Parliament which he professed to serve. He had refused the oath of abjuration of the monarchy and the Stuarts. "I must have time to consider it," he said; "many worthy men in my army have scruples regarding oaths; seven of my colleagues of the Council of State have refused to take this. I desire to have a conference with them on the subject." In the formal reception accorded him by the House, Monk's address was blamed as exhibiting too dictatorial a spirit and too much regard for popularity. Notwithstanding the general's efforts at dissimulation, — notwithstanding the anger of the eager Royalists, who wrote to Hyde, "Monk hath already pulled off his mask, he is clearly republican, and hath acted the weakest part that ever man did!" — the instinct of the masses drew them towards him as towards

the expected liberator. It was to Monk and not to the House that they presented the addresses of the boroughs and the counties, begging for a complete and free Parliament. All the rigors employed by the House against the Royalists could not prevent them from taking courage. "They talk very high," said Whitelocke, "affirming that the king will soon be in England."

A new and powerful ally had arisen for the secret projects of Monk. The city of London, that hot-bed of the Presbyterian and reforming party whence the Long Parliament in the height of its renown had drawn support against Charles I., now openly raised against the feeble and mutilated Long Parliament the standard of resistance. The Common Council decided that it would no longer pay any taxes imposed on the city until it saw the establishment of a free and complete Parliament. This was both the moral and material ruin of the power which was still sitting at Westminster.

The anger which this excited was commensurate with the danger. Parliament sent for Monk and gave him orders to enter the city, to pull down in the streets the chains and posts, to destroy the gates, and arrest eleven of the rebellious citizens. The conference lasted a long time. Monk returned home at three o'clock in the morning, gloomy and anxious. At dawn of day, when the soldiers received the order to march into the city, they began to question among themselves, not knowing what service they were to be employed in. The officers gathered around their general at an inn with the sign of "The Three Tuns," near Guildhall, were filled with consternation, and entreated him not to require from them so odious a service. Monk walked to and fro in the room. "Are you not willing to obey the orders of Parliament?" he asked. Some few of the officers under-

stood his meaning and remained firm. Subalterns performed the task, and work of destruction began. The citizens rushed out into the streets breathing rage against their assailants. "Is this that General Monk who was to bring us back the king? It is a Scottish devil. What new misfortunes are we doomed to undergo?" Some of the more influential citizens sought an interview with the general. "You would obtain from us much more easily by persuasion than by force what you might reasonably demand," they said. Monk appeared moved by this language. He consented to suspend his destructive work. "I have good reasons for hoping," he wrote to the House, "that they will pay the tax. I await your orders for continuing the destruction of the gates and portcullis. They desire the liberation of the members of the Court of Common Council who have been arrested. I recommend that prayer to your serious attention." And he added, "I humbly implore you to hasten your qualifications that the writs may be sent out." The House did not yield to the wishes of Monk, but gave him instructions to complete his work in the city. He obeyed, notwithstanding the ill-humor of his soldiers. "We have come from Scotland, where our enemies loved us, and are now employed to oppress our best friends," they said. That evening the city had lost all its ancient defences, and the general returned to Whitehall.

There was great anxiety among the friends of Monk. As soon as he had left the city they flocked around him. The House, they said, distrusted him; in vain it pretended to be grateful. It might at any moment deprive him of his command. There was an urgent necessity for recovering the shaken confidence of the city and of the Presbyterian party by declaring for a complete and free Parliament. Monk hesitated, asking for two days to consult with his officers, but

his friends pressed him. A letter to Parliament was drawn up, setting forth the grievances and the desires of the country, and asking that they should be satisfied by a day fixed. This was signed by the general and fourteen superior officers. The document was conveyed to Parliament. Monk, at the head of his troops, took the road to the city, which was alarmed and troubled at seeing those suddenly return from whom it had just received such harsh affronts. The Lord Mayor did not conceal from the general the uneasiness of the citizens. "I hope," replied Monk, "to make it of another mind in a few hours. I desire your Lordship to appoint the Aldermen and Common Council to meet me at four o'clock that I may acquaint them with my intentions." These words sufficed to throw light on the situation; the Common Council had just been dissolved by Parliament. They sat down at the council-table. Presently two commissioners from Parliament desired to be conducted into the presence of the general. These were Scott and Robinson, who were the bearers of the thanks of the House of Commons to Monk. They pressed him to return to Whitehall. "Let the House do what I have advised them in my letter," he said; "let them issue on Friday next the writs for completing the Parliament, and all will be well." He dismissed the two commissioners and repaired to the Guildhall. "The last time that I visited you," he said on entering, "was on the most ungrateful business that I have ever been charged with in my life, and one altogether against my inclination. I come to-day to tell you that I have this morning written to Parliament, requesting that they will order within a week the elections which will fill the vacant seats, and that they will dissolve on the 6th of May, to give place to a complete and free Parliament. Meanwhile I have resolved that my army shall take up its quarters in the city, there to wait in the

midst of you until I have seen my letter put in execution and your wishes fulfilled."

As Monk uttered these last words his voice was drowned in acclamations. The news spread through the city with the rapidity of lightning. Bonfires were lighted in all directions, into which they cast all the rumps of beef or mutton that they could find at the butchers. It was the "Rump Parliament" whose destruction they thus celebrated, with singing and dancing, and, now and then, with drinking to the health of the king. The bells rang out their loudest peals; the soldiers were surrounded and welcomed on all sides. At last Monk himself was obliged to intervene to preserve discipline, and to quiet the people who talked of going in the morning to drive the speaker from his seat, and Parliament from its hall.

The Republican Parliament felt that it had received a mortal stab, and in its impotent rage precipitated its own destruction by odious severities. Vane, who had secretly been in London for a few days, received orders to return to his residence at Raby; Ludlow came to bid him farewell. "Unless I am much mistaken," said Vane, "Monk has yet several masks to pull off. For myself, my conscience is at rest. I have done all that God enabled me to do for the Commonwealth. I hope He will grant me strength enough for my trials, however rough they may be, that I may still render to his cause faithful testimony." This noble spirit, so sincere in its visionary doctrines, had yet much to suffer, and was already fortifying itself against the prospect of martyrdom.

Monk seemed to have relapsed into his habitual mood of indecision and silence. While the House was preparing the writs which were to fill the vacant seats, including those of the expelled members, the general, still in courteous commu-

nication with it, had interviews at the same time with the expelled members, who were still pursued by their former enemies, received daily messages from the Royalists, who were becoming constantly more exacting regarding his real intentions, and strove to establish a good understanding between his officers and the Presbyterians, for whom he still preserved his old predilection. The situation, nevertheless, became every day more unnatural. At length Monk resolved to do himself without delay what he had not succeeded in bringing about by the mere course of events with the consent of those concerned. On the 21st of February, after obtaining from the excluded members an engagement to summon, for the 20th of April following, a complete and free Parliament, he left his fortified quarters in the city, and assembled at Whitehall his new allies. "Return to the House to fulfil your salutary task," he said; "not only will the guards willingly allow you to enter, but I and the officers under my orders, and I believe all the officers of these three nations, will willingly shed our blood for you and for successive Parliaments."

Under the escort of Major Miller, who commanded the general's guard, the excluded members set out for Westminster. Other officers were awaiting their arrival at the doors. They entered: the House was silent but agitated. A few Republican leaders rose and went out. "This is your work," said Haslerig to Ashley Cooper, as he passed, "but it will cost you blood." "Your blood if you choose," replied his colleague. The rest of the members kept their seats. A letter from Monk arrived; it was read without comment; the general had quitted his quarters in the city and established himself in St. James's Palace.

It was thither that Haslerig and his friends repaired to learn, as they said, from his own mouth, why he had opened

the House to the expelled members. "To free myself from their importunities," replied Monk; "I will take good care to prevent their doing any mischief." "But will you, general, still join with us against Charles Stuart and his adherents?" "I have often declared to you that such is my determination," answered Monk, taking off his glove and placing his hand in that of Haslerig. "I do protest to you once more that I will oppose to the utmost the setting up of Charles Stuart, a single person, or a House of Peers. What is it that I have done in bringing these members into the House to justify your distrust? If others have cut off the head of Charles upon the scaffold, and that justly, are not those the persons who conducted him thither?" And to give support to his gross duplicity he ordered the doors of the House of Lords to be shut against the peers who had in previous times supported Parliament against the king, and who were anxious to resume their sittings. Major Miller, the same officer who had conducted the excluded members to the House of Commons, roughly thrust back the peers, informing them that they could not enter.

It was of little consequence to the monarchical reaction whether the peers were in a position to take part in it or not. In reopening to the Presbyterians the House of Commons Monk had struck the decisive blow; the republic was beaten. They had desired to re-form the monarchy, not to destroy it; and they returned to power resolved to seek shelter in the only port which could restore peace to the country. The king was not yet on his throne; but the republic had now neither arms nor ramparts wherewith to bar his road to it.

The renewed Parliament at once showed its sentiments and intentions. Monk was appointed commander of all the land forces, and Montague placed at the head of the fleet; a new

Council of State was appointed, invested with powers of the most extensive kind for keeping order, the Covenant posted up in all the churches, and a considerable loan effected in the city, which hastened to subscribe. The Royalists who had been kept in prison were everywhere set at liberty. Under the flag of the republic the monarchy was visibly arising. Henceforth masters in the House of Commons, the Royalist Presbyterians everywhere regained power.

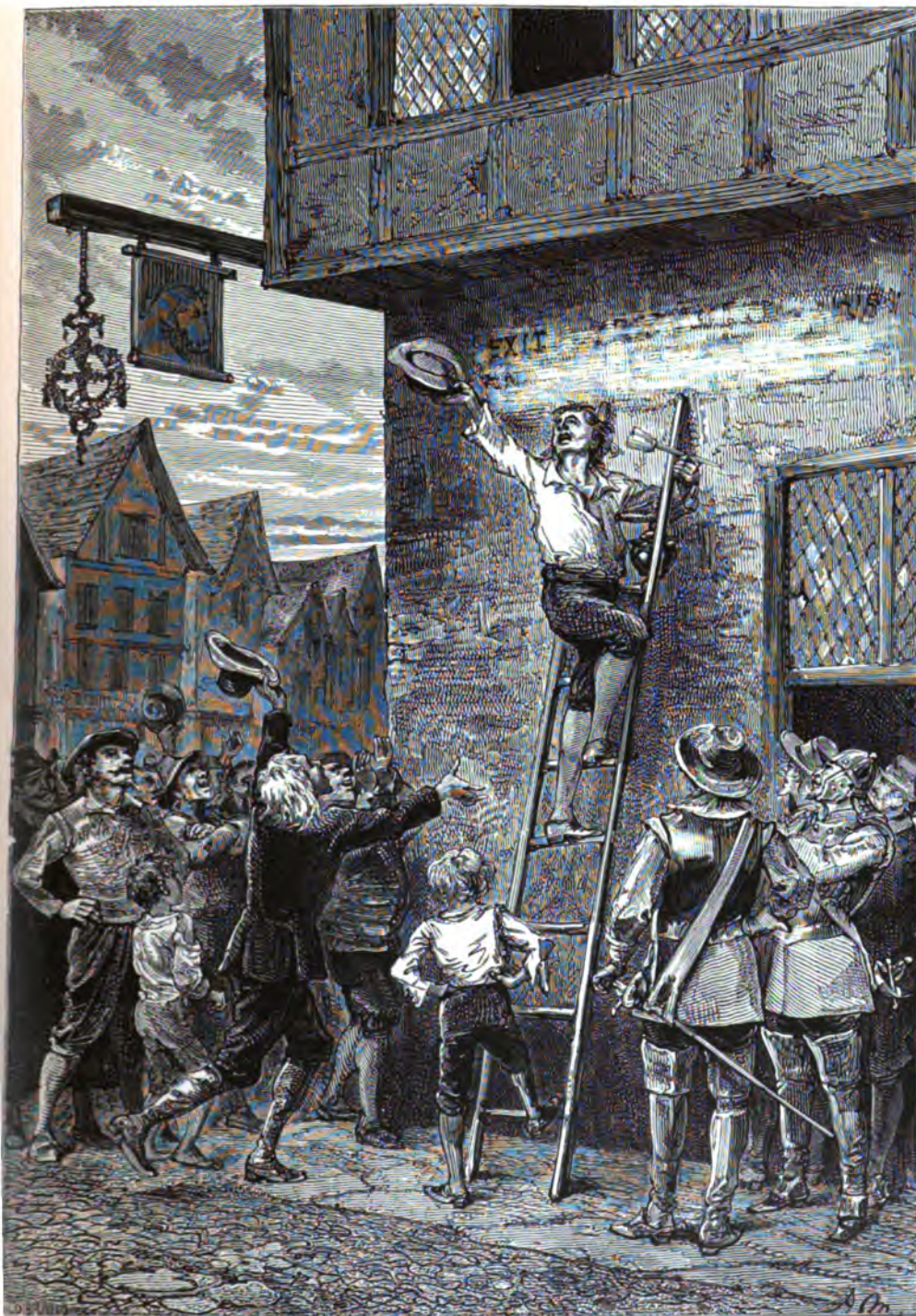
In the presence of this reaction, which he had foreseen, Monk remained silent and reserved, without wishing to hasten or even follow as yet the movement which he did not repress, and solely occupied with the army, which was fretful and disturbed even under his command. He alone could control it; and he alone knew how little was his influence over all those officers and soldiers anxious about the future, and jealous of the present authority of Parliament, and regretting their paramount influence under the Commonwealth. Monk made many changes of officers. He retained his power with a stronger and stronger hand, feeling it always on the point of deserting him.

It was on the eve of the day when Parliament was at length to pronounce its own dissolution. In spite of all the agitations and intrigues of the Republicans, both civil and military, the House now expiring had erased from its registers the oath of abjuration of Charles Stuart and the monarchy. A house-painter, accompanied by some soldiers, and carrying a ladder in his hand, approached a wall in the city near the Royal Exchange, where eleven years before an inscription in Latin had been placed, *Exit Tyrannus, regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliæ restitutæ primo, annoque Domini 1648*. The workman effaced the inscription, and threw his cap into the air, exclaiming, "God bless King

Charles II.!" The crowd joined its acclamations, and bon-fires were lighted on the spot.

It was the 16th of March: Parliament was discussing the form of the writs of election. "In the name of the king," said Prynne. "This Parliament has been in law dissolved since the death of the king his father. King Charles II. alone can summon another." The question was evaded; and the writs were dispatched in the name of the Keepers of the Liberties of England. Scott proposed that in the powers accorded to the Council of State to treat with foreign princes, one exception should be made, namely, that they should not send any agent to Charles Stuart. A great tumult arose in the chamber. "I move," exclaimed Mr. Crewe, an ardent Presbyterian, "that, before separating, we shall testify that we have not steeped our hands nor our consciences in the detestable murder of the king, and that we hold that act in horror!" The voice of Scott was heard in the midst of the confusion: "Although to-day I know not where I may shelter my head, I acknowledge that I took part in that affair not only with my hand but with my heart, and I wish for no greater honor in this world than to have this inscription written on my tomb: 'Here lies a man who had a hand and a heart in the execution of Charles Stuart, late king of England.'" Cries of reprobation stifled his words, and he left the House with some of his friends, indomitable like himself. The Dissolution Bill was adopted, and the Long Parliament, which, in spite of its many errors and disasters, was destined to occupy so great a place in the history of its country, hastened to separate amid irreverent exhibitions of public delight. Monk's turn had now come.

Of this he was aware, notwithstanding his habitual reserve and prudence, and he consented at length to receive Sir



EFFACING THE INSCRIPTIONS.

John Grenville, who was still the bearer of the letter from the king to the general which he had refused to hand to the agents whom the latter had sent. "I thank your Excellency," said Grenville, "for giving me the occasion to discharge myself of a trust of the utmost importance for you and for the whole kingdom, which I have long had in my hands." He held out to Monk the letter of the king. The latter took a step backwards without taking the letter. "Have you considered well the danger you are running by daring to propose to me such a business?" he asked. "Yes," replied Grenville, "I have well considered it: nothing shall prevent my obeying the king. Besides, your Excellency cannot have forgotten the message that you received in Scotland by the hands of your brother." Without answering a word, and suddenly changing his manner, Monk offered his hand to Grenville, embraced him in a friendly manner, and slowly read the letter. "I hope," he said, "that the king will pardon me the past, both as to actions and words, for my heart has always been faithful to him. I am ready not only to obey his Majesty, but to devote to his service my life and my fortune." And he continued for some minutes to converse with Grenville on the difficulties and perils of the situation, which were still great, pointing out what, in his opinion, the king ought to do to surmount them. Grenville asked him if he would not write all this to the king, sending his letter by a man who was devoted to him. "No," said Monk; "the best security is secrecy." When Grenville returned on the morrow to receive his written instructions, the general read them over to him twice. "You are quite sure you will remember all that?" he asked. "Yes," replied Grenville. Monk threw the paper into the fire. "Turn this over well in your memory on the road. Be careful not to write it," he continued; "say nothing to any one except to

the king himself, and do not return without putting the king out of Flanders."

In fact, one of the counsels of Monk to the king was to leave the Spanish territory and establish himself at Breda. He asked for a general amnesty, excepting, at most, four persons; the ratification of the sales of confiscated property whatever might have been the cause of confiscation, and liberty of conscience for all the king's subjects. Grenville was instructed to make to him the most magnificent offers, both for himself and his friends. In spite of his avarice Monk had too much sense not to know that a man paid in advance loses his value. "No," said he, "I will not bind the king to me for any reward. Now I am able to serve him, I prefer his service to his promises. Ask nothing, therefore, of him either for me or my friends."

Great was the delight of Charles when Grenville arrived in Brussels. Some of Monk's recommendations nevertheless embarrassed him; and his most intimate friends, who alone were made acquainted with the general's proposals, advised him to begin by quitting Brussels. From Breda they could reply to Monk. Till then it behooved them to preserve the most absolute secrecy.

The king laughed in his sleeve on receiving the very different proposals which soon arrived from London. The Presbyterian leaders offered to re-establish Charles on his throne, provided he would accept the conditions that the Long Parliament, then under the predominant influence of their party, had offered to King Charles I. in the Isle of Wight. These were the relinquishment for twenty years to Parliament of the command of the forces on land and sea, the acknowledgment of the lawfulness of the war that they had waged against Charles I., the abrogation of the letters-patent conferring peerages which he had granted since he

left London, and, finally, the confirmation of the right of the Commons to adjourn to the time and place which should please them. Strange propositions these for the restoration of the monarchy! Their authors, however, were sincere in this intention, and they informed the king that he could not hope for anything more favorable, so powerful still was the spirit of opposition among the people. They added that they had great difficulty in dissuading Monk from being much more exacting; and they entreated the king to accept their offers without delay, for hesitation might cost him the last chance of recovering his crown.

A few meaningless words were the only reply given to the offers of the Presbyterians, who persevered not the less in their work. "Little do they in England think," said the king to Grenville, "that General Monk and I are on so good terms. I myself should have found it difficult to believe it if you had not yourself brought me such good and secret intelligence from the general. My restoration without conditions! This exceeds all that we could hope here, and all that our friends in England expected, except you." He received at the same time, with an easy amiability, the offers of service and the homage which came to him on all sides from the great nobles who had supported the cause of the Long Parliament without desiring the republic or the rule of Cromwell, and whom neither Cromwell nor the republic had favored. With these there came like missives from the Cromwell party themselves — Thurloe at their head; and, finally, from Royalists who had served the Commonwealth — Admiral Montague and Lord Broghill. Foreign courts began to testify consideration for the exiled monarch; Bordeaux approached Monk with discreet compliments in the name of the cardinal: the Spaniards, perceiving King Charles's return of fortune, would have liked to keep him in their hands,

and the king had some difficulty in escaping from Brussels to repair to Breda, where he was soon joined by Hyde, his most faithful as well as his ablest adviser, against whom, however, all the manœuvres of the Presbyterians were directed, who could not forgive him for his attachment to the Church of England.

Scarcely was Charles established on the soil of the Netherlands, when an unexpected piece of news threw him into the greatest alarm. Lambert, imprisoned in the Tower since the middle of March on a charge of fomenting a military conspiracy, had escaped from his dungeon on the 16th of April by the connivance of certain Republican leaders. He was traversing the counties of Warwick and Northampton at the head of some insurgent squadrons in the name of the Commonwealth, summoning all malcontents to his standard. Certain corps already showed signs of wavering. No one yet could estimate the proportions which this movement might assume.

For a moment Monk had entertained the idea of marching against Lambert; but he judged his presence in London to be even more necessary. He sent for Colonel Ingoldsby, and informing him what troops would be available, "Be at Northampton three days hence," he said, "and pursue Lambert till you overtake him." Ingoldsby obeyed. On the 22d of April (Easter Sunday) he found himself face to face with the enemy. A little watercourse separated the two armies. There was a parley. Lambert proposed to restore Richard Cromwell. "It is you who overthrew him, and now you would raise him again," said Ingoldsby. "My orders are not to discuss with you, but to fight you." One of Lambert's squadrons approached the enemy's line. Ingoldsby advanced alone to meet it, conversing in a friendly way with the soldiers; the entire squadron came over to his side; a second followed its example. "Now to end the business,"

said Ingoldsby; and he marched forward, giving the order to his troops not to fire till they were close to the enemy. Lambert's cavalry dropped their pistols without firing. Ingoldsby urged on his horse towards the general. "You are my prisoner," he cried. Lambert put spurs to his horse. Ingoldsby pursued him: he was well mounted and overtook the fugitive. Lambert surrendered, irretrievably beaten and still more humiliated. On the 24th of April he returned to the Tower.

It was the last expiring effort of the republic; the elections gave it the death-blow. With difficulty a few of the old leaders, respected or influential in their counties or their boroughs, — Ludlow, Scott, Robinson, Hutchinson, — succeeded in obtaining re-election. Even an express recommendation from Monk was not enough at Bridgenorth to insure the candidature of Thurloe. Royalists of every shade, old or new, Presbyterian or Cavalier, carried the elections. The Cavaliers were the most numerous, but they were still prudent and unassuming. The Presbyterians obtained the selection of one of their number, Grimstone, as speaker of the new House. The peers, a small number of whom had assembled in their House, were presided over by Lord Manchester, a moderate Presbyterian. As soon as the two Houses had assembled, they passed a vote of thanks to Monk; the Lords decreed him a statue; the Commons extended their gratitude also to Ingoldsby, who had suppressed Lambert's insurrection. It could have been nothing less than Monk's influence and advice which determined a House so Royalist to forget the regicide, and honor thus the soldier's courage and obedience.

The Royalist reaction burst forth on all sides with violence and disorder. The Cavaliers in certain parts took possession again of the estates which had been taken from them.

They even laid hands on some which had never been theirs. The widow of Cromwell, Lady Elizabeth, fled from London, leaving behind her, it was asserted, concealed goods and jewels which she had taken from the royal palaces. Terror spread among the revolutionary party; the Royalists everywhere rushed to enjoy their triumph. The change of masters was signalized by redoubled anarchy throughout the country.

On the 27th of April Sir John Grenville presented himself at the door of the Council of State, requesting leave to speak with the lord-general. Monk came out from the house; Grenville placed in his hands a packet sealed with the king's arms. Monk seemed surprised. The messenger was desired to enter. The president inquired from whom he had received these letters. "The king, my master," he answered, "gave them to me with his own hand." It was determined that they should be handed to Parliament, who alone had the right to receive them. Some one proposed to place Grenville meanwhile under arrest. "I have not seen Sir John Grenville for some years," said Monk, "but he is my near kinsman, and I will answer for his presenting himself before the House." Grenville retired at liberty.

Three days later, on the 1st of May, he was introduced to the House of Commons, and handed to the speaker a letter from the king, dated from Breda, "in the twelfth year of our reign." As soon as Grenville had retired, Grimstone, standing and uncovered, read aloud the king's letter. The House listened also standing and bareheaded. In the House of Lords the president rose, and went to meet Grenville, accompanied by forty-one peers who were then present; and the messenger, recalled shortly afterwards into the House, received the thanks of the assembly.

The king's letters, written by Hyde, were elegant and

simple. They promised a general amnesty and liberty of conscience, with only such exceptions or limits as Parliament should think well to assign. All difficult questions were in like manner referred to Parliament. The king preserved his freedom of action under the pretext of his responsibility. Similar declarations addressed to the city, the army, and the fleet, were received with acclamations. Admiral Montague dispatched on the morrow a message to the king. "I rejoice," he said, "that the king has no need of aid from foreign powers. He will find a sufficient stay in the affection and loyalty of his subjects. I covet nothing so much in the world as the honor of presenting myself before your Majesty, which I hope will not long be delayed."

The two Houses on their part lost no time, and the Lords declared on the 3d of May that, in accordance with the fundamental laws of the realm, the supreme power resided, and ought to reside, in King, Lords, and Commons. The House of Commons immediately adopted the same resolution, and also decided that a gift of £50,000 sterling should be at once offered to the king; £10,000 and £5000 were also voted for his brothers. A jewel valued at £500 sterling was voted to Grenville. But the treasury was exhausted. It was necessary to have recourse to the city, who provided at once for pressing needs. When Grenville arrived at Breda the bearer of £30,000 in bills of exchange or specie, the king, overjoyed at the sight, sent for the Princess of Orange and the Duke of York, desiring that they should see this gold, so long strange to their hands, taken out of the messenger's portmanteau.

The two Houses had sent commissioners charged with their answers to the king; many other deputations had preceded or followed them. Clarges conveyed to Charles II. a letter from Monk; the delegates from the city and the Presbyte-

rian ministers met at Breda. Parliament had just proclaimed the king in public at the gate of Westminster, before Whitehall, and in the city. Workmen were busily engaged in repairing all the royal palaces. "Mistress Monk, with a zeal void of all vanity," wrote Broderick to Hyde, "is taking care that his Majesty shall be provided with all the linen he will require, saying frankly that she has not forgotten her old occupation, and that she is assured that she will be able to make a saving of one half in the king's household."

In the presence of all these facts, what had become of the intention of the Presbyterians and the political reformers to treat with the king and secure strong guaranties for the liberties of the people and for themselves? The work of the restoration was accomplished, hurried forward by the national feeling: the most resolute of the moderate party had lent a hand, and were lending a hand every day, to this spontaneous re-establishment of the monarchy. The royal declaration of Breda, the assurances of moderation and respect for old laws, and the promise to settle all great questions in concert with Parliament, these were the sole guaranties which the restoration of the Stuarts offered to England.

Above all the numerous civil and religious questions which were thus about to be discussed, the fate of which might already cause anxiety to the faithful friends of liberty, one question arose paramount—a question of life or death—that of the amnesty. It seemed to have been settled. In the first communication with the king Monk had expressly advised a general amnesty, with four exceptions only, and the king appeared disposed to clemency; but the danger still existed. "We grant a free and general pardon," said Charles in the Declaration of Breda, "save and except to such persons as shall hereafter be excepted by act of Parliament." And in his letter to the House of Commons: "If there is

a crying sin by reason of which the nation is stained with dishonor, we doubt not but you will be as forward as ourselves in redeeming it, and cleansing the nation from that odious crime." On Monday, the 9th of May, on the first reading of the Amnesty Bill, the question of the regicides arose. After a violent debate, in which those of the inculpated persons who were present—Ingoldsby and Hutchinson—vainly sought to defend themselves, they left the House, and the Commons resolved that seven exceptions should be made in the Amnesty Bill. At the same time the arrest was ordered of all the judges of the High Court, and their property was placed under sequestration. Others also, who had not been implicated in the king's trial, Thurloe being at their head, were sent to the Tower. The reaction spread, and became more bitter every day. The Amnesty Bill remained in suspense, like all those measures which were destined to settle the great questions opened by the Declaration of Breda. The promised concessions became doubtful. The crowd of courtiers increased at the Hague, whither the king had gone on the invitation of the States-General. Royal favors and approbation were lavished upon the Parliamentary commissioners; the Presbyterian ministers, though well received, were put off with vague promises. But, in the midst of the general joy, a certain distrust appeared on their part, and on the part of the king and his intimate friends much reserve and haughtiness. The country was eager to receive the king, and Charles was the more disposed to hasten because he feared the conditions of the Presbyterians. Admiral Montague had arrived in sight of the Hague, in the Bay of Schevelingen, aboard his ship called the "Naseby,"—a sad reminder of the great defeat of King Charles I.

The king took his leave of the States-general, from whom he had received the most magnificent hospitality. He recom-

mended to them his sister, the Princess of Orange, and his nephew, Prince William, then a child. "I will remember," he said, "all the effects of your good affection towards them, as if I had received them in my own person." John de Witt replied in the name of the States, overflowing with protestations of respect and friendship. As politic as he was proud, the republican patrician, who was contending in Holland against the House of Orange, sought with a certain solicitude the good-will of the new ruler of England, with which country he desired peace, whatever might be the name and the form of her government. All proper ceremonies having been accomplished, the king left the Hague on the 23d of May, 1660, accompanied by a brilliant suite, and stepping aboard the "Naseby," which he immediately renamed the "Royal Charles," he set sail for England with his two brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester. On the morning of the 25th he landed at Dover in the presence of a great multitude, at the head of whom came Monk, saluting the king "with such humility," says an eye-witness, "that he seemed rather to be asking pardon than receiving thanks." The king embraced him with filial reverence, more in haste to testify his gratitude by presenting him with the Order of the Garter than to take his advice regarding the government of the country, or appointments to great offices. The general handed to the king a list of persons whom he judged fitted to compose the privy council. The greater part of the names suited the views neither of Charles nor of Hyde. They intimated this to Monk, who made scarcely any opposition, confining himself to recommending some persons in particular "whom the king would find it better for his affairs to have within than without." Charles, no longer dreading the obstinacy of Monk, continued his advance towards the capital, reviewed the army, which, sullen and resigned, awaited



BENTINCK, EARL OF PORTLAND.



MONK SALUTING THE KING.

him on Blackheath, and at length entered London amid the ringing of all the bells, the music of the regimental bands, the acclamations of an eager, joyous, and triumphant crowd.

"I was in the Strand," says an eye-witness. "I beheld this sight, and I was thankful to God. All this was done without the spilling of a drop of blood. It was indeed the Lord's will; for since the return of the Jews from captivity in Babylon, no history, ancient or modern, has had to record a like restoration." The king himself expressed his surprise at it with a touch of irony. "It is assuredly my own fault," he said, "that I did not come back sooner; for I have not met any one to-day who did not protest that he always wished for my return."

The restoration was accomplished; but the obstacles which had so long prevented it had not disappeared. The nation, however, entirely occupied with its joyful demonstrations, either did not see them or did not care for them. Having gotten back the king and the Parliament, they fancied their troubles at an end and their wishes fulfilled. The public is short-sighted, but its lack of foresight neither affects the bottom of its heart, nor changes the course of its destiny. The epoch of civil war was past; that of party struggles and Parliamentary compromises was about to begin. The triumph of the Protestant religion and the decisive influence of the nation in its own government—this was the end for which Revolutionary England had struggled. Royalist England was to struggle for it still, and to find no repose till she had attained it.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHARLES II. 1660-1685.

MONARCHY and the Stuarts had together regained possession of the throne unconditionally and without striking a blow. The English nation, with a few exceptions, gave itself up to joy and hope. The government, however, must be carried on, and the difficulties which at once presented themselves were considerable.

Charles II. ruled, evading or cutting the knot of the difficulties which opposed his progress in many ways, and with the support of men of profoundly different characters. Personally, however, he pursued constantly one line of conduct, and remained always consistent with himself. The nation had accepted him blindly, voluntarily embracing illusions respecting the monarch whom she had chosen out of regard for the monarchical principle, and from weariness of revolutionary shocks. As she became able to judge of the principles, or rather the lack of all principles, which characterized him, a gradual estrangement set in. The history of Charles II.'s reign presents the spectacle, more flagrant day by day, of the defects and vices of the government, as well as of the reaction which at the same time was at work within the nation. Three periods may be noted in the history of that decline in the joyous illusions of the English people—three very different conditions of the people as of



CHARLES II.

Boston, Estes & Lauriat.

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the government under the reign of King Charles II. First, the constitutional and legal *régime* under the ministry of Lord Clarendon (1650-1667); secondly, the government of intriguing and corrupt statesmen under the rule of the Cabal (1667-1674); thirdly, the epoch of conspiracies for changing the succession to the throne, the ministries of coalition and compromise: the attempts at arbitrary government, and the great political trials, ending with the death of the king (1674-1685).

Surrounded in the days of his exile and poverty by numerous adventurers and profligates, Charles Stuart, disinherited and a fugitive, had the good sense and judgment to remain faithful to his old friends—to the devoted advisers who had long served his father, and who would have protected him against his worst errors if he had known how to trust himself to their wise and honest counsels. Hyde, above all, who had been almost uninterruptedly attached to the fortune and the person of Charles II., and who directed all the negotiations with Monk before the Restoration, was naturally singled out to govern in the name of the restored monarch. From 1657 he had received the title of Lord Chancellor of England: this empty name became a reality; and the Lord Treasurer Southampton, the Marquis of Ormond, General Monk, and the two secretaries of state, Morrice and Nicolas, composed, with the chancellor, that secret committee which, under the name of the Council of Foreign Affairs, was charged by the king to deliberate on all his affairs before they arrived at the stage of public discussion, and there could not have been an association of men more united in mind and feeling.

In this ministry, wherein General Monk and the two secretaries of state alone constituted an element that was a stranger to the old Royalist party, Clarendon was at once

the most distinguished and the most politic. His principles were honest, his views upright and pure. Two faults obscured his better qualities: he was grasping, and he brought with him into England the passions and the blunted perceptions of an exile. These disadvantages were not long in making themselves felt.

In presence of a Parliament, the summoning of which had been neither regular nor legal, — a Parliament which at that time was called a Convention, a title destined later to acquire a sad celebrity in the history of France, — the great questions which it had become necessary to deal with were all the more urgent since the country demanded the election of a new Parliament. The king was in haste to disband the army, a permanent menace to himself and his friends, and a bitter remembrancer of the past. More than fifty thousand men inured to arms, kept down but discontented, were suddenly dismissed into civil life; they were well treated as regarded pay, but were irreconcilably hostile to the new power, and held in check by habits of discipline and by public opinion, — not by repentance for the past or a return to Royalist ideas. The soldiers, in great number, were still partisans of Cromwell, or, at least, Republicans.

Their old leaders were Republicans: they were about to pay dearly for their attachment to the order of things which they had desired to establish. At first an amnesty had been granted to all. Monk had required that the exceptions should be limited to four; they had now become ten. The king had then referred the question to the justice of Parliament. The passions of men acting collectively are the more violent and cruel by reason of the fact that responsibility rests upon no single one. Before the arrival of Charles the spirit of vengeance had already been awakened in the two Houses. Some arrests had been made and thirty per-

sons were excluded from the amnesty by the House of Commons, all who remained of the old leaders of the revolution — Scott, Harrison, Sir Henry Vane, Sir John Haslerig, Desborough, Lambert, Fleetwood, Lenthall, all either statesmen or soldiers. Some had already left England, distrusting, like Ludlow, the promises of the amnesty. The greater part were arrested. The House of Lords had voted that one victim should expiate the death of each of the members of the Upper House executed during the rebellion, and they had ended by exempting from the general pardon all those who had signed the sentence of Charles I., adding to this fatal list Hacker, Vane, Lambert, Haslerig, Axtel, and Peters, who had not sat among the revolutionary judges. This was too much. Monk and some persons of moderate views remonstrated. Twenty-nine persons were condemned; ten only perished by the death inflicted on traitors, inflexible in their convictions and their courage. "Where is now your good old cause?" cried a bystander to Colonel Harrison, as he was being drawn to Charing Cross on a hurdle. "Here!" exclaimed the old soldier, placing his hand upon his heart; "and I am going to seal it with my blood." Indifferent to the cruelties which he believed to be necessary, Cromwell nevertheless had not accustomed the English people to the sight of political executions. The spectacle soon became shocking. The executions ceased, political vengeance was suspended. The ecclesiastical question had become urgent, and the king's embarrassment was great.

At Breda, under the solicitations of the Presbyterians, who were then all-powerful, Charles II. had made promises and allowed hopes to be entertained of union and toleration. Profoundly royalist and conservative, the Presbyterians were separated from the Church of England by questions of form and of ecclesiastical organization much more than by fun-

damental doctrines of religion. In 1660 the king promulgated an ordinance known as the Healing Declaration, which satisfied the Presbyterians without gravely offending the Anglican Church. Some distinguished theologians among the Presbyterians had already accepted episcopal ordination and had become bishops, when Parliament rejected the royal Declaration, refusing to give it the force of law. At the same time began the restitution of Church property and of the domains of the Crown, very soon definitively settled by the new Parliament. The lands of private individuals were in part restored to them after some delays, but voluntary sales were respected, whatever might have been the conditions under which they were effected.

The reaction was beginning, violent and spontaneous. Charles II., cautious and indifferent, took in all this no personal part. He left full play to individual passions, which became more and more excited. The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were torn out of their tombs, hung at Tyburn, then decapitated. King Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster beheld its sanctuary violated in the search for the remains of persons buried under its roof during the revolution. The tombs of the mother and daughter of Cromwell, and those of Pym and Blake, were opened, and the coffins broken. Everywhere popular vengeance exhibits the same hideous and cowardly traits. The English Royalist party were furnishing an example to the revolutionary populace, who were one day in France shamefully to profane the vaults of St. Denis.

The agitation out of doors found a counterpart in the sorrows and troubles of the royal household. The young Duke of Gloucester, an amiable and popular youth, fell a victim to the small-pox. His sister, the Princess of Orange, who had come to England to enjoy the spectacle of the restora-

tion of her family, died soon afterwards of the same malady. Queen Henrietta Maria had lately arrived in London; she was not popular. In spite of the splendor of her reception, the prejudices formerly excited against her were not forgotten; the English Court, moreover, furnished her with a bitter source of discontent. The secret marriage of the Duke of York with Anne Hyde, daughter of the chancellor, had been made public through the birth of a child. The anger of the queen was great; the chancellor pretended to share in her feeling; he contrived, however, to have his daughter recognized as Duchess of York. The marriage was declared almost at the same time with negotiations for a union between the Princess Henrietta and the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV., which was celebrated in March, 1661. The House of Stuart had resumed its position among the reigning families of Europe.

The public emotion in England had not yet subsided. A plot had revealed itself in London; a handful of fanatics, led by a Fifth Monarchy man named Venner, had rushed through the streets of the city, crying "Hail to the King Jesus, who is coming to reign upon the earth!" They had been easily arrested; but they had made a noise, and had broken the heads of some of the city watch. This furnished a pretext for the levy of troops and for doubling the regiments of guards. The military despotism of Cromwell had impressed upon the mind of the nation, and particularly on that of the Cavaliers, a dread of a standing army. It was by the Royalist Parliament that Charles II. and his honest councillors desired to govern. The Convention Parliament had restored the king, but the Presbyterians among them were numerous. They embarrassed the plans of Clarendon, who was passionately devoted to the Anglican Church. A

general election was decided on, and the Parliament met on the 8th of May, 1661.

It was the triumph, the lasting triumph, of the Cavaliers. Fifty or sixty Presbyterians at the most had been re-elected. For eighteen years (1661-1679) the Royalist Parliament was destined to sit, in spite of the law which prescribed new elections every three years. Great changes were to be effected in its internal economy as well as in its tendencies. From its opening the new Parliament entered without reserve upon a course of imprudent action. The control of the military power placed in the hands of the king alone; all armed resistance to the authority of the king declared unlawful and criminal: such were the results of the proceedings of Parliament in its first session. All constituted bodies, cities, towns, and corporations, were called upon to take an oath in these terms: "I declare that it is not lawful upon any pretence whatsoever to resist the king, and I abhor the treason which would pretend to take up arms by the king's authority against his person, or against those who are commissioned by him. In this, so help me God. Amen."

The bishops had been restored to their seats in the House of Lords. It was the first step, quickly to be followed by the complete triumph of the Anglican Church. The English nation had never been deeply penetrated with the Presbyterian spirit. The respect which the Puritans inspired had been greatly weakened during their ascendancy, when many hypocrites had associated themselves with the sincere believers, in the hope of securing influence and power. Their narrowness of mind and the rigidity of their principles, together with certain ridiculous traits in their manners and their habits, had alienated the popular favor. The Anglican Church, ancient and persecuted, liberal for many years and indulgent in the application of her laws, saw England

return to her with passionate ardor. She took advantage of this change without moderation or forethought, carried away, like the political parties, by the delight of triumph. The Presbyterians had hoped that the project conceived by Archbishop Usher would be adhered to; this was a skilful combination of the rule of the bishops and of the synod. After a series of ecclesiastical conferences, as eloquent as they were fruitless, Parliament, in the month of January, 1661, passed an Act of Uniformity, which re-established in the Church of England the Episcopal *régime* in all its strictness, leaving no alternative to the numerous Presbyterian pastors who had been appointed to benefices under the Commonwealth but to conform in all matters both to the doctrine and the practice of the Anglican Church, or else to abandon their livings to clergymen absolutely submissive to the established discipline. The Covenant, which had been solemnly sworn to by the king himself in Scotland, was ignominiously burned in the public streets. The Presbyterians were driven out of the Church as they had previously been out of Parliament.

The Presbyterian clergy exhibited no hesitation. By a strange coincidence it was on St. Bartholomew's day that two thousand of them, followed by their families, took leave of their parishes and their congregations. They retired from the homes wherein they had hoped to end their days, abandoning the care of souls to the former pastors, who had been driven out like themselves by a revolution, and who now resumed possession of their benefices. The Long Parliament had of old shown this favor, though often a sterile one, of applying a fifth part of the ecclesiastical revenues to the dispossessed ministers. The Royalist Parliament did not take the same precaution. The Presbyterian ministers remained long deprived of resources, and long the victims of the ill-will of

government. The Church of England, transformed by her triumph, and become more complete and dominant than she had hitherto been or desired to be, henceforth enjoyed an undisputed reign. She had regained possession of all her advantages, both spiritual and temporal.

This was in great part the work of the lord chancellor, recently created Lord Clarendon, who pursued with enthusiastic ardor a labor which the king regarded with indifference. Yielding to the obstinacy or to the enthusiasm of his ministers, Charles contemplated the measures which had been taken neither with satisfaction nor personal sympathy. Inclining at that time, in the bottom of his heart, towards the Roman Catholic faith, he would willingly have granted toleration to the Nonconformists in the hope of including the Catholics in the universal indulgence. This his Parliament would not permit; at the same time they hurried him along a road which led to rigors of which Charles was already weary. "I am tired of hanging!" he said to Clarendon. Illustrious victims excited the furious passions of the Cavaliers. Sir Harry Vane and Lambert in England, and the Marquis of Argyle in Scotland, had believed themselves to be safe when the political executions had ceased. They were deceived, and their friends had rejoiced prematurely. Argyle died first (1661), finally ruined by some old letters which he had written to Monk, and which the latter had forwarded to his judges. "I placed the crown upon the head of the king at Scone," said the Marquis, "and this is my recompense!" The able defence of Vane troubled the Crown lawyers charged with his indictment. "If we do not know what to say to him, we know what to do," muttered the Chief Justice Foster. The king was struck with the attitude of the accused. "He is too dangerous a man to let live if we can honestly put him out of the way," he wrote

to Clarendon. Vane was executed on the 14th of June, 1662; Lambert was condemned to imprisonment for life. He was sent to the Island of Guernsey, where he soon after died.

The execution of Vane had followed, with only an interval of a few days, the marriage of the king, an event not at all popular in England, for Charles had espoused a Catholic princess. Clarendon feared the influence of Spain; and it was a princess of Portugal, Catherine of Braganza, to whom he destined the sad honor of marrying King Charles II. The king had been able to find objections against every proposal for a Protestant union. Her dower was considerable; the fortress of Tangier appeared to be an acquisition of territory. The Portuguese princess arrived in England in the month of May, 1662. Honest folk founded great hopes upon the marriage of the king, whose disorderly life caused some scandal; but men of foresight were not deceived. After the rigid rule of the Puritans and the heavy yoke of their moral and religious ordinances, the reaction of license and immorality, of which the king gave the example, extended to his followers, and in part corrupted his supporters throughout the entire country. Those innocent diversions which had been forbidden by the government of the Commonwealth yielded place under the Restoration to a vortex of pleasure and debauchery which soon gave alarm to the serious and rational part of the community.

The vices and the errors of men are linked together and bear inevitably their deplorable fruits. The wild prodigality of Charles II. left him poor in spite of the considerable revenue which Parliament had assigned to him. He had relinquished all the former revenues of the crown, relics of the feudal system which shocked those ideas of justice and personal liberty which for centuries had gradually been ripening in England,

and had definitely taken shape under the revolution. In lieu of these an annual sum had been fixed. All these resources, however, had been exhausted when Charles II. decided to sell Dunkirk to the young king, Louis XIV., then beginning his reign, possessor of that sovereignty which he was destined to exercise so long, almost always for the military glory, but often for the misfortune of France. Cromwell had acquired Dunkirk at the price of his brave soldiers' aid in the war against Spain. Charles II. sold it to Louis XIV. for five millions of livres—a step profoundly unpopular and one which bitterly hurt English pride, long wounded by the loss of Calais, and for a while consoled by the acquisition of Dunkirk. The merchants of London had offered the king enormous advances, in order to avert what they regarded as a national dishonor. Charles II. hoped to obtain from Louis XIV. something more and better than the price of Dunkirk; he concluded the treaty notwithstanding the public discontent.

Queen Henrietta Maria had conducted for her son the negotiations with France. It was to her that Louis XIV. explained his reasons for remaining faithful to his alliance with the Dutch when, in 1665, Charles II., under a frivolous pretext, declared war against the United Provinces. "I desired the Queen of England, who was at that time in Paris," says the king in his memoirs, "to explain to her son that in the particular esteem which I felt towards him, I could not without sorrow take the resolution to which I found myself obliged by the engagement of my word; for at the commencement of this war I felt persuaded that he had been carried by the wishes of his subjects further than he would have gone if he had consulted only his own feeling."

The fidelity of Louis XIV. to his engagements did not



CHARLES AT THE HOUSE OF LADY CASTLEMAINE

induce him to afford to the Dutch substantial assistance. Defeated in the outset off Lowestoft (June, 1665), the Dutch, under the command of Ruyter and Cornelis de Witt, fought Monk and Prince Rupert with success, from the 1st to the 4th of June, 1666. "The court," says Burnet in his *History of his Own Times*, "gave out that it was a victory, and public thanksgivings were ordered, which was a horrid mockery of God and a lying to the world. We had in one respect to thank God — that we had not lost our whole fleet." A secret treaty had just then been concluded between Louis XIV. and Charles II. Meanwhile the Dutch fleet again ascended the Thames as far as Sheerness, insulting English pride at the very gates of London. Charles II. had neglected the defence of his ports; at the moment when Ruyter and De Witt were sailing proudly on his waters, the king and his courtiers, assembled at Lady Castlemaine's, were chasing a moth which had lost its way in her splendid apartments. Negotiations were already begun at Breda; three treaties of peace were concluded there in the month of July, 1667, with Holland, with France, and with Denmark.

An ancient commercial and maritime rivalry had at one time excited the hatred of the English against Holland. The conformity of manners and religion, and the principles of liberty which existed in the two countries, counterbalanced the former animosity. The war had been more royal and less popular than Louis XIV. imagined. Charles II. had never forgiven the Hollanders for the decree of exclusion which they had pronounced against his house at the instigation of Cromwell. It had been felt in England that the war was not a righteous one; the misfortunes which soon afterwards overtook the capital seemed like a punishment for it. The Plague broke out in London in 1665; in five months it destroyed more than one hundred thousand persons. "This

did dishearten all people," says Burnet, "and coming in the very time in which so unjust a war was begun, it had a dreadful appearance. All the king's enemies and the enemies of monarchy said here was a manifest character of God's heavy displeasure upon the nation; and indeed the ill life the king led and the viciousness of the whole court gave but a melancholy prospect."

The king and the court left London; the Parliament had been convened at Oxford: the aged Monk alone had solicited the government of the capital. The expelled Nonconformist pastors returned in crowds into the midst of their old flocks now bewildered with terror. The Parliament of Oxford had just rejected an act of indulgence of the king tending to suspend penal legislation against the nonjurors; it had forbidden the dispossessed ministers to approach the scene of their old functions. When the Plague was at an end, the Five Mile Act once more banished the old pastors from the congregations whom they had edified and consoled during the infection. The king had but just returned to his capital when a fire of unparalleled extent devastated it anew. Thirteen thousand houses were burned, eighty-nine churches destroyed in the City, sixty-three in the Liberties. Two hundred thousand persons, it is said, found themselves homeless, compelled to take shelter under tents in the fields. The king and the Duke of York displayed a courage greatly to their honor; but so many calamities began to weary the nation. In Scotland the tyranny of Lord Lauderdale and Archbishop Sharp had provoked an insurrection which was more religious than political. The people had remained ardently attached to the Presbyterian Church and the Covenant. The pressure exercised for the establishment of Episcopacy roused the Covenanters of the West at the moment when the Fire of London occupied all minds; it cost some trouble to reduce



ARREST OF THE KING.



GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

them; punishments were not successful in subduing the excitement. Smouldering in England, whilst it burst forth in Scotland, discontent was everywhere the same. The national loyalty still protected the king. It was against his ministers, and particularly against the Earl of Clarendon, that the public displeasure was directed.

The chancellor succumbed under the burden both of his virtues and his defeats. "Raised by the Restoration to the summit of authority, he succeeded to power with a hatred for all that had passed during twenty years, and with an intention of restoring everything in Church and State to the point at which the revolution had found it. But he had what is often wanting, or is quickly dissipated in active and elevated spheres of life, namely, opinions and a sense of duty. He was often in error; he committed, or suffered to be committed, iniquities; but truth and honesty were not in his eyes chimeras. Often irrational and unjust in his relations with the national party, he was towards his own party firm, enlightened, even virtuous. A severe censor of the corruption of Charles II., avowedly Protestant in a papist court, and notwithstanding his personal hatred towards the Presbyterians; grave and austere in the midst of frivolous and greedy courtiers; moderate by reason, though his nature was harsh and perhaps even vindictive,—he constantly set his face against that overflow of disorder, that reckless and capricious tyranny, into which the government was unceasingly impelled by the vices of the king and the passions of the Cavaliers. As a returned exile he did not control the evil genius of the Restoration, and did not even conceive the idea of controlling it. An Englishman of the old type, he opposed to the perverse nature of his party all his strength, ability, and virtue." *

* M. Guizot, *Memoires sur la Révolution d'Angleterre. Notice sur Clarendon*, prefixed to his Memoirs.

The virtues of Clarendon alienated from him the mind of the king. Weary of the constraint which his minister's principles imposed upon him, the king deprived him of the seals in the month of August, 1667. "The chancellor was as much surprised as if one had presented to him an order for his execution," says Clarendon himself in his memoirs. He had believed himself assured of the heart and the fidelity of the king against all his enemies. The House of Commons at once proceeded to the impeachment. Clarendon was avaricious, yet at the same time lavish. His princely dwelling was the object of jealousy among all the Cavaliers, who had been ruined by the sequestrations or by the disadvantageous liquidations which they had been obliged to make under the Commonwealth. "The Act of Indemnity for the enemies of the king had become an act of oblivion for his friends," said the country gentlemen, who found themselves definitively deprived of their property. They accused the chancellor of having enriched himself more rapidly than was consistent with honor. The House of Lords defended him without success. Charles pressed his old servant to leave England in order to prevent, as he said, the evils that might result to the kingdom from the division which had manifested itself between the two Houses. Clarendon resisted; the king at length gave him the order to depart. "It is absolutely necessary that he should go promptly; I answer upon my salvation for his safety." Such was the language addressed to the fallen minister by the Bishop of Winchester, who was charged to deliver the royal message. Clarendon, old and feeble, set out immediately. It was on the night of the 25th November, 1667. Scarcely had he touched the soil of France when the two Houses voted his banishment; at the same time making it unlawful to grant him pardon without the authorization of Parliament. Dejected



EARL OF CLARENDON.



MILTON.

and hopeless, Clarendon established himself first at Montpellier. There he wrote his admirable *History of the Rebellion*, his memoirs, and several devotional works. When he died at Rouen, in 1674, he had not seen England again, nor received from the king any testimony of affection or remembrance, — a striking example of the royal ingratitude, as well as of the incapacity of an exile to govern a country whose life he had long ceased to share or to understand.

With the downfall of Clarendon began the reign of the intriguers, corrupt and corrupting, and the moral decline of the government party, composed at first of men who were honest even in their excesses, but were soon bought by money or favors, and led into concessions and a line of policy which were disgraceful to them. The ministry of the Cabal, as it was called, from the initials of the names of the courtiers who composed it, — Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale, — had not been formed in the name of any settled principles either political or social. By turns flattering liberals and arbitrary absolutists, complaisant for the whims of the king, and lavish of their favors towards men whose votes or support were necessary, they sought abroad the alliance of the King of France, and soon sank into dependence upon him, impelled towards that degradation by the need of an *éclat* which they could find only in war, with the all-powerful succor of Louis XIV.

The first effort of the king's new advisers had been wiser and more prescient. Popularity among the Protestants in England and on the Continent was the object to which their views were directed. They had sent to Holland Sir William Temple, an able and honest diplomatist, qualified to appreciate the elevated and patriotic views of the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt. Naturally favorable to the French alliance, which he had long sought and sustained, John de

Witt had been rendered uneasy by the progress of the power and ambition of Louis XIV. He desired to protect Europe against his encroachments by drawing closer that ancient union of the Protestant countries promoted of old at the instigation of Burleigh and under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth. The treaty of the Triple Alliance, signed at the Hague on the 23d of January, 1668, engaged England, Sweden, and the United Provinces, to defend against France the weak monarchy of Spain. A secret article bound the allies to take up arms to restrain Louis XIV., and if possible to bring him back to the conditions of the peace of the Pyrenees. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle was the fruit of that prudent and wise policy.

John de Witt and the Dutch were destined to pay dearly for their courageous initiative. "In the midst of all my prosperity in my campaigns of 1667," writes Louis XIV. in his memoirs, "neither England nor the Empire, convinced of the justice of my cause, offered any opposition, however much their interests were opposed to the rapidity of my conquests. On my way I found only my good, faithful, and old friends the Hollanders, who, instead of interesting themselves in my good fortune as furnishing the foundation of their State, attempted to impose conditions on me and compel me to make peace. They even dared to employ threats in case I should refuse to accept their mediation. I confess that their insolence wounded me to the quick, and that I was tempted to risk what might happen to my conquests in the Spanish Netherlands, and to turn all my forces against that haughty and ungrateful nation. But having called prudence to my aid, I dissembled, and concluded a peace on honorable conditions, resolved to postpone the punishment of that perfidy to another occasion."

The first care of Louis XIV. in his operations against





BUCKINGHAM.

Boston...Estes & Lauriat.

Holland naturally was to detach Charles II. from his alliance with that country. In this business he employed his sister-in-law, Madame Henrietta of England, an adroit and agreeable person, tenderly attached both to her brother and to France, and not regarding the subjection of Charles II. to the all-powerful Louis XIV. as a thing disgraceful or humiliating to her native country. The position of the King of England in his kingdom, in the presence of his Parliament, became every day more difficult. The excesses of the court party, their corruption, their flagrant vices, had at last brought about a national reaction which was felt even in Parliament, at one time so ardently and blindly loyal. A national party was formed in opposition to the ministry of the Cabal, which was divided within itself, being now drawn towards the Dutch alliance by the Earl of Arlington, now driven towards France by the Duke of Buckingham. The nation was awaking from her loyal ecstasy, and aspired to resume her share in the government.

Shrewd and penetrating under his external appearance of indifference, Charles II. understood better than his ministers the change of public opinion, and the dangers with which it threatened him. The constraint of constitutional government was burdensome to his licentious selfishness, as it had been to the timid pride of his father. He desired to free himself from the trammels which Parliament imposed upon him. But he had no army; a few regiments of guards, silently recruited, were insufficient to sustain a struggle for which he had moreover no pecuniary resources. He could find support nowhere except from abroad; the alliance which his sister came to offer him in the name of Louis XIV. assured him the aid of which he had need. A secret treaty was concluded at Dover in the month of May, 1670, signed

only by the Catholic advisers of the king. The greater part of the ministers were ignorant of its existence.

Secrecy was necessary, and the terms of the treaty such as it was desirable to conceal. The King of England undertook to declare publicly his return to the Roman Catholic Church, as his brother, the Duke of York, had done. Louis XIV. promised to assist him to that end with a sum of two millions of livres, as well as with an annual subsidy of three millions when the two princes should have declared war against Holland. Peace with Spain, always popular in England, Spain being the natural enemy of France, was to be respected by the two sovereigns.

Charles II. knew what his people were capable of enduring, and what were the limits of their patience. The declaration of Catholic faith was delayed, and the article concerning it was passed over in silence in the modified treaty brought to the knowledge of the king's Protestant ministers, the representatives of the old Cavalier party — Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. They obtained from Charles II., in the place of the war which the king proposed to declare against the Dutch, a declaration of indulgence for the Protestant Nonconformists. The Catholics were not included, and the Nonconformists began to breathe freely. Parliament voted a sum of £800,000 sterling for the support of the Triple Alliance; at the same time Ashley declared that the advances deposited in the hands of the government by the merchants of London would not be refunded as usual, and that only the interest on them would be paid to the legitimate owners. A sum of £1,300,000 sterling was thus added to the king's resources. Little did Charles heed the financial disasters which this arbitrary and unjust act entailed upon the city. He was now rich; he desired to be free.



HENRIETTA OF ENGLAND.



DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

He prorogued Parliament, and declared war against Holland, (March, 1672.)

Louis XIV. had just entered the Netherlands. Already his conquests were beginning to disquiet Europe, and caused in Holland the internal revolution which cost the brothers De Witt their lives, and placed at the head of the Dutch forces the young Prince of Orange. England took part in the struggle by a series of naval engagements. The first, and the most important of all, the battle of Sole Bay, cost Admiral Montague, who had become Lord Sandwich, his life. The struggle was bitter. "Of thirty-two battles in which I have taken part," said Ruyter, who was gloriously defeated on that day, "I have never seen one like it." "He is admiral, captain, pilot, sailor, and soldier, all at the same time," said the English. The Duke of York had himself been in the greatest danger during the action.

The war continued. The Prince of Orange and the Dutch were resolved upon a desperate resistance. "You do not perceive that your country is lost!" the Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent by Charles II. to the Hague, said to William. "There is always a way of not witnessing her loss," replied the hero; "it is to die in the last ditch." All the dykes were filled with water; the country was inundated, winter had arrived, hostilities were suspended, and the King of France returned to St. Germain's. Before his departure he wrote in his diary the memorandum: "My departure; I desire that nothing more be done." The resources of Charles II. were exhausted; it was necessary to summon Parliament.

The war was unpopular; but the Houses were occupied with other affairs, and voted without resistance, if not without ill-humor, the subsidies which the king demanded. Religious questions assumed in the public mind a predomi-

nance over political or military affairs. Parliament had been enthusiastically loyal; its attachment to the king and its confidence in him diminished day by day. The two Houses remained steadfastly attached to the Established Church which they had reinstated, and were ready to defend her against all her enemies. The royal declaration of indulgence was the object of a hostile address; Charles had already received, through Colbert, the representations of Louis XIV.: he withdrew his measure. This was not enough to appease the fears of Parliament: Protestant England felt that she was delivered up to the Catholics by a monarch whose faith began to appear doubtful. The Test Act was passed by the two Houses; every public functionary was required to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy, to sign a declaration against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and to receive the communion according to the rites of the Church of England. The king wished to resist, but a dissolution would have brought him a House of Commons more violent than that of the royalist Long Parliament: he yielded. The Duke of York, declaring openly his conversion to Catholicism, immediately resigned the post of Lord High Admiral; Lord Clifford left the ministry; in all the public offices a great number of men, whose attachment to the Roman Catholic faith was previously unknown, successively sent in their resignations. Parliament, triumphant at the success of its measure, regarded with terror the danger which had threatened it. All confidence in the king's word disappeared from the public mind. The cabinet was already shaken by the resignation of Clifford; the Chancellor Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, who had long been in special favor with Charles, and who was worthy to serve him by reason of his caustic wit and moral corruption, was wounded by the secret which the king had withheld from him. He deemed the

public liberties and religion in peril, and allied himself with the national party in the House of Commons in the month of November, 1673. This Parliament was scarcely prorogued when Charles commanded him to surrender the seals. "Now to pull off my robe and buckle on my sword," said Shaftesbury; and he put himself at the head of the opposition.

The Duke of Buckingham followed Shaftesbury in his political movement, at the moment when Parliament was appealing to the king to banish him from his councils, as well as the Earl of Lauderdale. The impeachment of Lord Arlington was debated in the House of Commons. Less honest than Clifford, but like him a Catholic at heart, Arlington, renouncing an active part in politics, entered the household of the king. Lauderdale alone remained intrusted with the affairs of Scotland, and suffered the accumulated hatred which fell upon him in consequence of his indefatigable tyranny. The ministry of the Cabal was at an end; with it ended the war with Holland, which had been burdensome, unpopular, and little glorious for the arms of England. In vain had Louis XIV. sent to London the Marquis of Ruvigny, a person of importance among the French Protestants, and justly esteemed in England. Parliament desired peace, and refused the subsidies. Charles II. yielded, as he always did, to the clearly expressed wishes of the nation; and, with like conformity to his custom, he reserved his private opinions and secret manœuvres. "Pity me; do not blame me," he wrote to Louis XIV. On the 21st of February, 1674, Charles II. appeared before Parliament to announce to the two Houses that he had concluded with the United Provinces "a speedy peace, in accordance with their prayer, and he hoped also an honorable and a durable one." The English and Irish auxiliaries, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, the king's illegitimate son, remained quietly in

the service of France. Louis XIV. did not withdraw his subsidies from his royal dependant.

The ladies who had served as a connecting link between the two crowns, and had negotiated the humiliating conditions of the alliance between the two kings, had died during the ascendancy of the ministry of the Cabal — Queen Henrietta Maria in the month of August, 1669, in France, where she habitually resided with her second husband, Lord Jermyn; the Duchess of Orleans, Madame Henrietta, in June, 1670, at the moment when she had just concluded the treaty of Dover—the latter not without a suspicion of poison. Both were eulogized by Bossuet in the most magnificent language; both in a measure and with a different degree of responsibility had been fatal to the destinies of England. Monk also had died on the 3d of January, 1670, as calm before the progress of his malady as in the face of the enemy. Old and ill as he was, he had hastened personally to encounter the Dutch when they entered the Thames. As they were re-embarking, their bullets whistled in the ears of the general. His aides-de-camp pressed him to retire. "If I were afraid of bullets, gentlemen," said Monk, "I should long ago have quitted this business."

He died erect, turning his head in silence to breathe his last sigh. "A man capable of great things, though he had no grandeur in his soul; born at once to command and to obey; sensible, patient, and bold; attached to his own interest, and yet devoted in every great position to his duty as a soldier and an Englishman; without political ambition and not aspiring to govern his country,— he knew how to recognize and restore to her the government which had become indispensable." *

Charles II. had not forgotten the services rendered to him

* M. Guizot, *Vie de Monk*.

by Monk; he was neither shocked by his pecuniary greed nor by the grossness of his manners. He had loaded him with wealth and honors, and he followed him to his tomb in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The general had never played any political part and his death left no void in the direction of affairs, which were becoming every day more complicated and more violently conflicting. The court party and the country party divided the two Houses. Out of doors the country party was strikingly superior. The conviction of this fact alone prolonged the existence of the royalist Long Parliament. The time had now gone by when courtiers, probably with the assent of the king, dared to set miserable hirelings to mutilate the face of Sir John Coventry, a prominent member of the opposition in the Commons. From this time forth the country party counterbalanced the royal authority, and raised its pretensions even to the question of the succession to the throne. The enthusiasm and the confidence which marked the first days of the Restoration had given way to a gloomy disquietude. It was not with his ordinary exaggeration that Lord Shaftesbury said, "If the king had had the happiness to be born a simple gentleman, he might have passed for a man of sense, good breeding, and good disposition. As a king he has brought his affairs to such a point that there is not a creature in the world, man or woman, who can feel the least confidence in his word or his attachment."

The refusal of the Duke of York to take the test oath, and his marriage with the daughter of the Duke of Modena, Mary Beatrice d'Este, in 1673, had filled the measure of the Protestant anxieties of the nation. In vain the two daughters of Anne Hyde, who had died in May, 1671, were publicly reared in the faith and practice of the Church of England; all feelings of security had departed from men's

minds, and the rumor which began to spread abroad of a secret treaty, concluded some time before, between King Charles II. and Louis XIV., increased the suspicions of the people. The choice which the king had lately made of a new minister served for some time to reassure men's minds. Sir Thomas Osborne, soon afterwards raised to the peerage as Earl of Danby, had appeared favorable, in the House of Commons, to the country party. He was a Protestant, a thorough Englishman, and without being over conscientious or scrupulous, he was yet not absolutely so wanting in principles as his predecessors in power. Ardently devoted to the royal prerogative, he endeavored to restore authority to the hands of the king, by relying not on the court party, but on the old Cavaliers and the Established Church. One element of his popularity was his antipathy to the alliance with France. Before his advent to power he had given as a toast at a public dinner in the city, "War with France!" The people felt assured that he would never lend his hand to those transactions, humiliating for the honor of England and her sovereign, of which no one yet ventured to speak openly. The ambition and the weaknesses of men sometimes surpass the most gloomy apprehensions; of this Danby was destined soon to furnish a proof.

Like the ministry of the Cabal, the new government began by making advances to the Dutch. Peace had just been concluded. Sir William Temple had been charged with foreign affairs, and was shortly afterwards dispatched as an envoy to the Congress of Nimeguen, there to settle the terms of a general pacification. But Danby continually oscillated between the royal and the national policy, sometimes urging Charles to unite himself with Europe in a war against France, sometimes lending himself privately to the secret negotiations with Louis XIV. In the course of the year 1676

a new agreement assured to Charles II. a pension of £100,000 sterling and the assistance of such French troops as might be necessary in his dominions. Danby's own letters do not permit us to doubt the knowledge that he had of the situation, if not his connivance at the treaty. Charles II. undertook to prolong the prorogation of Parliament, the Houses having endeavored to force upon him an effective action in the general pacification of Europe. The war on the continent still continued when Parliament at length assembled again in 1677. The Duke of Buckingham and Lord Shaftesbury maintained that the length of the prorogation amounted to a dissolution, but Danby was an accomplished master of the art of corruption; and he had French money at his command. The country party was defeated in the House of Commons, and the authors of the proposition for a dissolution were sent to the Tower, where they were detained for several months.

Meanwhile the increasing successes of Louis XIV. began to alarm Danby as they alarmed England. Suddenly looking towards Holland, he obtained from the king authority to invite William of Orange to visit London, and negotiating secretly with that prince, concluded his marriage with the eldest daughter of the Duke of York, the Princess Mary, whose hand had been before offered him without his manifesting any eagerness for the alliance. The importance of this concession was keenly felt in Paris. "Louis XIV. sent immediately for Montague, our ambassador," says Burnet, "who when he came to Versailles saw the king the most moved that he had ever observed him to be. He asked him when was the marriage to be made. Montague understood not what he meant, so he explained all to him. Montague protested to him that he knew nothing of the whole matter. The king said he always believed the journey would

end in this, and seemed to think that our court had now forsaken him. Lord Danby, who had recalled Montague to London, asked him how the king had received the news of the marriage. The ambassador answered, 'As he would have done the loss of an army.'

In England the joy was great. "The first tokens that I had of the marriage were the bonfires which were lighted in London," wrote Louis XIV. The alliance, offensive and defensive, concluded with Holland, which at length compelled Charles II. to recall his auxiliary regiments, broke for the moment the secret relations between Louis XIV. and his crowned pensioner. The quarrel was not of long duration. The understanding constantly maintained by France with certain members of the English Parliament, as well as with their sovereign, kept the policy of England in a state of indecision and inconsistency, which gave powerful aid to the firm and resolute conduct of Louis XIV., who was absolute master of his kingdom, his army, and his finances. "I do not envy the Grand Signior, with his mutes and their bow-strings always ready to strangle according to his pleasure," said Charles II. to the Earl of Essex; "but I shall never think myself a king as long as these fellows keep watch on all my actions, interrogate my ministers, and demand an account of my expenses."

This was just what the Parliament had attempted to do. Dreading at once the prodigality of the king and the growth of his power, demanding a war with France, and fearing lest the sums voted for that purpose should be wasted, or troops, raised for the struggle with Louis XIV., should turn their arms against the liberties of England, the House of Commons had endeavored to limit the application of the sums voted to specific purposes, and had required that an account should be rendered of expenditure. Such arrogance

had excited the indignation of the king, and his anger had increased the anxieties of Parliament.

As a consequence of his treachery and contradictory manoeuvres, the King of England had ceased to have any weight on the Continent, even in the quality of mediator, when the general peace was concluded at Nimeguen. It was signed in July, 1678, under the influence of the States-general of Holland.

Thenceforth Louis XIV. was the arbiter of Europe. The English nation had learned to distrust its king; but he was at the head of a small army, the subsidies from France were not yet exhausted, and Lord Danby was menaced in Parliament over which he had so long exercised a paramount influence. Convicted of having taken part in the secret negotiations between Louis XIV. and his master, he was impeached in the House of Commons in 1678, and soon afterwards thrown into prison, where he remained until the death of Charles II. The court dreaded a trial which must reveal the comparative innocence of the Lord Treasurer at the same time that it exposed the king's shame. Lord Shaftesbury was more eager to obtain the dissolution of Parliament than to bring his rival to trial. The Parliament of 1661, "the pensioned Parliament," as it had been nicknamed during the latter years of its existence, at length succumbed. A new Parliament assembled on the 6th of March, 1679.

One thought, one passion alone — terror and hatred of the Catholics — filled the breasts of the new members. Some months before the downfall of Lord Danby a terrible and unparalleled occurrence had distracted the public mind, clouded the strongest judgments, and impelled to violence the most moderate. King Charles, while taking a walk in St. James's Park, had received from a certain Captain Kirby, an unknown and insignificant person, the revelation of a plot stated to

have been hatched against his life. The informer, Kirby, referred to Dr. Tonge, a clergyman of the Church of England, and known to some persons of the court. Tonge affirmed the existence of a great Papist conspiracy. Letters were seized; the king and the Duke of York judged them to be forgeries. Tonge produced his principal witness, Titus Oates, son of an Anabaptist preacher, but having taken orders in the Church of England, a chaplain in the navy, thence soon dismissed, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and twice ignominiously expelled from the College of Jesuits. As audacious as he was corrupt, he maintained with effrontery that his relations with the Jesuits had given him opportunity to discover the entire plot; that the documents had passed through his hands, in which the Pope had assigned the government of England to the Jesuits, who were scattered throughout the three kingdoms for the work of the general conversion; that the king's life was threatened, as well as that of all obstinate Protestants; that the Fire of London had been the work of the Jesuits, and that a second fire was preparing for the port of London, when all the shipping was to be destroyed; and that the Pope had already named the ministers who were to govern England for him.

The good sense of the king, favored by his secret confidence with regard to the Catholics, enabled him at once to reject this monstrous tissue of falsehoods and calumnies. Some persons, however, were mentioned by name, and public opinion began to be excited. The papers of Coleman, who had been occasionally employed by the Duke of York, were seized just as he was beginning to burn them. Enough remained to furnish evidence, not of a plot properly so called, but of the hopes which the religious opinions of the heir to the throne, as well as the personal inclinations of the king, had engendered in the Church of Rome. "We have a great

work in hand," wrote Coleman to Père La Chaise, confessor to Louis XIV.; "it is a question of nothing less than the conversion of the three kingdoms, and perhaps by this means of the destruction of that odious heresy which has so long prevailed over the people of the North. Never have such hopes been able to flourish since the death of our Queen Mary. God has given us a prince who has, by a miracle, become ardently desirous of being the author and the instrument of this glorious enterprise; but we are certain to meet with so many obstacles and so much opposition, that it is important to afford us all the help that one can." Coleman had fled the country.

This was more than was needed to inflame the minds and excite the fears of all the members of the council, before which Oates and Tonge appeared. A terrible incident came to add indignation to the public anxiety. Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, a London magistrate, who had received the depositions of Titus Oates, and perhaps even the confidences of Coleman, whose friend he was, had disappeared from his house for some days, and was finally found murdered in a ditch not far from the church of St. Pancras. His sword was plunged into his breast. An attempt was made to represent this as a case of suicide; but both the medical examination and the popular feeling declared it a murder. The body remained exposed for two days. "Many went to see it," says Burnet, "who went away much moved by the sight; and indeed men's spirits were so sharpened upon it that we all looked on it as a very great happiness that the people did not vent their fury upon the Popish about the town." An immense crowd gathered at the interment of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey; he was regarded as a martyr to Protestantism.

The fears of Parliament were as great as those of the

people of London. The king had announced his intention of bringing the affair before the ordinary tribunals. The Houses of Parliament summoned Titus Oates before them; voted him their thanks and a pension of £1200 sterling; they indicted all the Roman Catholic lords named by the renegade; the prisons were crowded with Papists, and for the first time the question of the succession to the throne was agitated in Parliament. The Duke of York had ceased to take his place in the Privy Council; this prudent course secured him exemption from the general measure which soon afterwards forbade the Catholic peers to sit in Parliament. The Test Act had already excluded Papists from the House of Commons. Denunciations continued, and to Titus Oates was now added one Bedloe: executions commenced; a few obscure Catholics had already paid with their lives for the terrors of England when the new Parliament assembled at Westminster.

The state of parties had undergone an important change. The great divisions which were destined so long to distinguish opinions in England, began to appear in the legislature of 1675: the Tories, under the direction of Lord Godolphin and Lawrence Hyde, second son of Lord Clarendon, had taken the place of the court party, and were devoted to the royal authority; the Whigs, having for their leaders Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Essex, and Lord William Russell, were the country party, more concerned for the rights of the nation than for the prerogatives of the crown; and an intermediate group, distinguished by the insulting name of "Trimmers," inclined, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, according to the impulse of the lively, penetrating, and critical mind of their chief, Lord Halifax. Lord Sunderland, clever and unpopular, was as a rule in accord with Halifax. Nearly all formed part of the new council of thirty members which Sir William Temple had pro-

posed to the king as a constitutional experiment. That wise diplomatist hoped, by thus engaging in the royal council the Parliamentary leaders, to protect the crown against the encroachments of the Parliament, and to secure in equal degree the nation against the pretensions of the crown.

The nature of things and the necessity of the case were not slow in prevailing over the scheme thus ably planned; the new council had scarcely entered upon its duties when an inner council began to direct all its deliberations, and found itself alone in charge of the government. Sir William Temple, Lord Essex, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sunderland were the real ministers. Lord Shaftesbury was president of the council.

It was the latter who placed himself at the head of the Protestant party in Parliament. The nation had become alive to the danger which threatened its faith as well as its liberties under the future reign of the Duke of York. The king had in vain removed his brother, who had retired to Brussels. The House of Commons solemnly voted his exclusion from the throne. Before the bill could be carried to the House of Lords, Charles prorogued Parliament.

The indignation was extreme. "I will bring to the block those who have advised the prorogation," cried Shaftesbury in a transport of rage; the king had not consulted his council. The Whig leader had, however, on that very day obtained the success of a measure which he had long cherished; the royal assent had been accorded to the Habeas Corpus Bill, securing the personal liberty of every English subject, and the right to be released on bail from the prisons of detention. This guaranty of the rights rendered sacred by Magna Charta was hailed with enthusiasm by the people, who justly attributed the credit of it to the president of the council. This title was not destined to be long accorded to him. In July, 1679, the king dissolved Parliament. Some months later he

recalled his brother from Brussels and dismissed Lord Shaftesbury. The friends of the latter shared his fate; Lord William Russell, Lord Cavendish, and Lord Essex retired from the council. Sir William Temple, disgusted by the failure of his new plan of government, returned to his country-house to cultivate the beautiful gardens, which he had never wished to leave. Halifax and Sunderland alone remained in power. Lawrence Hyde and Sidney Godolphin were soon associated with them. Under the presidency of the chief of the Trimmers the power passed once more into the hands of the Tories.*

Up to this time the ministry had kept in its midst, at the head of Scottish affairs, an abettor of tyranny who had already more than once caused grave embarrassment to the government of the king. Lord Lauderdale, supported in Scotland by Archbishop Sharp, had transgressed the limits of Presbyterian patience. In spite of his ordinances, and of the atrocious penalties by which he punished offences against them, conventicles multiplied on all hands. Once already the Archbishop had been threatened by assassins who failed in their purpose. He pursued them with pitiless vengeance, exacting from all the landed gentry of the west an engagement not merely not to be present at the forbidden religious assemblies, but never even to tolerate them on their estates. On the refusal of these gentlemen, they were required "to deliver up their arms and to keep no horse of greater value than £4 sterling." To this edict, as to the former one, they refused obedience; and at the news of this, Lord Lauderdale fell into such a fit of rage that in full council he turned his sleeves up to his elbows and swore by Jehovah "that

* The appellations Whig and Tory were originally given to the fanatical Covenanters and to the Catholic outlaws in Scotland and Ireland. From them they passed to the political parties.

he would know how to put them in irons again." Halifax persuaded the king to examine for himself the complaints broached against his minister. "Kings," says Burnet, "naturally love to hear their prerogative magnified; yet on this occasion the king had nothing to say in defence of the administration. But when May, the Master of the Privy Purse, asked him, in his familiar way, what he thought now of his Lauderdale, he answered, as May himself told me, that he had objected to many things that he had done against them, but there was nothing objected that was against his service." Strange infatuation of a sovereign so long a prey to the vicissitudes of fortune, but who had not yet learned that his interests were inseparable from those of his people.

The Duke of Monmouth had been charged with the affairs of Scotland. He arrived there in the midst of a sudden increase of religious ardor. The Presbyterians felt that Lauderdale was beaten. They repaired in crowds to their conventicles. Some worthless fellows carried their rage further; Archbishop Sharp was passing in his carriage through the environs of St. Andrews; his servants were in advance, or following at some distance; he was alone with his daughter, when his carriage encountered a group of armed fanatics. "Behold the day of the Lord," cried the Covenanters; "the Eternal has delivered our enemy into our hands." The archbishop understood his danger. "God have pity upon me!" he exclaimed to his daughter; "I am lost." The horsemen followed the carriage; the horses and the coachman were wounded; the murderers presented themselves at the doors of the vehicle. "Come forth, Judas!" they cried. The old man and his daughter knelt to implore for mercy. The hatred of their persecutors was too violent for them to allow their prey to escape; the archbishop fell pierced by daggers. "Take away your priest," cried the assassins to the terrified

servants; and they retired into a cottage to return thanks to God.

The forbidden assemblies had become so numerous that they were able to repulse the regiments sent to disperse them. The Covenanters had taken possession of Glasgow, when the Duke of Monmouth marched against them, on the 22d of June, 1679, at Bothwell Bridge on the Clyde. The insurgents were completely defeated, and the massacre would have been great if the duke had not imposed a limit to the vengeance of Graham of Claverhouse, already famous, who had once been himself defeated by the fanatics. When Monmouth returned to England, the king remarked to him that if he had been engaged in the affair, he should not have concerned himself so much about the prisoners. "I do not kill in cold blood," replied the duke; "that is the work of a butcher."

The moderation which the young general exhibited in victory may have been politic as well as charitable and humane. Some fumes of greatness had begun to mount to his head: he imagined that he foresaw a future hitherto unhopd for. Moved by a personal hostility towards the Prince of Orange, the cause of which has never been made known, Lord Shaftesbury, who pursued with ardor his campaign in favor of the Bill of Exclusion, extended his animosity to the Protestant children of the Duke of York. A rumor began to spread that the birth of Monmouth was legitimate, and that the king had secretly espoused his mother, Lucy Walters. Long known under the name of James Croft, because he had been confided in his infancy to the care of Lord Croft, Monmouth had recently married the daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, the greatest heiress in Scotland; he bore her family name joined to the title of the Duke of Monmouth, which the king had given him. Handsome, brave, thoughtless, he had inspired in

Charles II. an attachment of which the adroit Shaftesbury reckoned upon availing himself in the rivalry which he sought to establish between this young man and the Duke of York. When James was recalled from Brussels by his brother, he required of the king that Monmouth should be deprived of his appointments and sent back to the Continent.

Meanwhile the new Parliament had met (October, 1680), and was more ardently Protestant and patriotic than its predecessors. The Exclusion Bill was passed by a great majority; for a moment there was reason to believe that it would be adopted by the House of Lords. Godolphin advised the king to yield to the public feeling; the Duchess of Portsmouth, the French favorite of Charles, implored him not to rush upon his ruin. He hesitated for some days, endeavoring to conclude a compromise with the Legislature. But the mutual distrust was inveterate, and was carefully nourished by very different influences. The royal honor and a remnant of natural affection mingled with the anger of a sovereign upon whom his people seeks to impose an unjust law. Charles II. adopted his course, and engaged in a contest against the Exclusion Bill, being present himself at the sittings of the House of Lords. The debate was long and violent; more than once hands grasped the hilts of swords: the eloquence of Halifax prevailed over the alliance of Shaftesbury, Essex, and the treacherous Sunderland; the Bill was rejected by a very large majority.

The threatened Catholics were destined to pay for this check to national and Protestant anxieties. Several small plots, fictitious or real, had been discovered; but the ordinary tribunals seemed weary of condemnations. It was the House of Lords itself which pronounced the sentence against Lord Stafford, youngest son of the old Earl of Arundel, and consequently uncle of the Duke of Norfolk. "He was a weak,

but a fair-conditioned man," says Burnet. Titus Oates and one of his compeers, named Turbervil, accused Lord Stafford of having plotted the assassination of the king. The charge had not a shadow of foundation; the viscount was nevertheless condemned by fifty-five votes against thirty-one. The royal favor exempted him from the odious punishment of traitors. Charles II. was convinced of the innocence of the victims; he had too much sense to believe in this perpetual succession of plots which so alarmed England; but his cold selfishness troubled itself little with the warrants which he signed, or the lives which he sacrificed to his repose. "The king appeared very calm, and his mind very cheerful," wrote Algernon Sidney, "although one might then have thought that he would be overwhelmed with cares, having no other resource but to dissolve the Parliament, and trust himself to the good pleasure of his subjects; but the embarrassment in which he was did not seem to trouble him."

A renewed attempt in the House of Commons in favor of the Exclusion Bill led to the dissolution foreseen by Algernon Sidney; and it was a token of the royal intentions that the new Parliament was convened for the 21st of March, 1681, not at Westminster, but at Oxford. Charles had concluded with Louis XIV. a new treaty, kept profoundly secret, by which the King of France engaged himself to give for the current year a subsidy of two millions of livres, which was to be reduced to fifteen hundred thousand livres during the three following years. At this price Charles broke the alliance which he had contracted with Spain for the maintenance of the treaty of Nimeguen, and thus returned to his dependence upon Louis XIV.

The violence of Shaftesbury and his adherents went on increasing; it had passed the bounds of the national temperament. The sentiments of passionate loyalty which had

hailed the Restoration were not completely extinguished, and when the Whig leader, arriving armed at Oxford, affixed to the hats of his servants the motto from one of his speeches, "No Popery! no slavery!" the echo which it occasioned in the hearts of the people was not powerful enough to sustain him in his audacious designs. The nation rejected, as he did, Popery and slavery; but it was not yet disposed to attribute to its king all the sinister views which Shaftesbury laid to his account. In the last Parliament Shaftesbury had proposed to deprive the Duke of York, upon his accession to the throne, of the right of veto and the power to treat with foreign governments and appoint civil and military functionaries. At Oxford he offered to leave to the legitimate heir the empty title of king, while intrusting the power to the Prince of Orange as the representative of the Princess Mary. These various expedients, more specious and ingenious than practicable, were insufficient to satisfy the violent passions excited in the House of Commons. The proposition of Halifax was rejected. On the 26th of March a new Exclusion Bill was presented and carried. "On the 28th," says Burnet, "very suddenly and not very decently, the king came to the House of Lords, the crown being carried between his feet, in a sedan. And he put on his robes in haste, without any previous notice, and called up the Commons and dissolved Parliament." This was the fifth Parliament dissolved by King Charles II. The Parliament of Oxford was the last which was convoked during his reign.

He hastened, however, to reassure the nation, and to explain the motives of his actions. A royal manifesto was immediately published, complaining of the undutiful behavior of the three last Parliaments towards him, and of their disrespectful conduct in many instances. "Nothing, however," he added, "shall ever alter my affection to the Prot-

estant religion as established by law, nor my love to Parliament, for I will still have frequent Parliaments." The Whigs replied to the royal protestations, insisting upon the necessity of the exclusion of the Duke of York; but their passions had blinded them regarding the state of the public mind. A mass of addresses were presented to the throne, some ardently Protestant but assuring the king of their fidelity and confidence; others asserting the law of the regular succession to the throne as a point fixed by the constitution of England, while a considerable number openly accepted the doctrine of non-resistance, and absolute submission to the king's will. The country gentlemen and the inhabitants of towns scented in the air the spirit of 1641; the remembrance of the Civil War had not yet faded from men's minds; the king found himself once more supported by the national sentiment; and he believed himself powerful enough to employ it against his enemies. Prosecutions were set on foot against the men who had insulted the royal dignity. Fitzharris had written a seditious pamphlet; College was accused of having endeavored to corrupt the king's guard; both were condemned and executed. Lord Shaftesbury, indicted as a suborner of false witnesses, was sent to the Tower. The sheriffs of London were still Whigs; the grand jury chosen by them triumphantly acquitted Shaftesbury. The wretches lately concerned in the proceedings against the Catholics now reappeared in the proceedings against the Whigs. Lord Howard, arrested for a moment, owed his liberty to the Habeas Corpus Act. The king determined to release himself from the trammels imposed upon him by the opinions of the magistrates of London. By a movement of doubtful legality, it was contrived to have sheriffs elected who belonged to the Tory party; the latter, in their turn, chose juries devoted to them. Certain Whig magistrates were

sued, and condemned in enormous damages. The king prepared his measures against the charters of the city, and the municipal liberties which everywhere protected the corporations of towns. A visit of the Prince of Orange did not suffice to arrest the absolutist reaction. "The Whigs seem to me in a majority," said the prince to the king, his uncle. "You see only them," replied Charles.

The Duke of York had reappeared in London. During his absence from court, he had exercised in Scotland a harsh and perfidious rule. The rigor to which the Nonconformists had been subjected had excited the hot-headed. A preacher named Cameron, a name still remembered among his partisans, had raised the banner of revolt against a king faithless to the Protestant religion and the government to which he had sworn. He was killed in an engagement. His successor, Donald Cargill, was arrested and soon afterwards executed with a large number of his disciples. Men and women walked to the scaffold with songs of triumph. The Scottish Parliament instituted an oath of submission to the royal authority, which went so far as to require passive obedience. Fletcher of Saltoun and Lord Stair demanded the insertion of a clause for the protection of the Protestant religion. The Duke of York would not sanction it under this form; when it was proposed to dispense with it, Lord Belhaven declared that the utility of the oath was to exclude Papists from the succession; he was sent to prison. The Earl of Argyle, son of him who had been executed at the commencement of the reign, made some reservation in taking the oath of submission; he was arrested in his turn. The Duke of York disclaimed on his part any sinister intention towards him. "God forbid that the life and fortune of the earl should be imperilled," he said. Yet on the 12th of December, Argyle

was condemned by a jury presided over by the Marquis of Montrose. He was assured of the royal pardon; but the earl put no faith in the protestation of his enemies. The Duke of York refused to grant him an audience. Argyle escaped, disguised in the clothes of his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay's page. Condemned, *per contumaciam*, to all the horrors of the punishment of traitors, his property had been confiscated, and his children declared to have forfeited their inheritance; but the king, more considerate and wiser than his advisers, returned a part of his fortune to Lord Lorne, the earl's eldest son. Argyle prudently remained in Holland.

The Duke of Monmouth did not act with the same wisdom. When he found the Duke of York established at court, recognized again as Lord High Admiral, and lodged by the king in St. James's Palace, he regarded as void the promise he had given to remain on the Continent so long as his rival should govern in Scotland, and returning to London without the king's permission, was received with exclamations of joy by the population. Leaving the city with an escort almost regal, he journeyed slowly through the kingdom, received by the gentry and by deputations from the towns, mixing with the crowd wherever he went with a proud but amicable and popular condescension, and saluted on the road by enthusiastic cries of "Monmouth! Monmouth!"

This triumphant progress led the imprudent young man as far as Chester. The chief justice of that city was George Jeffreys, already known for his violence, his ability, and his unscrupulousness in the furtherance of his unbridled ambition. Corruptly attached at that time to the interests of the Duke of York he easily found a pretext for arresting the Duke of Monmouth at Stafford, June, 1682. On being conducted to

London, the duke was immediately liberated but was held to bail.

Shaftesbury did not put his trust in the Habeas Corpus Act. Alarmed by the measures which he saw in progress against the Whigs, he sought refuge in the city. It was an old saying of his that he "would constrain the king to leave his kingdom quietly, but as for the Duke of York, he would compel him to wander on the face of the earth, a vagabond like Cain!" The king's attitude towards him, the fears that he entertained for his party and for himself, his own restless disposition, again impelled him to dangerous projects. The national party demanded that Charles II., in disinheriting his brother, should with his own hands destroy the monarchy. Charles required that the national party should at all risks submit to a prince who evidently aspired to destroy the religion and constitution of the country. Both thus urged on to extremes, the king determined to try tyranny; the national party resolved to attempt insurrection. In 1682 two statesmen, Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Russell, were at the head of the contest; Shaftesbury, now an old man, ambitious, indefatigable, corrupted by every source of corruption — by the court, by power, and by popularity; accustomed from his youth to seek and find his fortune in intriguing and plotting; bold and supple in mind; sagacious and fertile in expedients; powerful in influencing men; equally skilled to render service and to injure, to please and to irritate; attached nevertheless by pride and foresight to the Protestant and national party, in his eyes unquestionably the stronger and the ultimate victor; and determined, in any event, to preserve his life in order to enjoy the fruit of his schemes or to pursue them afresh: Lord William Russell still young, sincere, ardent, inexperienced, endowed with an inflexible temper, a heart full of faith and honor, conscien-

tious in conspiring; ready to sacrifice his life for his cause, but incapable of doing anything for the mere sake of success or for his own personal safety. The web was woven; Lord Shaftesbury rallied around him all the malcontents.

The conspirators met occasionally; they were not always the same persons; they were suspicious of each other, and mutually concealed the ultimate objects of their plans. Russell proposed armed resistance to the royal tyranny, accepting, perhaps, though almost unconsciously, the results of such a resolution. Shaftesbury perfectly understood his own design, and prepared at all risk the overthrow of the king and the advent of a successor other than the veritable heir. Some meditated a sudden attack and the assassination of Charles. There were among them republicans who cherished their dreams, and there were traitors either already in the pay of the court or ready to deliver up to it their secret and their accomplices, in order to extricate themselves from danger. At one of their meetings Russell saw enter with Colonel Sidney and Mr. Hampden, a man whom he despised — Lord Howard. "What have we to do with that fellow?" he asked of Lord Essex, his intimate friend, and he was about to leave; but Essex detained him, having a better opinion of Lord Howard, and not suspecting that this was the man whose testimony was destined soon to ruin both.

Lord Howard was already sold to the court. By a lucky accident Shaftesbury was informed of this, and he immediately decided to leave England. The order had been issued for his arrest when he stealthily left his house, and concealing himself for some days, embarked at Harwich to take refuge in Holland, hoping to find with the Prince of Orange an asylum and an avenger. When chancellor he had eagerly favored the war with Holland, and more than once had repeated, "*Delenda est Carthago!*" On arriving at Amsterdam

he requested permission to remain there from the burgomaster, who replied, "Carthage, not yet destroyed, willingly receives the Earl of Shaftesbury within her walls."

He had forever bidden farewell to England. Two months after his flight, while his imprisoned accomplices were undergoing their examination before the judges, the troubled soul and restless mind of Shaftesbury for the first time found repose. He died on the 21st of January, 1683.

Lord William Russell was already in the Tower when Shaftesbury landed in Holland. As he passed under the Traitor's Gate, he said to his valet, Taunton, "I am sworn against; my enemies will have my life." And when Taunton expressed a hope that they would not succeed: "They will have it," Russell repeated; "the devil is loose."

The conspirators were all arrested. Grey had succeeded in making his escape. Howard had purchased his life by treason; Essex, in despair, cut his throat in prison. Algernon Sidney and Hampden refused to reply to the interrogatories. "Seek elsewhere for evidence against me," answered the republican Sidney proudly. It was proposed to Baillie of Jerviswood, to save himself by giving information. "Those who talk to me thus know neither me nor my country," replied the Scottish gentleman.

Witnesses, true or false, were not wanting to the proceedings. Several obscure conspirators had already been executed when Russell was brought to the bar of the Old Bailey, on the 18th of July, 1683. He asked for a pen and ink to take notes; then turning towards the judges, "May I have somebody to write and help my memory?" he asked. "Yes, my lord, a servant." "My wife," he replied, "is here to do it." Lady Rachel Russell rose to express her assent; all present knew her virtuous character, and the passionate affection which united her to her husband. She served him

as his secretary during the entire trial. When he was condemned she made every endeavor to obtain his pardon. "All you tell me is true," replied the king to Lord Dartmouth; "but it is equally true that if I do not take his life he will very soon take mine." And when informed that the Marquis of Ruvigny, uncle of Lady Russell, was on the way to England with a pressing letter from Louis XIV., "I am well assured that the king, my brother, would not advise me to pardon a man who would have shown me no quarter," said the king to Barillon, then ambassador of France at the English court; and he added, "I have no wish to prevent M. de Ruvigny coming here, but my Lord Russell's head will be off before he arrives."

On the 21st of July, 1683, Russell died upon the scaffold. "The bitterness of death is past," he said to Tillotson and Burnet, after embracing his wife for the last time; and looking at his watch as he handed it to Burnet, he said, "I have now done with time, and am going to eternity."

The confusion of different plots and plotters had served the purpose of the royal vengeance. A criminal design, the importance of which was much exaggerated, formed by certain obscure men and known under the name of the "Rye House Plot," had been mixed up, whether accidentally or intentionally, with the revolutionary designs of the great lords. Algernon Sidney had indulged the dream of the return of the republic; he defended himself with an ability and self-possession which for a moment embarrassed Chief Justice Jeffreys himself. When sentence was pronounced, Sidney lifted his hand towards heaven: "I implore thee, O Lord," he said, "to sanctify my sufferings, and not to impute my blood to this nation or this city. If one day it should be avenged, let vengeance fall entirely on those who have unjustly persecuted me in the name of justice." He was



LADY RUSSELL ACTING AS SECRETARY TO HER HUSBAND.

executed on the 26th of November, 1683. Several of the conspirators shared his fate. The trial of Hampden did not take place till February, 1684. Condemned to imprisonment, he ransomed himself afterwards by payment of a sum of money. The royal power was thenceforth freed from every trammel as well as from all anxiety. The subsidies of Louis XIV. rendered Charles independent of his people. He refused to summon a Parliament; the Court of King's Bench declared that the city had exceeded its privileges; the charter was withdrawn in 1684; the franchises of all the towns known for their liberal opinions were abolished, like those of the capital. The Duke of York had resumed his place in the Privy Council.

While the absolutist reaction was daily acquiring more strength and audacity, the influence of Lord Halifax with the king diminished. The minister himself was weary of the struggle which he maintained in the Council against Lawrence Hyde, lately created Lord Rochester, who was devoted to his brother-in-law, the Duke of York. "Life would be worthless," he exclaimed one day, when they were discussing the Charter of Massachusetts, "if we had to drag out existence in a country in which liberty and prosperity were at the mercy of an absolute master." The Duke of York was irritated by this language. "How can you keep about you a man nourished on the worst principles of Marvell and Sidney?" he asked the king. Charles laughed. More sagacious and prudent than his brother, he knew how to conquer without needlessly exasperating the vanquished. Rochester, convicted of malversation while Lord Treasurer, was transferred from the control of the finances to the dignified but not lucrative post of President of the Council. "I have often seen people kicked down stairs," said Halifax; "my Lord Rochester is the first person that I have ever seen kicked up."

The day had arrived when the Duke of York was to find himself free to apply without stint his theories of government. The king seemed weary and ill. His mood, habitually cheerful in exile and in the midst of the most severe misfortunes, had of late become gloomy. On the 2d of February, 1685, as he rose from bed in the morning, the courtiers in attendance were struck by his altered looks. His utterance was hesitating, and his mind seemed clouded. A doctor who happened to be at hand to assist the king in his chemical experiments, bled him without delay. Charles recovered his senses. A second attack soon destroyed all hope of restoration to health. The Duke of York at once took possession of the government. He gave his orders in all directions. The king's favorite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, was the only one who, in this depraved court, took thought for the soul of the dying monarch. She confided her anxieties to Barillon, and the latter hastened to inform the Duke of York. "It is true," cried James, "my brother is a Catholic at heart; he will assuredly declare it, and fulfil the rites of his religion; there is not a moment to lose." Some difficulty was experienced in procuring a priest. The Anglican bishops had not delayed so long to implore the king to be mindful of his soul's salvation. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft, and the Bishop of Bath, the pious Ken, had addressed Charles in the firmest language. "It is time to speak out, sir, for you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons." The king had made no reply.

The Duke of York at last succeeded in finding a priest; it was a poor Benedictine monk, Huddleston by name, who had saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester. Charles had remembered this with gratitude, and had caused Huddleston to be excepted by name from all the proceedings against the Catholics. This priest James himself now

introduced into his brother's chamber. All present were desired to retire with the exception of Louis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, and the Earl of Bath. The fidelity of both could be relied on. "Sire," said the duke, "this holy man once saved your life; he now comes to save your soul." "He is welcome," said the king in a feeble voice. The poor monk was so illiterate that he did not know how to deal with a case of such importance, but he was hurriedly instructed by a Portuguese ecclesiastic in the suite of the Count de Castelmelhor. When the rites were completed, all the natural children of the king were admitted to his presence. He kissed and blessed them. Monmouth alone was absent. He had sought his safety in exile; the king did not mention his name.

The queen was in too much distress and agitation to appear at the bedside of the dying monarch. She sent her excuses by Halifax, asking pardon of the king. "Poor woman," murmured Charles, "I ask hers with all my heart!"

The death-scene was protracted. The king asked that the curtains might be drawn, so that he could see once more the light of day. "I beg your pardon for giving you so much trouble," he said to those who stood around him; "I am a very long time dying." His utterance failed him; at noon on the 6th of February, 1685, King Charles II. expired gently. He was not quite fifty-five years of age.

"He had received from nature," says Lord Macaulay, "excellent parts and a happy temper. His education had been such as might have been expected to develop his understanding, and to form him to the practice of every public and private virtue. . . . He had been taught by bitter experience how much baseness, perfidy, and ingratitude may lie

hid under the obsequious demeanor of courtiers. He had found, on the other hand, in the huts of the poorest, true nobility of soul. . . . From such a school it might have been expected that a young man, who wanted neither abilities nor amiable qualities, would have come forth a great and good king. Charles came forth from that school with social habits, with polite and engaging manners, and with some talent for lively conversation, addicted beyond measure to sensual indulgence, fond of sauntering and of frivolous amusements, incapable of self-denial and of exertion, without faith in human virtue or in human attachment, without desire of renown, and without sensibility to reproach. According to him every person was to be bought, but some people haggled more about their price than others. . . . Thinking thus of mankind, Charles naturally cared very little what they thought of him. . . . He was a slave without being a dupe. . . . He detested business. . . . He wished merely to be a king such as Louis XV. of France afterwards was."

Without regard for the state of his kingdom, shut up in the selfish circle of his material pleasures, indifferent to all religion, hostile to the Puritans from the memory of the past, from contempt for their ridiculous characteristics, and from fear of their austerity; without faith or rule of conduct; absolutely wanting in principles and moral sense, he had worn out the respect of the nation without completely exhausting its affection, for he was sagacious, prudent, little addicted to hazardous enterprise; and he had measured with a cool and practical judgment the degree of oppression which his people were capable of enduring. The popular saying did him injustice in affirming that "he never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." He was wise enough more than



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once to stop in the path of despotism. His brother, who had often impelled him in this direction, was now about to plunge into the depths of the abyss. England wept for the loss of Charles II. Without being fully conscious of the feeling, she regarded James II. with apprehension and with dread.

CHAPTER XXXI.

JAMES II. AND THE REVOLUTION. 1685-1688.

ENGLAND felt no love for James II. The country dreaded his religion and that severity of character of which he had so often given proof; some of her statesmen, far-seeing and large-minded men, had done their utmost to exclude him from the succession. And yet he was proclaimed king without disturbance, and accepted by the nation without a murmur. The great revolution which was to take place during his reign, and make England forever a free country, had not as yet commenced, and nothing presaged its approach. The drama was destined slowly to develop itself, marked by successive steps in royal tyranny and in national resistance. At first, James II. profited by the triumph of absolute power achieved by Charles II. during the last years of his reign. There was a period of tranquillity and of apparent good feeling, false in reality, in spite of the royal protestations and the assurances of confidence lavished upon the king. As early as November, 1685, disquieting acts and sinister forebodings began to disturb the security of the friends of liberty, and it is from this date that we must reckon the commencement of that progressive tyranny which was in time to give rise to secret conspiracies as well as to provoke overt opposition and constitutional resistance, both in and out of Parliament. In the third epoch, so to speak, of the reign of James II. — from July, 1687, to De-



JAMES II.

cember, 1688, — the nation and the king had evidently broken all bonds: the latter unreservedly aimed at making his own will absolute; the former proudly defended their menaced liberties. The struggle ended only with the overthrow of the king and his flight from England. We are to follow, step by step, the events of this great struggle, the germ of which existed from the moment of his accession to the throne, in the very character of the king who had just taken possession of the crown. To clear-sighted men, the accession of James II. was the certain guaranty for tyranny.

The mass of the people, however, were content enough. Anxieties arising from political plots had counterbalanced the indignation awakened by Papist plots, and popular feeling rallied round the throne: the great national disasters that had marked some of the years of the reign of Charles II. — wars, the Plague, and the Great Fire — had not recurred to disturb their minds and lives. There was now no bold innovator in the ranks of men of letters, to cast among the people those firebrands of agitation and discord that Lilburne had once known so well how to use in spite of the Long Parliament and in spite of Cromwell. Milton had died in 1674, exclusively occupied, after the Restoration, with his great poem of *Paradise Lost*, that masterpiece of religious and philosophical poetry, worthy, he alone, to walk with Dante in those sublime excursions towards the invisible world. The political writings which had once served his cause, and which had raised Milton to the first rank of English prose writers, have remained eclipsed, if not forgotten, in the presence of that splendor of poetic genius which had kept silence almost completely during the fierce strife for liberty. Cowley and Butler were dead also; Otway and Waller alloyed their poetry with political intrigue. Hobbes was opening the door to a

dangerous school of thought, against which Bunyan, a poor artisan and wandering preacher, defended his country, without knowing it, by writing from his prison-cell his *Pilgrim's Progress*—that book at once quaint and profound, and destined to take in the popular libraries of England the first place after the Bible. Dryden alone shone upon the stage with verse and prose, at once elegant and vigorous, rich and strong, too often corrupt and corrupting, without principle and without literary or personal self-respect, as his pretended conversion to Romanism very soon proved. Men's minds were busy but not excited: the Revolution and the Commonwealth had not been favorable to literary activity. The Restoration, though profiting by Milton's leisure, had not at the time fully appreciated the value of his poetic work; and it was in an interval of intellectual quiescence as well as of political calm that James II. ascended the throne. The peace of Ratisbon had given Europe reason to hope for some respite from the ambitious projects of Louis XIV., while the emperor and Spain had acquiesced in his new conquests, "recognizing," says the Marquis de la Fare, "that the rule of France was for other nations a necessary evil." After so many and so cruel shocks, a brief period of calm seemed to be dawning on the world.

James II. was destined before long to trouble this repose. According to himself, his sole desire when he ascended the throne was to make his people happy. He said, on the 6th of February, to the council assembled a few hours after the death of Charles II.: "I have been reported to be a man fond of arbitrary power; but that is not the only falsehood which has been reported of me: and I shall make it my endeavor to preserve this government, both in church and state, as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the English Church are favorable to monarchy; and





From a drawing by
James Kneller

MILTON

Boston: Estes & Laumat

the members of it have shown themselves good and loyal subjects; therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know too that the laws of England are sufficient to make the king as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often before ventured my life in defence of this nation, and shall go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties."

This declaration was favorably received. The courtiers of Charles II. were soon thrown into the shade, for James II., though as profligate as his brother, did not make a parade of his licentiousness. "The face of the whole court was exceedingly changed into a more solemn and moral behavior, the new king affecting neither profaneness nor buffoonery," writes Evelyn. Parliament had been summoned for the 15th of May.

The elections assured the Tories an overwhelming majority. "There are not more than forty members in the House of Commons I should not have chosen myself," said the king. At the opening of the session he repeated the promises he had already made to the council. One remark alone betrayed the autocratic temperament of the new monarch. When asking that there should be granted to him, as had been to the king his brother, a certain fixed revenue for life, he added: "There is, indeed, one popular argument which may be urged against compliance with my demand: men may think that by feeding me from time to time with such supplies as they think convenient, they will better secure frequent meetings of Parliament. But as this is the first time I speak to you from the throne, I must plainly tell you that such an expedient would be very improper to employ with me, and that the best way to engage me to meet you often,

is always to use me well." Parliament voted the desired subsidies. James II. had already committed an act of irresponsible authority in continuing to levy the tonnage and poundage which had been granted by Parliament to Charles II. for his life only. Even the Whigs did not protest against this: they relied upon the sincerity of James's character. "We have now for our Church the word of a king," said a zealous preacher, "and of a king who was never worse than his word." Bitter reminiscences of the House of Stuart, of which James II. soon proved himself the worthy son!

Already some disquieting symptoms had begun to trouble far-seeing statesmen. The king had thrown open the doors of his private chapel, thus asserting from the commencement his right to hear mass publicly. When Holy Week arrived and services became frequent, James required that the most considerable personages of his household should be present at the religious ceremonies of his faith. Lord Godolphin belonged to the queen's household, and was accustomed to accompany her to the chapel, so he made no resistance. Lord Rochester, however, although he was corrupt and arrogant, had been taught by his father, Lord Clarendon, a passionate respect for the Anglican Church, and he refused to accompany the king to mass, and obtained permission to withdraw into the country till after Easter day. The Duke of Ormond and Halifax went as far as the antechamber. The Duke of Norfolk, whose duty it was to carry the sword of state in front of the king, stopped at the door of the chapel. "Your father would have gone further, my lord," said James. "Your Majesty's father would not have gone so far," replied the duke. The religious ceremonial of the coronation, which was celebrated according to the Protestant rites, failed to reassure men's minds. It was

remarked that the crown was too large for the king, and that it was placed awry on his head. The supports of the dais moreover gave way, and superstition thus united with foreboding to implant in the public mind the germs of growing uneasiness.

It was, however, with real though confused sincerity that King James had promised religious liberty to his people. In his intention to protect the Anglican Church and to give tranquillity to the persecuted dissenters, he had, however, first in view the relief of the Catholics, who had been so long and so cruelly oppressed. This was precisely what the Church and the nonconformists agreed in dreading.

One of the king's earliest measures after ascending the throne had been to throw open the prison-doors to those who had been confined on points of conscience; but no sooner had Parliament reassembled than a motion was presented to ask from the crown the rigid application of the laws against all dissenters whatsoever from the Church of England. James, forewarned, was furious against this attempt to compel him to persecute the Catholics, and the motion was modified. "The House relies on his Majesty's repeated declaration to support and defend the religion of the Church of England as it is now by law established, which is dearer to us than our lives." The king did not reply to the address presented by the Speaker, and the persecution of the Scottish Puritans was the only favor he accorded to the representations of the House.

The Parliament of Scotland went further than that of England in its submission and monarchical zeal. The resources of the Stuarts' hereditary kingdom were inconsiderable, but to the small subsidies it was in their power to grant, the Scottish Houses added a decree which must satisfy King James, if they had judged him rightly during his

government in Scotland, for by it every preacher in a private meeting, every preacher and every hearer in a conventicle in the open air, became, by and from the simple fact itself, subject to the penalty of death. The persecution was redoubled with fury. Graham of Claverhouse, at the head of his dragoons, scoured the country in every direction, dispersing all assemblies, and seizing suspected persons even in their own houses. A poor carter in the county of Lanark was shot before the very eyes of his wife, who was standing by with her child in her arms. Meanwhile, the fervent prayers of the victim had disturbed and intimidated Claverhouse. "Well, sir, well; the day of reckoning will come!" exclaimed the poor widow, beside herself with grief. "To man I can answer for what I have done," replied the madman, "and as for God, I will look to that!" Men and women died with equal courage. A young girl was fastened to a stake in face of a rising sea, which approached to engulf her. "Recant! recant!" they shouted to her. "Leave me in peace; I belong to Jesus Christ!" she cried in reply, as the waves closed over her head.

The severity exercised against the Scottish Presbyterians did not, however, weaken the king's position. In England the idea of liberty of conscience often occurred to the persecuted: James himself had sometimes been struck by it when he suffered the penalties which were then attached to the Catholic faith; but, raised to power, he soon forgot the sublime principle, and his people forgot it as well as himself. The composition of his council, the dislike which he manifested towards some popular men, and the confidence he bestowed on others who were distrusted by the people, caused more serious anxiety than the sufferings of a few Covenanters who had revolted against the yoke of Episcopacy. Upon his accession to the throne, James II. had openly announced his

intention to keep near his person all his brother's counsellors, but meanwhile he was friendly to only a few of them, and they soon became aware of this fact. Sunderland and Godolphin had voted for the Bill of Exclusion, which Halifax had frustrated by the force of his eloquence. These two ministers were, however, less objects of suspicion to the king than the brilliant chief of the Trimmers. Irrevocably enrolled as he was against Popery and tyranny, Halifax was received by the king with flattering words. "I will remember only one day in your life, my lord," said James; "that on which you spoke against the Bill of Exclusion." At the same time, however, he said to Barillon, "I know him, and I cannot trust him; he shall have no hand in public affairs." Halifax soon replaced Lord Rochester, who was at the head of the Treasury, in the Presidency of the Council. The latter with Judge Jeffreys alone enjoyed the king's confidence. Rochester's eldest brother, Lord Clarendon, replaced in Ireland the old Duke of Ormond, a veteran devoted to monarchy, honored by all, but too sincere in his Protestantism and too independent in character to suit the Government or to serve the views of King James. When he learned his disgrace, the old servant of Charles I. collected around him at a banquet all the officers of the garrison of Dublin. He proposed the health of the king, raising a brimming glass to his lips with a steady hand. "I have not spilled a single drop, gentlemen," said he; "and my heart is as steady as my hand, although they accuse me at Court of having fallen into dotage. Long live King James!" His journey to London resembled a triumph, a crowd of gentlemen feeling it an honor to form his escort.

Though disquieted by the king's religious and political tendencies, the English nation felt grateful to him for the lofty attitude of independence which he assumed with regard

to France and Louis XIV. England had never pardoned Charles II. for the sale of Dunkirk and the treaty of Dover, and what had come to light about the disgraceful bargaining which had so often taken place between the two monarchs. A few days after James's accession, Barillon had received from the French Court a sum of five hundred thousand livres, a sum equivalent to about thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds, to be handed over at once to the new sovereign. James II. received it with thanks, and, as he had been from the first, was modest and caressing in his language to the ambassador of France. He excused himself for having convoked a Parliament without the advice of Louis XIV. "I know I can do nothing without the king's protection, and what it cost my brother, his not having remained faithful to France. I will take care that the House does not meddle in foreign affairs, and if I see it disposed to act with evil intention, I will send it about its business." As a proof of his devotion, James had renounced the engagements he had made with Spain for the protection of the Low Countries. Lord Churchill, the young favorite of the new king, destined to be famous throughout the world as the Duke of Marlborough, was charged to bear to Louis XIV. the homage of the King of England in a solemn embassy. "My attachment will last to the end of my days," said James II. to the Grand Monarque. He was yet in ignorance of the claims Louis XIV. would have to his gratitude.

But Parliament was scarcely assembled before James had changed his tone a little towards France. He had found more docility and generosity in his people than he had hoped, and his revenues were assured to him for life. He therefore raised his head; and proudly assuming equality of rank, made known his resolution to maintain with a firm hand the balance of power in Europe. When Marshal Lorges came to

London in reply to Lord Churchill's embassy, James received him sitting and with covered head, in the same way that his envoy had been received at Versailles. "Our brother, the King of England, blusters a little," said Louis XIV., smiling; "but he is as fond of my pistoles as ever his brother was;" and in fact a few months had scarcely elapsed before James II. was soliciting new subsidies. The resources which Parliament furnished him with no longer proved sufficient for his expenses, for he found himself confronted by an insurrection, and felt obliged for the future to maintain a regular standing army, always an object of terror to the English.

The Earl of Argyle and the Duke of Monmouth, the former for the last four years, the latter only during a few months, had been living in exile in Holland, the refuge of all men hunted from their country for their political and religious opinions. Around them had gathered a little band of fugitives, members of different parties and belonging to very different ranks in life: men of law, like Ayloffe and Wade, compromised in the Whig conspiracies; old partisans of Cromwell, like Rumbold; courtiers, like Lord Grey of Wark; and ecclesiastics and pamphleteers like Ferguson. When King Charles died, and the hopes which Monmouth had entertained from his father's attachment to him were suddenly dashed to the ground, the more turbulent spirits among the exiles conceived the idea of raising a revolt in England. They hoped to profit by Monmouth's popularity, while dazzling his eyes with hopes of a crown.

The young prince had meanwhile left the Hague. William of Orange, always prudent and circumspect, had given an asylum in his Court to the beloved son of Charles II.; but he begged him to withdraw as soon as James II. had ascended the throne. It was at Brussels therefore that the conspirators sought him, but it was only with great difficulty they prevailed

on him to place himself at the head of the insurrection. Even before his departure, and from the very commencement, he thought ill of the undertaking and despaired of its success.

Simultaneously with the English expedition, an attempt was preparing against Scotland. Argyle counted on the fidelity of his clan, for he knew the Campbells would die to the last man for his name and in his cause, and he thought himself sure of a rising of the persecuted Presbyterians. The two conspiracies, at first distinct and almost hostile to one another, soon merged into one, and it was resolved to begin by an attack on the west coast of Scotland, while Monmouth, making a descent on England, should second the Earl of Argyle's movement. Ayloffé and Rumbold were to accompany Argyle to Scotland. Fletcher, of Saltoun, an aristocrat though a republican, an eloquent and learned man, was to follow Monmouth's fortunes. The young chief began to take heart; ambitious hopes awoke within him; letters from England urged him to act. "The Earl of Richmond had only a handful of men when he landed in England two hundred years ago," wrote Wildman, one of the most dangerous plotters in England; "some days later, after the battle of Bosworth, he was called Henry VII.!" "Quite true," replied Fletcher of Saltoun; "but then Richmond could count on the barons, each of whom brought a little army with him, and Richard III. had not at command a single regiment of regular troops."

Argyle set sail on the 2d of May, 1685, with three small vessels armed for war. King James, warned of the preparations being made, had requested the States-general of the Netherlands to arrest them; but the town of Amsterdam remained obstinately hostile to the House of Nassau, and its magistrates took pleasure in going counter to the politics of the Prince of Orange, who was just then very desirous

of pleasing his brother-in-law. The Scottish expedition, therefore, set off, and on the 6th Argyle-arrived at the Orkneys. The earl was head of the enterprise only in name, for he was fettered at every step by a committee commissioned to counsel him and watch over his movements. While precious time was thus wasted in discussions and quarrels, King James, with better judgment, had had all the places in the neighborhood of the Argyle estates occupied by his own troops, and when the earl sent his son on shore to call the Campbells to arms, only the herdsmen and fishermen responded to the call; the heads of the clan were, many of them, absent or in prison, and the gentlemen were indisposed to move, so that in all only about eighteen hundred men collected together at Tarbet. Meanwhile the fiery cross had travelled through the length and breadth of the land; a manifesto, drawn up by a Scotch lawyer, James Stewart, recapitulated the causes of national complaint against King James. In the name of the sufferings of the Presbyterian Church, so dear to all her children, Scotland was called on to revolt. Against his own judgment, Argyle was obliged to divide his little army; he remaining himself in the Highlands with Rumbold, while Sir Patrick Hume and Cochrane, more jealous of their chief than eager for the combat, directed a small expedition against the Lowlands. They had been led to hope that the whole country would rise at their approach.

But the conspirators and their friends were deceived as to the state of mind of the persecuted Covenanters. Argyle's religious faith did not inspire them with more confidence than King James's popery; pursued, tracked, massacred, they had come to look only for a miraculous deliverance: they did not desire, they did not hope for any other. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon appeared to them the only one

worthy of accomplishing the salvation of the Church, and they did not recognize this holy weapon in the hands of the invaders. The enthusiasts who had defended their conventicles with arms in their hands, let Cochrane's little force pass by without joining it; and it was after a bootless journey that the two detachments rejoined Argyle at Bute. Disorder was now added to discord, and each day some defection diminished the strength of the insurrection. The castle of Ealan Ghierieg, which contained stores of all kinds, had been given up to the royal troops without striking a blow; the earl's vessels had all been captured, and a panic seized the conspirators, even the most enthusiastic of them refusing to march to Glasgow, as Argyle wished. A strong detachment of red-coats appeared in the distance, and the soldiers became panic-stricken. The chiefs separated and sought safety in flight. Hume escaped to the Continent; Cochrane was arrested and sent to London; the Earl of Argyle, after having wandered about for several days in the country, was finally surrounded by some of the militia. He tried to defend himself, but, borne down and with hands at his throat, he told his countrymen his name. Tears came into their eyes at seeing the misfortunes of the celebrated earl; but love of gain got the better of their compassion, and they took Argyle to Renfrew. The earl was already condemned, for an unjust sentence of death had long been hanging over him. "I understand nothing of Scottish law," said Halifax, "but I know that here we should not hang a dog on such a pretext as they have adduced for the condemnation of Argyle." When the prisoner entered Edinburgh Castle, after having passed through the town on foot and bareheaded, his approaching death was announced to him, while they threatened him at the same time with torture. The king's orders were explicit. All ways were to be em-

ployed to obtain from the earl full particulars concerning his plan, and the accomplices and partisans of his insurrection.

An indifferent commander, unskilful in the management of his party, Argyle was great and firm in prison and when confronted with death. Thinking only of the evils which he had drawn upon his clan, unmindful of his own suffering, piously absorbed by the idea that he was going to appear before God, Argyle inspired all who approached him with respect. "God has softened their hearts," he said, "I did not expect so much goodness from them." Torture was not applied. "I have named none to their disadvantage," he wrote on the morning of the execution (30th of June); "God in his mercy has marvellously sustained me." Detained a few hours on his way to the scaffold, he wrote to his wife: "Dear heart, God is unchangeable. He hath been always good and gracious to me, and no place alters it. Forgive me all my faults; and now comfort thyself in Him in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless and comfort thee, my dearest. Adieu." Rumbold had died a few days before his chief; seized in the same way by a troop of militia, he had fought so valiantly that scarcely a breath of life remained when he was led out to execution. Supported under the gibbet by two men, he raised his dying voice to make himself heard by the people. "I die faithful to what I have believed all my life!" he exclaimed. "I have always detested Popery and tyranny; I have supported limited monarchy, but I never would believe that Providence had sent into the world a handful of men booted and spurred, in the face of millions of other beings with bits in their mouths and saddles on their backs. I bless God's holy name that I am here, not for any wrong that I have done, but for adhering to

his cause in an evil day. If every hair of my head were a man in this quarrel, I would venture them all without hesitation." The drums of the soldiers drowned his last words. The Rye-House Plot never entered into the mind of Cromwell's veteran as a subject for repentance. "I have always held assassination in horror," Rumbold said; and yet it was in his very house and beneath his roof that they had planned to lay an ambush for the life of King Charles and the Duke of York.

Ayloff had attempted suicide with a small penknife; but he had strength left to bear a journey to London, where James interrogated him himself. "You will find it to your advantage to be frank with me," said the king; "you know it is in my power to pardon you." "It may be in your power, but it is not in your nature," replied the prisoner calmly, at the very foot of the gibbet judging like a Stoic philosopher the man who had sent him thither.

Meanwhile persons of minor importance were punished daily in Scotland, many of the clan Campbell being hanged without any trial at all. But before all the Scottish conspirators had undergone their punishment, England was thrown into agitation by Monmouth's descent on Lyme, a port on the coast of Dorset. Like Argyle, he had escaped from Dutch waters by the connivance of the magistracy and the admiralty at Amsterdam, but he had been detained by bad weather, and it was not till the 11th of June that he landed on English soil. A cry was at once raised, "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!" A declaration, the work of Ferguson, written in a most libellous style, was read at the cross in the market-place, in which King James was accused of having set fire to London, strangled Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, cut the throat of Essex, and poisoned King Charles; and for all these crimes was pronounced de-

posed in the name of menaced religion. The Duke of Monmouth, who could prove his legitimate birth and his rights to the crown, aspired to no title but that of Captain-General of the English Protestants in arms against Popery and tyranny.

The people in the west of England had not forgotten the triumphant young soldier who, five years before, had passed through their towns and villages amid the acclamations of the populace. The country people gathered in crowds under his banners, and nearly fifteen hundred men had already assembled around him, when on the 14th of June he sent a detachment against Bridport, where the royal troops were beginning to muster. Parliament launched one declaration after another against Monmouth's pretensions. King James profited by the alarm of Parliament to obtain a subsidy, and the members dispersed to their counties in order to maintain the fidelity of their constituents. The Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, commanded a body of militia in the west, while Churchill and Lord Feversham advanced against the insurgents at the head of the regular troops.

Lord Gray had been easily repulsed before Bridport, and had himself escaped by shameful flight. Fletcher of Saltoun, in consequence of a duel in which he had killed his adversary, had been obliged by the general outcry to take refuge in one of the Duke's vessels, and finally make his way to Hungary, where he served for many years against the Turks. In the meantime Monmouth continued to advance, while Albemarle dared not offer him combat, so disaffected did the royal troops appear. The city of Taunton had opened its gates to the insurgents; the population was rich, devoted to Parliament during the civil war, and counting in its ranks a great number of nonconformists. A deputation

of young girls of the best families came to meet the Duke and presented him with a standard and a Bible. He received the holy volume respectfully. "I come," said he, "to defend the truths contained in this book and, if necessary, to seal them with my blood."

Monmouth thus laid claim to the title of Defender of the Faith, one of the royal appellations. He soon went further, and on the 20th of June allowed himself to be proclaimed king in the market-place in Taunton — not without some repugnance on his part, it was affirmed. To avoid the confusion which the name of James II. might create, most of his partisans saluted him under the fantastic name of King Monmouth.

From town to town the ceremony of the proclamation was repeated, to the great indignation of the partisans of the Princess Mary. The great lords and country gentlemen did not join the little rebel army, while the peasantry and artisans of the towns who flocked to it were for the greater part without arms, and the former fastened their scythe-blades to handles as the Vendean peasants did a hundred years later. Monmouth was without money; he planned an attack on Bristol, where he expected to find abundant resources; but the king's troops had occupied the town before him. Falling back, therefore, on Wiltshire, the rebels called in vain upon Bath to open her gates, and, obliged to take refuge at Philips-Norton, whither the Duke of Grafton pursued him, Monmouth felt his courage give way. He thought of abandoning his scheme, and seeking on the Continent that safety which seemed, with all chances of glory, to be escaping him. Opinions were various among his partisans. Lord Gray maintained with warmth that the Duke could not abandon the poor peasantry who had risked everything for him, and Monmouth finally gave up the design of flight.

But he was in doubt about the plan of the campaign, wandering from Wells to Bridgwater, when the king's troops, commanded by Feversham, appeared in sight of the insurgents. About four thousand men were encamped on the plain of Sedgemoor. The Duke from a distance beheld the standards of the Dumbarton regiment, lately so well known to him. "I know what those men are worth," said the young invader sadly, "and how they will fight. If I only had them with me, all would go well."

Feversham was an indifferent general. Monmouth possessed much more of the military instinct than his opponent; but it was in vain that his plans were skilfully laid, and his night attack well arranged; he commanded men who were badly armed, inexperienced, undisciplined, and all their courage availed them nothing in the presence of regular troops, and before volleys of artillery which it was impossible for them to return. Lord Gray was checked with his cavalry in front of a trench, the existence of which he had not suspected, and he lost no time in taking to flight. The peasants defended themselves heroically; the miners who had come from the Mendips felled all who approached with the butts of their muskets, and persisted in fighting even after Monmouth had left the field, abandoning his partisans to their miserable fate.

Fifteen hundred rebel corpses lay heaped on the ground, and the royal troops had made five hundred prisoners, when the struggle finally ended. Two days later Monmouth himself fell into the hands of a detachment of soldiers who were seeking him. "Now," said Barillon with a sagacity as sound as it was malevolent, "all the zealous Protestants will put their hope in the Prince of Orange."

No one put any hope in the king's mercy. If Monmouth had thought for a moment that he should escape

with his life, his interview with James soon undeceived him. "Remember, sir, I am your brother's son," exclaimed the unfortunate young man, throwing himself at the monarch's feet; "it is your own blood you shed in shedding mine." "Your crime is too great," replied the king coldly. The queen showed, they say, even less pity. Weak and spiritless until then, crushed by the fear of punishment, and forgetting even personal dignity in his entreaties for pardon, Monmouth recovered his courage when confronted with this pitiless determination. "Well," said he, "I have nothing left but to die."

For one moment the unfortunate prisoner had been base enough to ask to redeem his life by the abjuration of that Protestant faith of which he had entitled himself the Defender; but, deprived of all hope, he refused the absolution which the priests of the Chapel Royal offered him. The Anglican bishops were not completely satisfied with his repentance. They wished to obtain from him a formal profession of that doctrine of non-resistance which he had openly and knowingly violated. The disorders of his private life equally excited their pious indignation. The Duke had refused to see his wife, and when he finally consented to receive her, their interview had been cold and short. "I die very penitent," repeated Monmouth, and, as the bishops insisted, again at the foot of the scaffold, "I am come here to die," said the young man; "pray for me, my lords." The king's name was mentioned in the episcopal intercessions. "Do you not pray for the king with us?" asked one of the clergymen. Monmouth remained silent for a moment; and then, as if making a supreme effort, he said at last, "Amen." He turned to the executioner. "Look well to your axe," said he; "do not torture me as you did Lord Russell." He placed his head



"REMEMBER, SIRE, I AM YOUR BROTHER'S SON."

upon the block ; but his warning had unnerved the man, and his hand trembled, and he made one or two ineffectual attempts. The crowd were excited almost to frenzy when the victim's head at last fell. The spectators rushed forward to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of this young man, frivolous and superficial, without real courage or personal worth, but sensitive, handsome, and fascinating, and endowed with that faculty of gaining hearts which seems sometimes independent of all solid merit. The people of the western counties long treasured his memory, long refused to believe he was dead, and more than once impostors travelled through the villages of Dorset and Wilts, everywhere welcomed and honored under the name of the Duke of Monmouth, miraculously escaped from his executioners.

Men cherish deeply the remembrance of those for whom they have suffered. The country people of the west had many of them been killed beneath Monmouth's standards, and those who were left paid dearly for their fidelity to him. Colonel Kirke, at the head of the regiments he had brought back from Tangier, overran the insurgent counties, and everywhere his "lambs" — as his soldiers were called, from the Paschal Lamb which in Africa had been represented on their banners — spread terror and death before them. At each toast that the officers proposed, a rebel prisoner was led out to execution. The toasts were numerous and the orgies prolonged. Love of money alone moderated the cruelties of "the butcher of Taunton." Those who possessed fortunes sometimes succeeded in purchasing their lives. Before the inn in which Kirke had established his quarters the road was ankle-deep in blood. The country began to be depopulated ; all who were able to reach the coast crowded the vessels bound for America, to escape from the cruelty of Kirke and the vindictiveness of Jeffreys.

Guilford, the Keeper of the Seals, had just died, sad and broken in spirit after a life of vile servility, and James promised his post to Jeffreys on his return from the circuit which he was commencing in the western counties. This was to be the glorious recompense for "the bloody assizes" which were just beginning, and the chief justice resolved to merit it.

Naturally cruel and basely corrupt, habitually excited by constant intoxication, Jeffreys had devoted an indomitable energy, great oratorical powers, and rare judicial faculties, to the service of the worst passions. He had never pleased Charles II., who had often employed him at the instigation of the Duke of York. "This man," he said, "has neither knowledge, good sense, nor manners, and he has more impudence than ten whores." In the reign of King James, himself hard and cold even to cruelty, Jeffreys gave loose rein to his savage humor: he was not contented with condemning, torturing, and applying the severest penalties permitted by the law, — he amused himself by insulting the accused, following them with sarcasms and scoffs to the foot of the gibbet. The odious task with which he was intrusted after Monmouth's execution was suited to his character. While in London, Lord Gray, Sir John Cochrane, and several others bought their lives with money and cowardly revelations, the chief justice carried from town to town his bloody tribunal and his band of executioners. Everywhere cynical and cruel, obliging his victims to confess themselves guilty in order to obtain a day longer to live, and causing those to be immediately executed who protested their innocence, he spread such terror around him that men feared to say a word in behalf of the condemned.

The friends of Lady Lisle ventured, however, to advocate her cause. She was old, the widow of one of the judges

of Charles I., Lord Lisle, who had been assassinated in Switzerland, where he had taken refuge. She had given an asylum to more than one Cavalier during the Revolution, and "no woman in England," she said, "more bitterly deplored the death of the king." Always compassionate, she had given shelter to a nonconformist minister named Hickes, and a lawyer compromised in the Rye-House Plot. Both were found in her house; she was ignorant, she said, of the cause of their accusation. Neither of these two men had as yet been brought to trial, when Lady Lisle was summoned to appear before Jeffreys. The witnesses were intimidated one after the other by the iniquitous violence of the judge. The accused was aged, and, overpowered by emotion, fainted in her seat. The jury hesitated and drew back before the odious verdict required of them. "What liars these Presbyterians are!" cried Jeffreys; "show me a Presbyterian and I'll show thee a lying knave!" and threatened the jury that he would shut them up all night if they did not make haste and decide. Lady Lisle was condemned to be burned alive. The king's clemency, however, mitigated the sentence, and the pious woman walked without fear to the scaffold. Some months later, in London, another woman in a more humble condition, animated by the same spirit of charity, expiated at the stake the assistance she had given to James Burton, compromised, like Lady Lisle's protégés, in the plots of 1683. "My fault was one of those which a prince might pardon," said Elizabeth Gaunt, while she arranged around her the straw of her pyre. "I have only helped an unfortunate family, and for this I have to die. It is required of us that we should hide him who fleeth and not betray him that goeth astray." "The crowd melted into tears around her," says William Penn, the celebrated founder of Pennsylvania, who was present at the execution.

A long wail of despair went up from the western counties. Dorset, Wilts, Devon, and Somerset were strewn with corpses, covered with gibbets, depopulated by exile, by transportation, and by the sale of prisoners who were given up to the avidity of the courtiers and sent into slavery in the West Indies. The queen's maids of honor divided among them the fines imposed on the young girls of Taunton who had composed the deputation sent to Monmouth. Some of the accused succeeded in making their complaints reach the throne. The sister of Benjamin and William Hewling, two young men of great promise, presented herself at Whitehall with a petition. Lord Churchill took upon himself to introduce her. "I wish you success," said he in showing her the way, "but do not flatter yourself with vain hopes; this marble," and he rested his hand on the chimney-piece, "is not harder than the king's heart." James was inexorable, but even the soldiers wept while conducting the young men to the gibbet.

"Jeffreys' campaign," as the king himself called it, was concluded at last, and he re-entered London stained with the blood of his victims and laden with curses which yet weigh upon his memory. "The air of Somersetshire is poisoned with the stench of death; one cannot take a step without meeting with some horrible sight," wrote Bishop Ken to the king. Then commenced the London assizes, directed against the citizens, who were, so said the king's party, obstinate rebels. Several perished, compromised in the Rye-House Plot, like Cornish; among others Dr. Bateman, convicted of having bathed the wounds of Titus Oates, when, at the commencement of James II.'s reign, that cowardly and cruel instigator of so many crimes had suffered a dreadful punishment. Religious persecution united itself with political malignity. Never before in England had non-

conformists been prosecuted with such vigor. Jeffreys received the seals as a reward for his zeal. Less than four years later, when he was imprisoned in the Tower, trembling beneath public indignation, Jeffreys protested that he had never outstripped his master's orders, and that he had even softened their tenor. At St. Germain's, James threw all the blame of "the bloody assizes" on Jeffreys. The king and the judge will forever share it in public estimation.

National feeling had supported James in his struggle against the insurgents, both Parliament and Church had even made parade of loyalty; but the cruelty of the revenge after the triumph of victory had revolted honest hearts, and disquieted foreseeing minds. An occurrence unfortunate for the good understanding between the king and the nation happened just at this time, and inspired the country with an overwhelming sympathy, the outcome of an overwhelming anger. Led away by the dangerous intoxication of absolute power, beguiled and betrayed by flatterers or by fanatics, Louis XIV. thought himself powerful enough to impose his will on the consciences of his subjects, and convinced that no one would resist him, and that the work of conversion was already well advanced by preliminary persecutions, he had revoked the Edict of Nantes on the 22d of October, 1685. Already a crowd of fugitives, pouring into the non-Catholic countries, proved to Europe the religious fidelity of the French Protestants, as well as the little value arbitrary sovereigns place on the most solemn promises they make to their subjects. At the first rumor of Louis XIV.'s projects Barillon had written to the prince: "What makes the English most angry is, that they see no remedy or way of preventing your Majesty from succeeding in your enterprise. They speak very freely in England of what takes place in France, and many people fancy and even say aloud that it is in conse-

quence of England not being governed by a Protestant king." And some days after the revocation: "I spoke to the King of England of what they say about your Majesty at Court, and of the little restraint people put on themselves. I told him I had not yet communicated these facts to your Majesty, but I begged him to see to it, and to repress insolence which should be crushed."

But it was not in the King of England's power to impose silence on the national feeling. He could not even refuse to conform to it in a certain measure; the Protestant fugitives were welcomed in England, and public charity supplied their immediate wants. I have said that James cherished in his heart certain notions of religious liberty; the horror which his people felt at the persecution of the Reformed Church on the Continent reawakened in the king's heart the desire to relieve his Catholic subjects from the burden which weighed upon them. More powerful than he had ever been, and deceived by the victory he had so easily gained over the insurrection, James resolved to complete his triumph. But the oppression which Louis XIV. exercised towards his Protestant subjects interfered with the plans of James II. in favor of the liberty of the Catholics, so the King of England declared himself free from all engagements with France. He had just concluded a treaty of defensive alliance with the Netherlands. The policy of Halifax seemed to be carrying the day in the royal councils, when on the 20th of October, 1685, on the eve of the opening of the session, the marquis was suddenly informed that the king no longer required his services. James thus gave the rising opposition the most experienced and able chief it could have had.

The struggle now about to take place between James and his subjects was waged in the name of the principles dearest

to the English nation. The king had announced his intention of suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, which had been obtained with so much difficulty in the preceding reign, and was an object of national pride both to Whigs and Tories. He projected the increase of the standing army, and already the number of troops maintained gave anxiety to the most faithful supporters of the throne, those old Cavaliers who had seen the Republican army impose law upon the Parliament and the king. Finally, in spite of the most solemn engagements made with his people on his accession, he proposed to throw open all public offices to Catholics. Already, in anticipation of the repeal of the Test Act, the king had placed at the head of his troops a certain number of Catholic officers. The final disgrace of Halifax was due to his obstinate resistance. "I shall never," he had said in so many words, "vote for the abolition of the Test Act or of the Habeas Corpus."

The Habeas Corpus Act is to this day one of the guaranties of individual liberty, so justly dear to the English. The Test Act has been swept away, as it deserved to be, by the progress of justice and religious toleration. But both then formed part of the English law, and the king could not violate them without breaking his oath. The profound distrust which the king's principles inspired even in that Parliament so devoted to him, burst forth on the day of the opening, when James in his speech from the throne announced the increase he had made in the regular army, and expressed his contempt for the militia, referring to the weakness of which it had given proof during the insurrection. "Let no man," said he, "take exception that there are some officers in the army not qualified, according to the late provisions as to tests, for their employments. The gentlemen, I must tell you, are most of them well known to me,

and have formerly served with me on several occasions, and always approved the loyalty of their principles by their practice; and I will deal plainly with you, that after having had the benefit of their services in such a time of need and danger, I will neither expose them to disgrace nor myself to the want of them, if there should be another rebellion to make them necessary to me."

His language was haughty and his declarations absolute, and the House of Commons at once showed its disapproval. It proposed reforms in the organization of the militia, offered the king seven hundred thousand pounds sterling instead of the twelve hundred thousand pounds demanded by the ministers, and promised that the Catholic officers actually appointed to the army should be relieved from the disqualifications which the law imposed upon them, since they could not be legally employed without the authority of Parliament.

The reproof was respectful notwithstanding its firmness. James was irritated by it, and in his reply to the House of Commons he reproached them roundly for their jealousy and distrust. "I flattered myself," he added, "that my reputation for sincerity would have sufficed to satisfy you of the value of my promises." "We are Englishmen," exclaimed John Coke, member for Derby, when he heard the king's speech read, "and not to be frightened out of our duty by a few high words." The House sent the audacious member to the Tower. But the Lords had followed the example of the Commons, and protested against the irregular appointments in the army. On the 20th of November James prorogued Parliament until the 10th of February, resolved to accomplish alone, and by his absolute authority, that reform which the public sentiment of his people denied him.

"The Catholics here are not altogether of one mind," wrote

Barillon to Louis XIV. "The most able and those who have the most confidence in the king recognize the juncture as the most favorable they can possibly hope for, and feel that if they let it slip they will have a long time to wait for such another. The Jesuits are of this opinion, and it is without doubt a most sensible one; but the rich and well-to-do Catholics are anxious about the future, and apprehend a turn of affairs which might ruin them. Those who are most intimately connected with the Court of Rome are of this opinion." Innocent XI. had in fact given this prudent instruction to his nuncio: "The safety and welfare of the Catholics lies in a good understanding between his Britannic Majesty and his Parliament." "This quarrel is a great disgrace," replied the nuncio. Italian sagacity understood the advantages which the Catholics would derive from a constitutional policy, as well as the dangers which awaited them from unconstitutional privileges.

French intrigue in the service of Louis XIV. aimed at quite different results. The secret efforts of Barillon and his coadjutor Bonrepaux urged the members of Parliament to discontent, while exciting the religious zeal and despotic cravings of the monarch. The advances which the Spanish court had made to the King of England alarmed France. "News from Madrid is disquieting," the king wrote; "we are menaced by the union of England and Austria, the moment that the king feels assured that his Parliament will not cause him embarrassment." "It pleases James to be thought to hold the balance of power in European affairs, and to be regarded as the only person capable of keeping a check on your Majesty and French designs," replied Barillon. The interest of France was, therefore, evidently to keep alive the discord between the King of England and his Parliament. The narrow-minded obstinacy of James II., the incon-

siderate zeal of a small Catholic faction, and the audacious ability of the Jesuits, served the views of Louis XIV. most efficiently.

"I will make no concessions," James repeated; "my father made concessions, and they beheaded him." The nation begged the king to keep his promises faithfully, but he considered a prince's fidelity as a concession, and absolute submission as the simple duty of his subjects. Only one principle remained of his Anglican education: he admitted the doctrine of non-resistance, and expected the bishops to push it to extremes. The speech of Compton, Bishop of London, delivered on the 19th of November in the House of Lords, had astonished and irritated him. "The civil and religious constitution of the country is in peril," the prelate had dared to say. One resource only remained for the king, that "power of dispensation" which gave him, so he thought, the right to suspend the action of penal laws, and he resolved to have recourse to it before the meeting of Parliament.

The composition of the council favored the development of arbitrary power. Rochester had fallen beneath the double weight of his attachment to Protestantism and a scandalous intrigue which he had plotted, to fortify his influence by the aid of the king's favorite, Catherine Sedley. Father Petre, a clever Jesuit recently admitted into close intimacy with the king, had succeeded by his pious exhortations in obtaining that favorite's disgrace; he seconded at the same time the efforts of the convert Sunderland to supplant Rochester. A solemn embassy had already been dispatched to Rome, and at the same time James renounced all his foreign projects. "I am not in a position to concern myself about what passes on the Continent," he said to the Spanish ambassador; "I have made up my mind not to trouble myself about foreign affairs, but to establish my authority at home, and to do

something for my religion." The revival of French influence soon manifested itself. A collection which had been made on behalf of the Huguenot refugees was larger than the king approved of. "The prince shows a great aversion to them," wrote Barillon; "if he could he would have done away with the collection made in their favor, for he knows that all those who have given the most liberally are those who are the worst disposed towards himself." The funds were given into the hands of the royal commissioners with the chancellor at their head, and as the fugitives presented themselves to receive help, "It is the good pleasure of his Majesty," announced Jeffreys, "that no alms shall be given except to those who receive the sacrament according to the Anglican rite." The Huguenots were attached to the traditional forms of the Presbyterian Church for which they had suffered so much, and "they retired sad-hearted," writes Lady Russell to her chaplain, Dr. FitzWilliam. Some days later James ordered a pamphlet written by a well-known clergyman, named Claude, then a refugee in Holland, entitled "The Complaint of the Protestants cruelly persecuted in France," to be burnt in front of the Exchange by the hands of the public executioner. The chancellor had not advised this concession to the pride of Louis XIV., but James was furious. "I have taken my resolution," he said; "even dogs defend each other when they are attacked, why should not kings do as much?" The effect was so great on the public that Barillon wrote: "Perhaps your Majesty does not judge this affair as important as it appears here; but nothing has happened during the king's reign which has made more impression on men's minds."

Twice already the meeting of Parliament had been postponed. The king meanwhile was at work among the magistrates, determined to obtain an opinion favorable to his power

of dispensing with legal penalties. Several judges and the attorney-general had already been removed from office, and the question affecting Sir Edward Hales, who had recently been converted to the Roman Catholic faith and created colonel of a regiment of infantry, was decided in his favor; this was equivalent to recognizing the principle that the king's authority was sufficient to overcome all obstacles. One judge alone, of inconsiderable reputation, named Strut, gave an opinion in opposition to the royal wishes. The door was therefore in future open: four Catholic lords — Powys, Bellasyse, Arundel, and Dover — were admitted to the Privy Council, while Catholic officers who had till then been silently tolerated were multiplied in the army. "It is annulling all legislation from the accession of Elizabeth to our days," said the Attorney-General Sawyer.

King James did not content himself with his triumph over the laws, he wished to carry his victorious standard into the Church. "God has permitted," he said to Barillon, "that all the laws which were made to establish the Protestant religion and destroy the Catholic, should serve for the foundation of what I wish to do for the establishment of the true religion." In virtue of the Act of Supremacy, ecclesiastics suspected of being Catholics at heart were raised to vacant bishoprics. "I should have liked to place avowed Catholics there," said James to the Nuncio Adda, "but the time has not yet arrived. Parker (the new Bishop of Oxford) is with us in heart, he will soon bring back his clergy." Mass was celebrated every day in the college of Christchurch under the direction of John Massey, who was made dean, and the Anglican clergy were forbidden to make use of any controversy in the pulpit. Dr. Sharp, Dean of Norwich and Rector of St. Giles, a man of great piety and much learning, disobeyed this injunction; the Bishop of London received an order to suspend him. Compton

hesitated, excused himself, begged Sharp to keep silence; an ancient tribunal, odious to the nation and abolished by two Acts of Parliament, the Court of High Commission, was therefore revived against the Church it claimed to govern. This court was presided over by the chancellor, savagely violent even in ordinary tribunals where he was restricted by legal forms, but henceforth without any restraint towards the ecclesiastics who were arbitrarily placed under his jurisdiction. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Sancroft, designated by the king, declined to sit in this tribunal. The Bishops of Durham and Rochester had the weakness to accept their appointment, and the Earl of Rochester basely gave way to the tyranny which menaced the Church. The Bishop of London was called before the new tribunal. He had refused to suspend Dr. Sharp, and was in consequence himself suspended from his ecclesiastical functions, and the care of his vast diocese intrusted to the bishops who had consented to judge him. The magistrates told the king it was impossible to expel Compton from his palace, and to sequester his revenues. "We shall be obliged to decide against the Crown," said Chief Justice Herbert.

The same attempts were made in all parts of the kingdom. Convents were established; Catholic chapels were everywhere opened; the city council protested against the consecration of a place of Catholic worship in Lime Street. "Lawyers are of opinion that the thing is illegal," said the lord mayor, and for this he was summoned before the Privy Council. "Observe this," said the king: "you have only to obey me, and not think of what other people say." The populace menaced the Catholics; in many places the chapels were surrounded, and the service interrupted. The king collected his troops on Hounslow Heath, and established a camp there with the intention of intimidating the capital. But the Lon-

doners went thither in crowds, and chatted familiarly with the soldiers. The influence of public sentiment proved more efficacious than terror, and the troops were gained over by the citizens. A clergyman named Johnson, more zealous than judicious, was condemned to degradation and flogging for having circulated in the army an appeal for the defence of Protestantism, and the trial and punishment raised public indignation to the highest pitch. The king had refused to use any clemency. "Mr. Johnson has all the making of a martyr in him, I would not deprive him of the chance," said James. Some years later, William III., in pardoning an obstinate Jacobite, said pleasantly, "He is longing to become a martyr, but I am resolved to disappoint him." The English Church had not countenanced Johnson in his virulent and almost revolutionary attack. She had undertaken a peaceful campaign, enunciating her principles and defending her doctrines by the pens of the most distinguished theologians of the day, — Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, Prideaux, — almost all celebrated writers, experienced dialecticians, and renowned for their wisdom and eloquence. The defenders of the Roman Catholic faith were few in number, for the most part brought up on the Continent, and strangers to English ideas; their defeat was complete, and public feeling was satisfied by the superiority of the champions of Protestantism. King James, however, resolved to employ more efficacious arguments for the maintenance and propagation of his religious convictions. The Scottish Parliament was convoked for the 12th of February, 1687; it was there the monarch proposed to launch the first declaration of his absolute power. The Duke of Queensberry, Lord Treasurer of Scotland, a decided Protestant, was replaced by the Earl of Perth, who had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith. He was a relation of Rochester, whose long political death-struggle had just

ended in his complete disgrace. The attachment of Clarendon's son to the Anglican Church had triumphed over his ambition for power and fortune. He had consented to receive instruction from the royal chaplains, but had never been able to make up his mind to become a Catholic. The two brothers-in-law of the king left his service at the same time, Rochester loaded with honors and favors, and Lord Clarendon replaced in Ireland by the violent Tyrconnel, who was a zealous Catholic, Irish by race, character, and prejudices, and determined to establish the royal supremacy in Ireland. "There's a work to be done in Ireland which no Englishman can perform," said King James. Under the sway of Tyrconnel all authority soon passed into the hands of the Catholics. "We have become slaves to our servants," said the Protestants bitterly, and a great number of distinguished families left Ireland with Clarendon. "Tyrconnel is mad enough to ruin ten kingdoms," his friends said publicly.

The Scottish Parliament was submissive by force of habit and precedent; it admitted without making any difficulty the royal power of dispensation. But James understood well that he could not abolish the penal laws which weighed on the Catholics without granting at the same time effectual relief to the Protestant nonconformists who also groaned beneath their rigor, and it was with regret he saw himself constrained to do so, for his repugnance towards the latter was extreme. "I really think," said Barillon to Louis XIV., "that if no other but the Anglican religion and the Catholic faith were by law established, the King of England would be more contented." The principle of religious liberty was, however, the only one which could protect the Catholics, and it was therefore in its name that James proclaimed at Edinburgh, on the 12th of February, 1687, a declaration of indulgence "by our sovereign authority, royal prerogative, and absolute power." Catholics

and Quakers were for once united in an equal and complete tolerance, but numerous restrictions were imposed on the religious liberty of the Presbyterians.

The temperament of the English Houses differed from that of the Scottish Parliament; the Anglican Church, always powerful over men's minds, was directly engaged in the struggle; James exercised prudence, and set to work to prepare the way for the declaration of his purpose, before the meeting of Parliament. One after the other all the public functionaries sitting in either House, as well as a great number of important and independent members, were sent for to the palace to the king's private apartments, and were there besought, urged, compelled to promise their support to the measure. Many were bought over, and those who resisted were threatened. Nevertheless, the members of the House of Commons, thus closeted with the king, did their best to convince him of the opposition which was preparing. James, however, took the proposed step on the 4th of April, 1687, but his declaration to the Parliament of England was more moderate in its tone and form than that which he had sent to the Scottish Parliament. Addresses of thanks from the Independents, the Quakers, the Presbyterians and Catholics, were quoted and published everywhere. The king was convinced that conscience could not be forced, the declaration said; that persecution was fatal to the development of population as it was to that of commerce, and had never attained the aim which its persecutors proposed. The dissenting ministers came out of prison and their places of worship were reopened. The court made a great talk about the universal joy and gratitude of the nonconformists, but the reports were considerably exaggerated, and confidence was less general than gratitude. Baxter, Howe, Bunyan, and Kiffin, eminent in

their different denominations, made a stand against the abuse of royal power, foreseeing a snare. The moderate dissenters were ready to respond to the advances of the Anglican Church, which was menaced in her turn, rather than lend their help to the emancipation of Catholics. With few exceptions English Protestantism presented a compact body, resolved to withstand royal seductions as well as royal violence. Parliament was dissolved on the 4th of July.

The day before, the Pope's nuncio, recently instituted "Archbishop *in partibus* d'Amasie," arrived at Windsor in the most magnificent equipage, and was received by the king in public audience. Innocent XI. had received Lord Castlemaine, King James's disreputable ambassador, with great coldness, and it was in vain that he importuned his Holiness, in his master's name, for the necessary authority for the elevation of Father Petre to the episcopal dignity. At length the envoy threatened to leave Rome. "Your Excellency is the best judge," said the Pope with a smile; "I hope you will take care of your health on the road;" and Castlemaine went away without having effected anything. The prudent counsels of the Catholic moderate party were not listened to in England. Father Petre was admitted to the council, but a Jesuit could not be made a bishop without the consent of the Pope, and this consent Innocent XI. persistently refused. Some great English lords also proved themselves rebellious to King James's will. For instance, the Duke of Somerset, when selected to head the escort of the nuncio, declared his resolution of not being present at the ceremony of installation. "I cannot obey your Majesty without violating the law," said he. "I know how to make myself feared as well as the law," replied the irritated monarch; "don't you know I am above the law?" "Your Majesty is so, but I am not," was Somerset's answer; "and

so long as I obey the law I fear nothing." He immediately lost his posts both at court and in the army.

Other removals and promotions astonished England at this time. Eager, like all innovators, to seize upon charitable and educational establishments, the king had made an attempt to oblige the governors of the Charter House, in London, to admit sick Catholics into their hospital. "An Act of Parliament forbids it," replied the governor. "What does that matter?" asked the courtiers. "It matters much," replied the old Duke of Ormond; "in my opinion an Act of Parliament should not be lightly violated." James had required from the University of Cambridge the degree of doctor for a Benedictine monk, and on the refusal of the dignitaries, the Vice-chancellor Pechel being summoned before the Court of High Commission and brutally reprimanded by Jeffreys, was suspended from his functions. A similar struggle, still more violent, broke out at Oxford on the election of the President of Magdalen College. The Fellows claimed their rights, and asserted their independence, but the king wished to impose his candidate upon them. "I will make you feel all the weight of my hand," said he, with anger, to the dignitaries of the university. The Fellows were deprived of their revenues, the doors of the president's house were broken open, and the royal candidate forcibly installed. The Catholics thus took possession of this foundation, one of the richest in Oxford. The struggle with the Anglican Church was thus irrevocably commenced, and, by a good fortune which for some years past had not attended her, that Church was henceforth enrolled among the defenders of the rights and liberties of the English people.

The king meanwhile was preparing for the new elections, and not without some uneasiness as to their result. The House of Lords itself had shown signs of hostility, and the

new hopes of becoming a mother which the queen, after many disappointments, again gave, inspired James more than ever with the desire to go on with a work which in future might be completed by his son. All lord-lieutenants of counties received orders to interrogate their subordinates, and strictly assure themselves of their intentions in the coming election. Catholics and dissenters were to occupy civic posts as soon as possible. But the king had wrongly judged the pride of the great English lords, and half the lord-lieutenants refused to lend themselves to the services which the king required. They were at once degraded, and the crown had some difficulty in finding successors for them. But no mute indication, no official or officious warning, sufficed to open King James's eyes, infatuated as he was by his real power and his imaginary rights, without foresight or prudence, and persistently wrong-headed in his mad enterprise. "The world has much exaggerated the intellectual powers of his Britannic Majesty," said Bonrepaux, who had known him well and judged him rightly; "he has less brains than King Charles, without having more virtues."

It was the English Church for whom was reserved the honor of striking the first blow in behalf of the menaced liberties of England. On the 27th of April, 1688, the king published a new Declaration of Indulgence, repeating and commenting on his previous declarations, and announcing his intention of convoking Parliament in the month of November. On the 4th of May he ordered this declaration to be read on the 20th of the month in all the churches.

This step was at once bold and clever. The Anglican clergy disapproved the measure religiously and politically; but the delay was short, the means of communication still difficult, and uniformity of action almost impossible to establish. The king had counted upon their weakness, upon

their separation, and on the doctrine of submission. London gave as usual the signal for resistance. A meeting of the clergy, simultaneously with a council of the bishops, resolved not to yield to the king's illegal demands. The most eminent of the dissenters seconded with their advice the courage of the prelates. On the 18th, at Lambeth, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a petition was signed by the primate and the bishops of his see, St. Asaph, Ely, Chichester, Bath, Peterborough, and Bristol. Compton, Bishop of London, the foremost in the struggle, could not sign because of his suspension. Drawn up by the archbishop himself in a cumbrous and confused style, the petition tediously exculpated the prelates from all intolerance as well as from all rebellion, setting forth that the laws did not give the king by himself the right of modifying ecclesiastical statutes, and that the Declaration of Indulgence not being a legalized Act, the bishops could not cause it to be read in their dioceses.

The same evening six prelates presented themselves at Whitehall. The archbishop was ill, and his doctors had forbidden his going to court. The Bishop of St. Asaph desired to hand the petition to Sunderland, but the minister refusing to read the document, introduced the bishops to the king. Their secret had been carefully kept, and James expected merely some objections to the form of the declaration. "This is my lord of Canterbury's handwriting," said the king, opening the paper. "Yes, sire." He commenced reading, and his face grew dark. "It is a standard of rebellion!" he exclaimed at last. The Bishop of Bristol, Sir John Trelawney, fell on his knees. "Rebellion, sire! I beseech your Majesty not to say anything so hard of us: a Trelawney could not be a rebel. Let your Majesty remember how I served you in the time of Monmouth's

invasion." "We have crushed one rebellion," said Lake, Bishop of Chichester, "we shall not raise another." "Sir, I hope you will give that liberty to us which you allow to all mankind," said Ken, the pious Bishop of Bath. As usual, James repeated his own words. "I tell you that it is a standard of rebellion. My declaration shall be read, and I will have it so." "Sir," said Ken, "we have a double duty to perform, — towards God and towards your Majesty. We honor you, but we fear God." "Have I merited this," cried James, "I who have been so well disposed towards your Church? What are you doing here? Go back to your dioceses. My declaration shall be read, but I will keep this paper, and I will remember you who have signed it." "The will of God be done!" said Ken. The bishops retired with these pious words. The next morning, by an accident it has been affirmed, the petition of the bishops was published everywhere. The king said nothing. On the Sunday appointed only four clergymen read the Declaration of Indulgence in the London churches. Their congregations went out and left them alone.

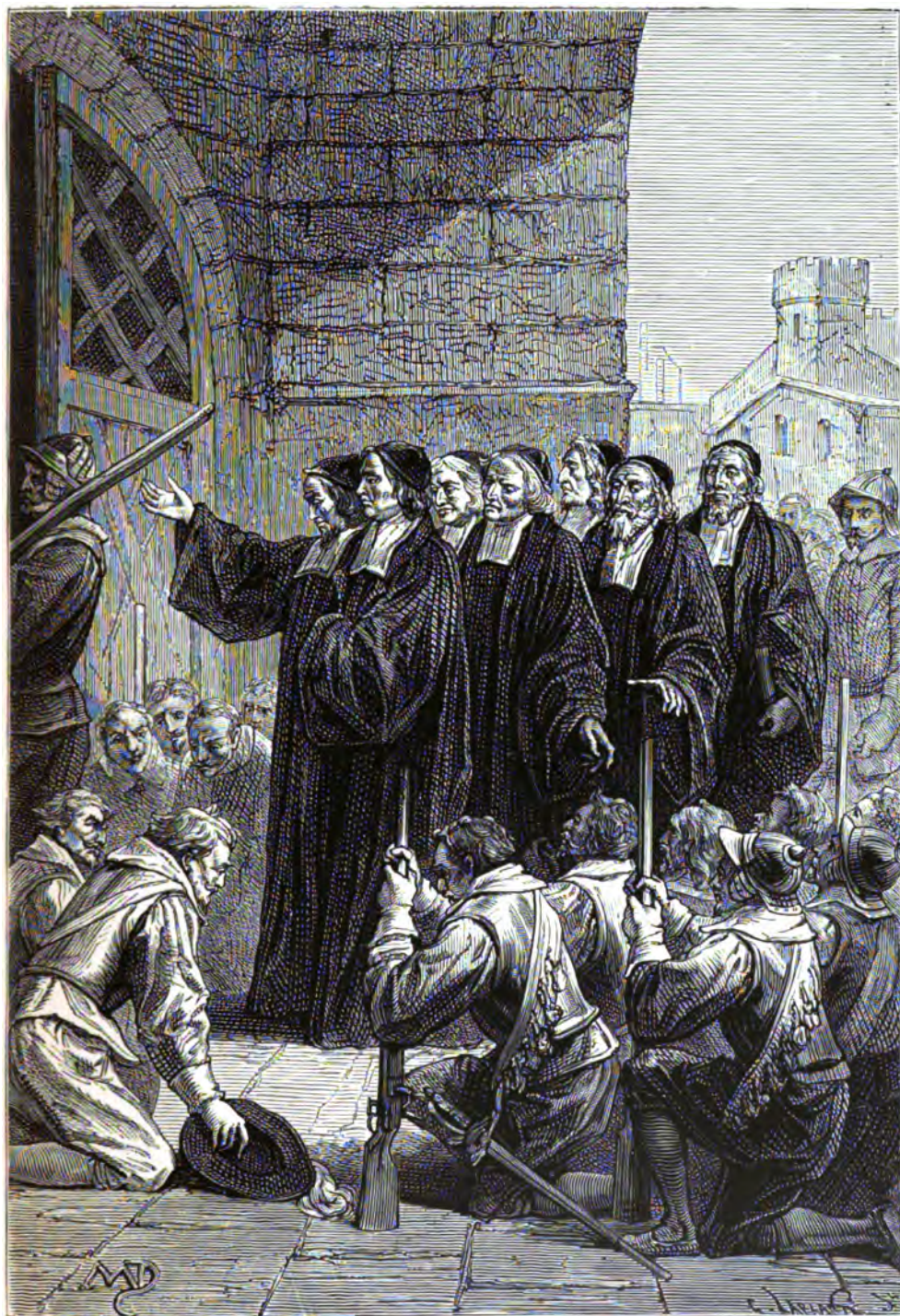
The country followed the example of the capital, and a great number of bishops sent in their adhesion to the petition. In the dioceses where the prelates showed some complaisance towards the royal injunctions, the majority of the clergy disobeyed them. "I cannot hope for your lordship's protection," wrote one poor pastor of the diocese of Rochester; "God's will be done! I would rather suffer than sin." The enthusiasm of the populace was equal to the resolution of the clergy. "The Anglican Church has grown in public esteem in the most incredible way," wrote the Dutch minister to the States-general. "The nonconformists everywhere go about declaring that they would rather suffer all the

penalties of the law than separate their cause from that of the bishops."

The king now grew uneasy; in his blind obstinacy he had foreseen neither the resistance of the Church nor the popular indignation. For a moment he inclined towards conciliation; but the chancellor was of a different opinion, and advised taking legal steps. Summoned to appear before the council on the 8th of June, the bishops, carefully instructed by their lawyers, maintained a prudent reserve, but they refused to accept the order to appear before the Court of the King's Bench, and intrenched themselves behind their privileges as peers. "You believe everybody before me," exclaimed the king angrily; and the seven bishops were sent to the Tower.

The populace thronged around them on the way, and the cry, "God bless your lordships!" resounded from every side. The soldiers who formed in line before the Traitor's Gate, knelt down to receive the episcopal blessing. In the garrison their healths were drunk; and at the entrance to the prison the carriages of the aristocracy were drawn up in double row. A deputation of nonconformist ministers had been charged to compliment the bishops, and the king sent for the delegates to reproach them with their ingratitude. "We have forgotten all old quarrels," replied the dissenters, "and we are resolved not to abandon the men who defend the Protestant religion."

On the 15th of June, at the opening of the assizes, the prelates were admitted to bail and allowed to re-enter their palaces; twenty-one peers of the highest rank had offered to be their sureties, and one of the richest dissenters of the city had begged the honor of being responsible for Bishop Ken. The attitude of the bishops was as pious and modest as it was courageous. "Honor the king, and remember us in your



THE SOLDIERS RECEIVE THE BLESSING OF THE BISHOPS.

prayers," was their exhortation to the crowd assembled along their route. Sir Edward Hales, the Catholic governor of the Tower, menaced them with irons and dungeons, if the judges sent them to prison, but the prelates replied, "We lament the king's displeasure, but every other man loses his breath that attempts to intimidate us." The Archbishop of Canterbury had great difficulty in preventing the grenadiers stationed before his palace from lighting bonfires in his honor, and everywhere the people asked for his blessing.

While the bishops were still in the Tower, on the 10th of June, 1688, in St. James's Palace was born, in the midst of the most insulting suspicions, the unfortunate heir of the Stuarts, destined to wander about the world for seventy-seven years, a prey to every kind of misfortune. Throughout all England the queen's pregnancy had been questioned, and when the Prince of Orange sent his minister, Count Zulestein, to congratulate his father-in-law on the birth of the Prince of Wales, the envoy wrote back word to his master, that the child was generally held to be supposititious. Thus public conviction agreed perfectly with the interest of William of Nassau. The prayers that had been ordered for the little prince were soon suppressed in the royal chapel at the Hague, and when King James angrily protested, his daughter assured him that the omission had arisen from forgetfulness—but the error was never repaired. History has judged King James very severely, but, less prejudiced or less suspicious than the Prince of Orange, it has ceased to dispute the legitimacy of his son.

On the 29th of June, at break of day, the precincts of Westminster were crowded with people. A jury carefully selected by the agents of the crown were assembled on the king's bench. All awaited the arrival of the bishops, who came at length accompanied by the most distinguished jurists

of the bar, thirty-nine peers of the realm being also among the audience. The discussion was long, close, and often violent, turning on the right of subjects to present a petition, so long as it was not a libel. Two of the judges summed up in favor of the bishops. "The declaration of indulgence is void in my opinion," said Powell, "and the power of dispensation such as has lately been exercised is absolutely contrary to law, and if such a dispensing power be allowed there will need no Parliament. All the legislative authority will be in the king, and the result of this, gentlemen, I leave to God and your consciences."

Night came, and the jury retired. "It is now late," wrote the nuncio, "but the sentence is not yet passed. The judges and accused have returned to their homes, but the jury are still sitting. To-morrow we shall know the issue of this great struggle." Discussion was lively among the jury. Those who kept guard on the staircase of the Tower heard confused voices and sometimes accents of anger. Nine members immediately pronounced in favor of acquittal. The animosity of two other jurors soon gave way to the resolution of their colleagues; Arnold, the king's brewer, remained alone. "I am ruined whatever happens," he had said in taking his place on the tribunal; "if I acquit the bishops, I shall brew no more for his Majesty; if I condemn them, I shall brew for nobody else." He remained, however, obstinate in his resolve. "I am not," he said, "accustomed to discussions and arguments, but my conscience is not easy, and I will never acquit the bishops." "Listen to me," said Austin, a rich land-owner, who was passionately in favor of the bishops. "I am the strongest and stoutest of you all; before I will admit that the petition in question is a libel, I will remain here till I am no thicker than a pipe-stem." It was six o'clock in the morning when Arnold gave way at last.

The court reassembled at ten o'clock. "Not guilty," said Sir Robert Langley, the foreman of the jury.

Lord Halifax sprang from his seat and waved his hat, and at this signal cries of joy burst from the benches, the ante-chambers, and the courtyard. The crowd which thronged all the streets, catching the distant sound of the acclamations, replied by shouts and cheers. Strong men burst into tears, so great was their sense of relief and thankfulness. Cries came from the shipping which crowded the Thames, and the soldiers in garrison at Hounslow-Heath heard the news just as the king, who had inspected them that day, was leaving the camp. Behind him resounded the acclamations of the troops. "What is the meaning of those cries?" asked James. "It is nothing," they replied; "it is only the soldiers rejoicing at the acquittal of the bishops." "Do you call that nothing?" exclaimed James; and he repeated what he had muttered in French on receiving the news by Sunderland's messenger: "It shall be so much the worse for them." In spite of his narrow obstinacy and the sincerity of his self-deception, James felt his defeat keenly; he became more obstinate than ever in his views, and more determined to gain the end he was striving for. The question of the government of England became a challenge between the king and his people. In the midst of what dangers and what rivals did James rule! Could he forget the constant menace presented him by the Prince of Orange, his son-in-law, the recognized chief of Protestant Europe, and head of the great coalition which was slowly forming against Louis XIV.!

Great-grandson of William the Taciturn and Louise de Coligny, William of Nassau was born on the 4th of November, 1650, at a time when the fortunes of his family were giving way under the blows of the republican patriciate of the province of Holland. Carefully brought up by John de

Witt, who had never had absolute confidence in the destinies of his party, he had shared from childhood in the most important political movements and in the rudest fortunes of war. At the age of twenty-one he had saved his country from imminent danger. As cold in appearance as he was ardent and resolute at heart, he had learned to govern himself before he governed others, with an ability and power which made Pope Innocent XI. exclaim, "The Prince of Orange is the master of Europe."

Adored by his wife, and by a few friends to whom he showed in return a touching devotion, he had received from all marks of the most sincere attachment. His friend Bentinck had nursed him during an attack of small-pox. "I don't know whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said the Prince once tenderly; "but what I do know is, that for sixteen days and sixteen nights I never asked for anything without finding Bentinck by my bedside." For a long time a lack of sympathy had existed between his wife and himself. Mary was in ignorance of the rights which her birth conferred upon her to the exclusion of her husband; but at last, Dr. Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, who was wandering about on the Continent from mistrust of King James, and who had just settled down in Holland, took upon himself to enlighten the Princess. She went at once to her husband. "I did not know," she said to him, "that the laws of England were so contrary to the law of God, as Dr. Burnet has explained to me. For my part, I cannot admit that the husband could ever owe obedience to his wife; you shall always be master, I promise you; but—" and she sighed, gently alluding to the grief which William had sometimes caused her—"I beg you to remember the precept, 'Husbands, love your wives;' as I am resolved to observe that other which says, 'Women, submit yourselves

to your husbands in all things as to the Lord.'” It was afterwards in accordance with his wife’s wishes that the Prince of Orange resisted all James’s attempts to gain him over to his views. “You ask me,” he said, “to give my consent to an attack against my religion. I could not do it conscientiously, and I will not do it, either for the crown of England or the empire of the world.” “It is the duty of my nephew to give me his help,” said the king angrily; “but he has always taken a pleasure in contradicting me.” To which Dykwelt, William’s envoy in London, protested respectfully: “You cannot expect a Protestant prince to second you against the Protestant religion, Sire.”

While defending his master, the clever Dutchman silently pursued the work for which he had been sent to England. Since the fall of Monmouth, especially, men of every shade of dissent had been grouping themselves silently round the Prince of Orange, a leader remote, circumspect, prudent, and skilful in maintaining a certain unity among the diverse elements which were preparing in England for resistance. In his great design of one common effort of all the European powers against the unbridled ambition of Louis XIV., England held an important place, and William was preparing in advance and secretly his own personal action. Firmly resolved to decline all enterprises against the power of his father-in-law, as Lord Mordaunt had lately pressed him to do, he had too able a mind not to discern the clouds which were gathering over the head of the imprudent and obstinate monarch who now walked blindly to his ruin. On Dykwelt’s return in 1687, the envoy had brought confidential letters from all the chiefs of the opposition — Halifax, Danby, and even Lord Churchill, who was all-powerful with the Princess Anne through the singular and romantic friendship which James’s second daughter entertained for his wife, Sarah Jennings, a

woman as clever and ambitious as himself. "The Princess has charged me," wrote the future Duke of Marlborough, "to assure her illustrious parent that she is resolved, with the help of God, to lose her life rather than be guilty of apostasy. As for me, if I have not led the life of a saint, I could, if needful, suffer the death of a martyr for my religion."

The trial of the bishops, exactly at the time of the Prince of Wales's birth, had opened the eyes of the Tories while closing the door to their religious and political hopes. The king commenced his persecution of the Anglican Church just at the moment when the consoling prospects of a Protestant monarchy had disappeared. For the first time since the Restoration, through different motives and in different degrees, all parties found themselves united in one desire, and aiming at the same end.

"*Aut nunc, aut nunquam*," said William to Dykwelt, when he learned of the acquittal of the bishops. He had refused till then to listen to Edward Russell, the Duke of Bedford's nephew, a hardy and enterprising seaman, burning to avenge his family's wrongs. "I could not attempt anything in England without more formal assurances than you bring me to-day. I know how those who talk of sacrificing their property and their lives, would be silenced immediately if they were menaced with the bloody assizes. I only ask for a few signatures, but they must be those of distinguished men who represent great interests."

When the conspirators' letters arrived at the Hague, they bore the names of the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, Danby, Lord Lumley, and Compton, Bishop of London. Vice-Admiral Herbert, in the dress of a common sailor, had brought them in person to the Prince of Orange. Soon after, Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, actively employed in Wil-

liam's negotiations with English statesmen, gave him the assurance that Lord Sunderland himself, though loaded with King James's favors, a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and victorious over all his rivals, manifested favorable intentions towards the secret designs of the Prince. The moment for action approached; political intrigues and military preparations could not remain secret much longer. William's secret agitation, impenetrable to common eyes, appeared in all its bitterness when he wrote to Bentinck: "My suffering and agony are cruel—I cannot see my way—I have never felt so much before the want of God's direction. His grace be with you, and permit you to take part in a work on which, humanly speaking, the fate of the Church depends."

Meanwhile, in presence of the danger which menaced himself as well as King James, the active vigilance of Louis XIV. had not been deceived, and in England he had added warning to warning. But James had given himself up to Sunderland bound hand and foot, and that minister exercised the same influence over Barillon; and both ridiculed the idea of a descent upon England. "Would the Prince of Orange, a prudent and experienced man, renew Monmouth's mad attempt?" they asked. Louis XIV. sent Bonrepaux to London, to offer the king a fleet, while a body of French troops were held in readiness to march on Holland, and the Count d'Avaux received instructions to inform the States-general that the King of France had taken the English court under his protection.

But all these efforts and this foresight failed before the obstinate blindness of King James. He received Louis' offers with displeasure. "My good brother has excellent qualities," he said to the nuncio, "but flattery and vanity have turned his head." He assured the States-general of his amicable

intentions. "My master is by his power as well as by his character above the position that France tries to attribute to him," said the Marquis d'Abbeville, the ignorant and venal ambassador of King James in the United Provinces; "there is a great deal of difference between a king of England and an archbishop of Cologne." Irritated and wounded, Louis XIV. sent his forces into Germany to the aid of that archbishop of Cologne so much despised by James II., and the arms of France were once more triumphant. But the United Provinces had nothing to fear. The States-general had adhered to the project of their Stadtholder; on the 16th of October, 1688, William made his formal appearance before them, wishing, he said, to pay his farewell to the representatives of his native country. He thanked them for the care they had taken of him during his lonely childhood, and for the help they had so long given him; he admitted that he was leaving them perhaps forever. "If I fall fighting," said he, "for the Reformed religion and for the independence of Europe, I recommend my beloved wife to your care." All wept while listening to him. William alone preserved his calm exterior, apparently cold and imperturbable in his indomitable resolution. To the hereditary and characteristic device of his House, "I will maintain," he had added to his standard these significant words, "The liberty of England and the Protestant religion."

The die was cast, and the contrary winds which seemed for a moment to threaten the ruin of the expedition could not stop the liberator in his progress. He prepared to set sail from Helvoetsluys on the 19th of October, after publishing in Holland the manifesto already sent to England, in which the causes of complaint of the English nation were set forth in a style at once moderate and firm. This document was originally the work of the Grand Pensionary

Fagel, and had been translated and abridged by Burnet. Attached to England as he was by bonds of gratitude as well as family ties, the Prince had not felt it right, he said, to refuse the call of so many of the peers, spiritual and temporal, and of the English of all classes, who sought to intrust to him the protection of the national liberties. He denied all idea of conquest. His only aim was the reconstitution of a free and legal Parliament intrusted with the decision in all national or special questions. As soon as England was delivered from tyranny, the Prince's troops should evacuate the country.

The storm was on the point of breaking over James's head when he began at last to open his eyes. An alarming despatch from Abbeville preceded by a few hours the Prince of Orange's manifesto. In this manifesto James pretended not to see his nephew's work, and threw all the copies that were given him into the fire. Nevertheless he multiplied concessions; his haughty character bent at last before the necessity which his narrow mind had so long refused to accept. A solemn declaration promised royal protection to the Anglican Church, and the Bishop of London was reinstated. The king no longer insisted on the admission of Catholics into the House of Commons, and re-established in their posts the local magistrates who had been displaced for resisting his policy. The Court of High Commission was abolished, and the charters of the City of London were restored. The universities were restored to their privileges, and a strange inquiry, designed to prove the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales, was instituted before the Council. One concession alone was obstinately refused: the power of dispensation remained intact. "God has confided it to me for the good of his people," repeated the king,

and all the Catholic officers therefore retained their rank in the army.

James II. was accustomed to intrigues, for he had often seen them plotted and acted before him, and now he felt even in his palace the breath of treason. Sunderland had rendered himself an object of suspicion, and the king demanded from him the seals of office. The minister protested his devotion. "Do not make me the most unhappy man in your kingdom, Sire, by refusing to believe my fidelity," he said in a voice broken with emotion; but Lord Preston was called in, and Sunderland set off at once for the Hague. The Prince of Orange, however, was no longer there: on the 4th of November the Dutch fleet sighted the Isle of Wight. Feeling uneasy about the possibilities of an attack by the royal fleet, "It is not the moment to show one's bravery," he said to Admiral Herbert, "nor to fight if one can avoid it." A mistake of the pilot led the squadron away from the coast at first; on the fifth, towards midday, the sun appeared from behind the clouds; the "Protestant wind," which all hearts prayed for who awaited impatiently the Prince's arrival, at last blew, and the Dutch vessels entered the Bay of Torbay without a shot having been fired. The storm which had in vain buffeted William's fleet, had been fatal to King James's ships. Lord Dartmouth had not been able to put to sea to stop the advance of the invaders: upon damp soil, in the rain, and amid gusts of autumn wind, William of Orange set foot on English ground. When he commenced his march to Exeter, he had with him only his own soldiers, and the fugitive English who had joined him at the Hague. No new additions came to increase his ranks. The nation hesitated as if astonished and troubled at the dawn of deliverance. The conspirators themselves remained motionless.

King James had rallied the chiefs of the opposition about him, and also the bishops. Halifax and Nottingham had not taken part in the conspiracy, and the only prelate who had signed the call to the Prince was Compton. All refused, however, to blame William's conduct publicly. "These are state affairs, Sire," the Archbishop of Canterbury said mildly. "Your Majesty not long ago did that which grieved us, for having meddled in affairs of state." James II. had alienated from him the Anglican Church, once the firmest support of the throne; its pulpits remained silent, the voice of its pastors no longer called the people to the defence of their king. "As ministers of the Church we will assist you with our prayers," the bishops had said, "and as peers of the realm we will advise you in Parliament." "Go, my lords," replied the king, "I urge you no longer; as you will not help me, I will rely on my arms alone."

Meanwhile, the standing army, that last resource long so carefully made ready by the monarch, seemed to be trembling in his hands, and to be on the point of failing him. When men have for a moment hesitated in a cause which they really have at heart, they rush into action with an ardor redoubled by their first uncertainty. The gentlemen of the neighboring counties, the great lords at the head of their dependants, took the road to Exeter, while the prime minister, Lord Cornbury, son of Clarendon, and completely under the influence of the Churchills, brought to the Prince of Orange the three regiments he commanded. "Is it possible my son is a traitor?" asked sadly the son of the great chancellor, himself faithful to his master through all the vicissitudes of fortune; but the Princess Anne expressed surprise at her uncle's consternation. "Many people," she said, "are afraid of Papistry; I think his example will be extensively followed in the army." A few days later Lord

Churchill and the Duke of Grafton at the head of their troops had joined the Prince of Orange. King James had gone as far as Salisbury when he heard of this unexpected defection: everywhere the people were rising; the west and the north were in arms; and the unfortunate monarch, afraid of finding the road to London barred, commanded a retreat. His son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, left him secretly during the march. Heavy in mind as in body, that prince had a habit of replying to the gravest or the most insignificant remark by the invariable exclamation, "Is it possible?" "*Is-it-possible* is gone also," said James when the prince was missing one morning at his levee; "if he were not the husband of my daughter, the meanest trooper would be a greater loss." But when he arrived in London, James heard that the Princess Anne as well as her husband had deserted him, and the blow was an overwhelming one. As blind in his family as he was in his kingdom, he had not guessed the intrigues which were going on about him, nor the isolation in which the intolerant ardor of his religious faith had placed him. He sank into an arm-chair, murmuring, "God have pity on me, even my children abandon me!"

The unfortunate king now felt himself surrounded on all sides by defection. Even those who still remained faithful to him now changed their language. A deputation from the House of Lords had recently urged him to enter into negotiations with the Prince of Orange, and to convoke a free Parliament, and he at last inclined towards accepting this salutary advice. "It is important to this end," said Lord Clarendon, "that the mind of the people should be reassured about the fear of Popery. Now, at the present time his Majesty is raising in London a regiment in which there is not a single Protestant." "It is not true!" exclaimed James. They required a promise of a general

amnesty from him. "I cannot," said the king at first; "I must make examples: of Churchill especially, — of Churchill whom I raised so high, and who has ruined me. He has corrupted my army, he has corrupted my daughter, and he would have given me up into the hands of the Prince of Orange, without God's mercy preventing him. My lords, you seem to be much concerned about the safety of the traitors; have you nothing to say about mine?" He gave way, however, and commanded Halifax to draw up a royal proclamation. Parliament was convoked for the 13th of February. The amnesty was without reserve. Delegates were chosen to treat with the Prince of Orange, while the governor of the Tower, Sir Edward Hales, was dismissed and replaced by Skelton, who had lately been his prisoner.

So many concessions and such reasonable conduct on the part of the king hid as usual a secret resolution. "This negotiation is only a pretence," said James to Barillon. "I send delegates to my nephew in order to have time to place the queen and Prince of Wales in safety. My troops will not support me, and the Irish who still remain faithful would not be sufficient for the struggle. Parliament would be certain to impose intolerable conditions, and I should be obliged to give up all I have done for the Catholics, and to break with the King of France. When the queen and my son are gone, I shall take refuge either in Ireland or Scotland, or with your master." On the 9th of December, the Prince of Wales and the queen, accompanied by three women in waiting, and under the protection of the Duke de Lauzun, who was as bold and adventurous in London as he was in Paris, secretly quitted the palace of Whitehall, crossed the Thames in an open boat, and soon reached Gravesend. The next day the fugitives arrived at Calais, and a gentleman in Lauzun's retinue brought this news to

King James. His most faithful servants, Lords Dover and Dartmouth, had refused their help to facilitate the prince's escape. "I would risk my life to defend the throne," the admiral had said, "but I cannot help in the Prince of Wales's departure for France." Only foreigners, therefore, had consented to serve the King of England.

Almost at the same hour that he was assured of the safety of his wife and son, King James received, through Lord Halifax, the proposals of the Prince of Orange, which were more moderate and conciliating than he had dared to hope. The greatest names in England had gathered round William of Nassau; those who did not personally attend at his audiences collected their servants and retainers in his cause. "What do you intend to do?" murmured Halifax in Burnet's ear in the midst of the crowd. "Do you want to have the king in your power?" "Not at all," replied Burnet; "we would do him no harm." "And if he were to go away?" "Nothing is more desirable," replied the bishop. The crowding of the courtiers prevented further conversation, but the despatches received from Halifax accorded with what Burnet had said. On the night of the 10th of December, King James, simply dressed, and accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales, left Whitehall secretly, after having destroyed all the Parliamentary writs which had not been issued. In crossing the Thames, he dropped the Great Seal into the midst of the stream. Disembarking at Vauxhall, where a carriage was waiting for him, he took the road to Sheerness. "I thank you for your fidelity," he wrote to Lord Feversham before leaving. "I no longer ask you to expose your life for me in fighting a foreign army and a nation infected by the contagion of treason. I seek my safety by flight from my kingdom." On receipt of this letter, Lord Feversham at once disbanded his troops, letting

loose a new element of discord at the gates of a capital suddenly given up to its own direction in the midst of general excitement and the most tumultuous passions. "Assemble the guards and declare yourselves for the Prince of Orange," was Lord Rochester's advice to the young Duke of Northumberland. The peers of the realm who were in London seized the power, formally declaring their intention of rallying round the Prince of Orange, and of carrying on the government in his name till he should arrive. But all the efforts of this self-established authority were not sufficient to preserve London from the most dreadful tumults; for three days and nights the houses of the Catholics, as well as their places of worship, were given up to pillage, their furniture was broken or burned, their plate stolen, and themselves insulted. The report of an Irish invasion redoubled the fury of the populace; no murder, however, was committed, Chancellor Jeffreys being the only man whose life was in danger. He sought to escape in close disguise; but a man lately condemned by him recognized under his disguise that savage look of the chief-justice which had so often frozen with terror the prisoners at his bar. He was at once seized by the mob, and two regiments of militia, immediately called out by the Lord Mayor, were scarcely sufficient to defend the carriage in which he was secured from the enraged multitude. He was imprisoned in the Tower, and there soon after expired, stricken by the hand of God with a dreadful malady.

King James had arrived at Sheerness, but the feeling of the whole nation was everywhere aroused against him, and the sailors were all on the lookout, disposed to find everywhere Catholic priests in disguise. James was seized, searched, and insulted. "It is Father Petre!" they cried, "don't you see his thin cheeks? Stop the old Jesuit!" The king was

quickly set on shore, and there at once recognized by the bystanders; this failure completed the derangement of his faculties. James, who was naturally courageous, as had been frequently proved on the field of battle, now entreated in vain for a vessel in which to escape. "The Prince of Orange pursues me; he seeks my life, and if you do not let me escape to-day it will be too late; my blood will be upon your head." Taken to an inn, and treated with respect, the unhappy king notwithstanding felt himself a prisoner in his own kingdom. "What have I done?" he repeatedly asked. "What fault have I committed?" The compassion due to a great misfortune closed the mouths of all who listened to him.

When the news of the king's arrest reached London, it threw the government into the deepest consternation. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided in the council, at once resigned his seat. Halifax took his place, bitterly exasperated by the part James had made him play at Hungerford. Orders were at once given to send a body of troops commanded by Feversham to meet James, and the king was thus brought back to Rochester, broken down in mind and body by the troubles he had endured. He wrote to the Prince of Orange: "I have returned to Whitehall, and desire to have a talk with you. The palace of St. James' will be prepared for your Highness."

William's prospects, however, had been darkened by the king's arrest; and he secretly cursed the officious zeal of the sailors. He was obliged to decide immediately whether the abdication should be complete and voluntary, or the civil strife should be prolonged between the two parties. He refused the proposed conference, and begged King James to remain at Rochester.

It was too late, however, for the king had just re-entered

London, where compassion, habit, and a reaction from past anger had collected a numerous crowd in the streets as he passed by, and he was saluted by a few acclamations. But well informed and far-seeing men were not deceived. "There are acclamations and fireworks," wrote Barillon, "but in their hearts the people are for the Prince of Orange." James, who was always easily deceived, for a moment believed it a return of his former popularity. He convoked a council, again gathering around him those who had not legally the right to be there, and severely blaming the peers of the realm who had dared to exercise a usurped authority in London. The Count of Nassau-Zulestein had just arrived, and the message of the Prince of Orange, cold and hard, damped the king's reviving hopes. "I hope, however, my nephew will come to St. James," he said, excusing himself for having left Rochester. "I am obliged to warn your Majesty," replied Zulestein, "that his Highness will not enter London so long as he finds troops there who will not obey his orders." Some hours later a deputation, with Halifax at its head, arrived at Whitehall. The English troops in the service of the States-general were already beginning to occupy the streets of London. The king was in bed when the messengers entered his room. "The Prince will be in Westminster to-morrow morning," they said; "he begs your Majesty to go to the Duke of Lauderdale at Ham." "It is a cold, ill-furnished house," said James, who did not, however, appear troubled by the message; "I would rather return to Rochester." William's permission was not long in arriving, and the next morning at ten o'clock the royal barge slowly descended the Thames. All eyes were wet, all hearts were moved, for it was indeed a sad spectacle to see their king, lately so powerful, obliged to-day, by his own fault as much as by the high-spirited resolution of his sub-

jects, to fly the country from which he had been exiled when scarcely more than a child, and had recovered only to lose again. The joy of deliverance reigned in men's hearts, but compassion and respect were not wanting in their demeanor.

Four days later, on the night of the 22d of December, the king, carelessly guarded, but pursued by a mortal terror, slipped out of the house which he occupied at Rochester, accompanied by the Duke of Berwick. A boat awaited him near the shore, and before daybreak he was on board a little merchant-vessel sailing out of the Thames.

Four kings of the House of Stuart had for a long period and with varying pretensions laid on England the weight of an unjust yoke. For the second time, and forever, a free people had rejected them. When the Prince of Orange, immediately after his arrival in London, received a deputation of the bar, presided over by Maynard, the old lawyer, who had been charged forty-seven years before with the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, presented himself, still in the vigor of life, before the liberator of England. "Sergeant," said William, "you must surely have outlived all the lawyers of your time?" "Yes, my lord," replied the old man, "and without your Highness, I might also have outlived our laws." It is to the eternal honor of the Prince of Orange, as to that of England, that they both defended without violence or bloodshed those civil and religious liberties once obtained at the expense of so much effort and so many crimes, and worthy of being thus preserved and defended by the hero and statesman who was destined at the same time and by the same act to save the independence of Europe menaced by King Louis XIV.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WILLIAM AND MARY. ESTABLISHMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT. 1689-1694.

KING JAMES II. had escaped from England, fleeing before the tempest which he had aroused, but obstinate in his opinions and steadfastly hoping for a return which his people were resolved at any cost to prevent. William of Orange had just entered London. He had not established his quarters in Whitehall, and he refused to accept the crown by right of conquest. Prudent and foreseeing, he would not be false to the promises of his manifesto, nor irritate by publishing its defeat that English army which he hoped soon to command. He had not conquered England: she had called him to her aid and had voluntarily submitted to him, and it was therefore by her free consent that he would hold the supreme power. A provisional assembly was formed, composed of the Lords who chanced to be in London and the members of the House of Commons who had sat in Parliament during the reign of King Charles II.; the aldermen of London and a deputation of the City Council being also invited to join it. At his departure the king had left a letter, and when some peers made inquiries for it, Lord Godolphin replied, "I have seen this document, and I can assure your lordships that it contains nothing which could give you any satisfaction." Fully assured therefore of the fugitive monarch's blind obstinacy, the peers of the realm presented their address to

the Prince on the 25th of December, and a few days later the Commons followed their example. "Your Highness, led by the hand of God, and called by the voice of the nation, has saved our dearest interest," said the address, "the Protestant religion, — which is primitive Christianity, — and restored those laws which are the best title to our lives, liberties, and estates, and without which the world were a wilderness. To this divine commission our nobles, our gentry, and amongst them our brave English soldiers, tender themselves and their arms upon your appearance." The same expressions of thankfulness and the same requests were presented by the Scottish lords who were in London — one excepted, the Earl of Arran, son of the Duke of Hamilton, who had proposed entering into negotiations with King James. "All cry out Hosanna! to-day," said the Prince of Orange to Dykwelt and his other Dutch friends who had brought him the congratulations of his native country, and expressed their joy at the enthusiasm which was everywhere manifested in England, — "but in two days' time they will cry out quite as loudly, Crucify! crucify!" Firmly resolved to reign in England, William foresaw, without however fully realizing their extent, the difficulties and obstacles which the great enterprise he had been invited to undertake would meet with in England itself.

But he accepted the task without flinching, and on the 22d of January, 1689, a Convention, which soon declared itself a Parliament, was formed at Westminster, elected by circular notes sent out in the name of the Prince of Orange. Already parties began to be formed — the great national union which had decreed and brought about the revolution yielding to individual passions and different opinions. In this supreme crisis of the government of England, the Tories, very numerous in the House of Lords but feeble in the



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House of Commons, hesitated, according to their political or religious bias, between negotiations with King James and the institution of a regency, thus leaving the fugitive monarch the empty title of king on the one hand, or, on the other, declaring that the throne was vacant, and calling in the Princess Mary as rightful heir to the crown. No one dared to affirm the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales. Among the Whigs, who counted in their ranks a certain number of dissenters, some proposed that Parliament should proclaim the right of the nation to depose a prince guilty of misgovernment; others, less advanced in revolutionary views, although firmly resolved to deliver England from King James's bad government, sought to cloak with legal forms the national will. "Kings, so they say, rule by right divine," exclaimed Sir Robert Howard, "but the people also have their divine right." On the 26th of January the House of Commons concluded its sittings by voting a resolution couched in these terms: "King James II. having attempted to subvert the constitution of the kingdom by breaking the original contract between the king and the people, and by the advice of the Jesuits and other wicked persons having violated the fundamental laws of the kingdom, and withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and the throne is thereby vacant." The form of the declaration was open to criticism, its substance only was important. The Commons added to their declaration that the throne was vacant a second decision equally grave, namely, that "The reign of a Catholic monarch is incompatible with the security and well-being of the Protestant nation." And the two resolutions were transmitted to the House of Lords.

The Protestant declaration was voted unanimously: the King of England, as chief of the Anglican Church, must necessarily, it was said, belong to that Church. In respect

to the vacancy of the throne, the Tories insisted on discussing, first of all, the question of the regency originally proposed by Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterwards supported by Lords Rochester and Nottingham. Divided between their conviction of the dangers to which King James exposed the country and their sentiments of monarchical loyalty, the members of this section of the Tory party hoped to remain faithful to their oaths of allegiance by treating the fugitive monarch as a sick man, incapable of governing, and consequently obliged to delegate his power to the Prince of Orange. When, however, this proposition was thrown out, Lord Danby admitted the vacancy of the throne, and asked that the Princess Mary be proclaimed queen in accordance with the principle that the throne could not remain empty; but the Whigs, with Halifax at their head, boldly asserted the right of the nation to choose its monarch. King James they said was alive, the princess therefore could not be his heir; the throne had become elective, and the Prince of Orange was the only person worthy to be called to it.

The discussion between the two Houses, as well as within the House of Lords itself, increased in ardor, and crowds surged round the gates of the palace. Lord Lovelace notified the peers that he was charged with a petition demanding the immediate proclamation of the Prince and Princess of Orange as King and Queen of England. "By whom is the petition signed?" they asked. "No one has yet set hand to it," replied the bold nobleman, the first who had joined the Prince of Orange at his landing; "but when I bring it here there will be enough." The same threat was uttered before the House of Commons. The Princess meanwhile was detained in Holland by the state of the sea, which was encumbered with ice. Danby pleaded her cause ener-

getically before the House of Lords, whilst William, who was still faithful to his promise to refer to the Convention the settlement of all great political questions, did not interfere in the debate at all. One of his friends, a Dutchman, probably Dykwelt, was present by chance during the discussion. He was entreated to say what he knew of the Prince's opinions; but the Dutchman resisted for a long time. "I cannot understand what is passing in his Highness's mind," he said at last, "but, if what you want to know is what I suppose and think, I will tell you that I do not imagine he would care to be merely gentleman of the bedchamber to his wife — but I really know nothing at all about it." "I do, though, and rather too much," replied Danby. Burnet finally decided to reveal what the Princess had formerly confided to him. "I know," said he, "that a long time ago, even if she had ascended the throne in the regular succession, she was resolved to repose all the power in her husband's hands, if only she could get for this the consent of Parliament." Mary wrote at the same time to Danby: "I am the Prince's wife; I have no other desire than to remain subordinate to him; the greatest wrong that could be done me would be to place me in rivalry with him, and I shall never consider those my friends who follow such a policy." For a moment the ardent Tories brought forward the Princess Anne's claims now menaced by the elevation of William of Orange, and the Churchills were gained over; but the princess herself made no objection to her brother-in-law's elevation, and the prince therefore sent for the leaders of the two parties in the House of Lords. He summed up in a few words the different alternatives discussed in Parliament. "I have kept silence till now," he added; "I have employed neither solicitation nor menace; I have not even allowed my opinions or desires to transpire, for I have neither the right nor the will to impose anything

on the Convention. I only claim the privilege of refusing functions which I could not fulfil either with honor to myself or utility to the country, and I am resolved never to be regent; neither will I accept such a share in the government as the princess could give me by raising me to the throne. I esteem her as highly as a man can any woman, but I will not be tied to the apron-string even of the best of wives. There is only one part I can honorably fill, and if Parliament offers me the crown for my life, I will accept it; but if not, I shall return without regret to my native country." The prince concluded by saying that he thought it was just to secure the succession to the Princess Anne and her children in preference to the posterity he might have by any other wife than the Princess Mary.

The question was at last decided: William and Mary were to reign together as King and Queen of England, the government being confided to William; and a meeting of the two Houses resulted at once in a vote. Lord Nottingham asked for a modification of the oaths of allegiance. "I do not approve of the acts of the Convention," he said, "but I wish to be able to promise to faithfully obey the new monarchs." The House of Commons had intrusted the drawing up of the Bill of Rights to Somers the legist, whose name had already become celebrated during the trial of the bishops, and whose rare qualities, power and clearness of intellect, and manly eloquence, had placed him in the highest rank, and marked him out soon to become premier. After an explicit and straightforward exposition of the rights of the nation, Parliament declared William and Mary, Prince and Princess of Orange, King and Queen of England during their lives; the crown, after them, devolving on the Princess Anne and her children, and failing them, to William's children.

The Princess Mary had just landed in England; no sooner

did she arrive at Whitehall than people began to criticise her behavior and the first manifestations of her character. Those who saw her found her light-hearted, eager to enjoy her new greatness, and forgetful of the catastrophe which had precipitated her father from the throne which she was about to ascend. Even Burnet was shocked by it. "I always saw so much propriety in her conduct," he said, "that my surprise was great to see her thus fail so entirely on this occasion. Some days afterwards I took the liberty of asking her how it was that her father's misfortunes had made so little impression on her. She took my frankness in good part, as usual, and assured me that she had felt them bitterly, even if she appeared to have forgotten them now, but that she had been requested to affect great gayety. It is possible she only exaggerated the part she had to play, for it was one quite foreign to her disposition." On the 13th of February, the two Houses assembled solemnly at Whitehall, to offer the crown to the Prince and Princess of Orange, Halifax making the actual proposition. "We accept with gratitude what you offer us," said William. "As for me, I can assure you that the laws of England, which I have already defended, will be forever the rule of my conduct. I shall work without ceasing for the prosperity of the kingdom, and in this I look for the help and advice of the two Houses, whose opinion I am prepared to consider even before my own." The public proclamation in front of the great gate of the Palace was saluted by the acclamations of the crowd, and thus the revolution was accomplished, and a new reign began.

With the new reign commenced a new era. The revolution of 1688 had been singularly moderate and reasonable; it had not claimed one new right; it had not added one liberty to the privileges and liberties England enjoyed; it had not altered a single custom; it had not renounced any of the

forms and ceremonies in use from ancient times and dear to the popular heart. It had simply proclaimed in principle and established in fact that the English nation regarded its rights and liberties as its most precious treasure, and that it placed them above hereditary titles and royal rights. Liberal as well as legal, it exacted from the ruler a certain amount of good government and respect for the national will, and at the same time brought out clear from the clouds of the past those great principles of the common interest of the monarch with his people, that England had known how to preserve and defend through so many perils and so much tyranny. The work of liberty was not yet complete, but all the germs of it existed in the Declaration of Rights drawn up by Somers, and solemnly accepted by the new sovereigns. The bitter days of revolutions were ended for England.

At the same time, the day of complete tranquillity had not yet arrived. The rule of William III. was sure to be attended with difficulty, contention, and excitement, and the reasons for this were diverse and complicated. And first among these reasons is to be placed the fact of his nationality: he was a Dutchman at heart as well as by descent, and a foreigner in tastes as well as manners; and this England never forgot. The two countries, though both free and Protestant, were yet separated by profound differences. In England, Whigs and Tories divided the upper classes; republican tendencies existed only obscurely among a certain number of dissenters, while the Anglican Church, the Presbyterians, and the Catholics were royalist by taste as well as on principle. In Holland, on the contrary, the patrician burgher remained almost everywhere passionately attached to the republican form of government; the partisans of the Stadtholderate of Orange were to be found in the army and among the rich land-owners; part also of the provinces of

Guelders and Friesland being equally devoted to it. Brought up in Holland in the midst of party feuds with which he was thoroughly acquainted, and whose tactics he had long directed, able to understand and to sympathize with those even who were the hereditary enemies of his family and his policy, William III. really was in England the stranger that he appeared. Cold and reserved, like a man surrounded by enemies, or at least by critics, he placed confidence only in Dutchmen: on them alone he showered his personal favors; and if he opened his heart and unbent his brow, it was only towards a Dutchman. A constant reproach and a continual source of weakness to the King of England was his marked preference for his native land, and his eagerness to escape thither as soon as the return of warm weather offered him an excuse. There alone he breathed freely; there only did he unfold his great political ideas, more European than English, and difficult for a foreign prince to carry into a new kingdom still all peopled for him with secret or declared enemies. England had long been a stranger to the complications of Continental policy; lowered in her own eyes as well as in those of Europe, she had endured under Charles II. and James II. the yoke of France, against which William III. proudly strove, asking for supreme sacrifices from England and Holland to sustain the cause of European independence. It was not without uneasiness and a certain degree of insular jealousy that the English saw themselves dragged into all kinds of political complications on the Continent; they had given themselves to William of Orange, but they preserved towards him a secret distrust silently fed by the persistent suspicions of the English Church. William was a Protestant, but he was also a Calvinist, and besides, accustomed to the greatest toleration in his own country, which had then become the refuge of all the persecuted. In Eng-

land he found himself in the presence of the Anglican Church, divided in its conduct towards him, in part faithful to the fugitive monarch who had oppressed it, and he was obliged at the same time to combat both the anti-Catholic fervor which had raised him to the throne, and that spirit of intolerance with regard to dissenters which was contrary to all his tastes and principles. The Dutchman, the European statesman, the tolerant Calvinist, met everywhere in England with distrust and obstacles which all the success of the revolution of 1688 could not obliterate, and which the personal superiority of the new monarch never entirely succeeded in conquering.

The Church, silent and gloomy, the army, depressed and humiliated, all party strife let loose,—such was the position of William of Orange on the morrow of his triumph, while the rising of Ireland menaced the peace of the kingdom, and the government meanwhile was still entirely unorganized. A responsible and homogeneous ministry did not then exist; William assembled round him councillors from diverse sources,—Whigs, Tories, and Trimmers,—Danby, Nottingham, Halifax, Shrewsbury, Herbert, and Mordaunt. Dissension soon showed itself. The Tories had exercised the sole power for many years, and they were more experienced and clever in business than the Whigs. The latter were for the most part sincerely devoted to the new government, but jealous and suspicious towards their adversaries, now become their colleagues. Cabals and intrigues, sometimes violent outbreaks, followed one another without cessation, interrupting and retarding the progress of the administration, and undermining the popularity of the king, to whom all parties made appeal, and who tried in vain to moderate all. An attack by John Hampden upon Halifax appeared so violent that they exclaimed in the House of Commons, “They call this an address: it is a libel.” William

was tired of Parliamentary struggles, and eager to seek again that soldier's life which he preferred to politics, when, on the 27th of January, 1690, he pronounced the dissolution of Parliament; and indeed the state of affairs in Ireland urgently required his immediate presence.

Flying from England and the dangers which, as he believed, menaced his liberty and his life, King James had found in France, at the court of Louis XIV., the most generous and magnificent hospitality. Lodged by the king in the palace of St. Germain, and treated in every way as a sovereign and an equal, James II. had asked and obtained from his royal host the means not only to subsist in France, but to undertake the conquest of Protestant and rebel England by means of Ireland, which had remained Catholic and faithful. Already civil war had broken out in the lesser kingdom; the power which James had placed in the hands of Catholics and natives of the country began to disquiet the Protestant groups scattered in colonies throughout Ireland. The little town of Kenmore and the cities of Enniskillen and Londonderry were filled with religious fugitives driven by the tyranny exercised towards them to this refuge which the Scotch Presbyterians had lately found in Ulster. Tyrconnel had in vain tried to maintain an appearance of order; the Irish population, whose passions had so long been excited, had now passed beyond his control.

Ireland therefore was ablaze when King James landed at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, 1689. He had embarked at Brest, accompanied by a staff of French officers under the command of the Count de Rosen. With him Louis XIV. had sent the Count d'Avaux, intrusted with the diplomatic part of the expedition and the intrigues to be set on foot among the English malcontents. From the moment of departure this clever diplomatist, versed in the complicated

negotiations of the Continent, foresaw the embarrassment which would be caused him by the fallen monarch whose cause he was to plead. "It will not be an easy thing to keep a secret with the King of England," he wrote to Louis XIV., "for he used to say publicly before the sailors of the St. Michel what he should have reserved for his most confidential friends. What will also occasion us much trouble is his irresolution, for he often changes his opinion, and does not always decide for the best. He spends his time upon trifles, and neglects the most essential matters. Besides this, he listens to everybody, so that it takes as long to destroy the impressions which bad advice has made upon him as to affect him with good ones."

"All the troops that Tyrconnel had been able to raise were absorbed by the Protestant rising in Ulster," says King James in his memoirs; "and the Catholics of the country had no arms, while the Protestants had them in great abundance as well as the best horses in the kingdom; while, as for artillery, there were only eight little field-pieces capable of being moved. No provisions, and no ammunition in the magazines, very little powder and very few cannon-balls, no money in the treasury, and all the officers gone off to England!" To this sad picture of the condition of his forces in Ireland, James might have added the embarrassment which an ungovernable Parliament caused him, and the claims, as violent as they were unreasonable, of partisans who thought they had a right to give laws to the sovereign they persisted in serving. The Irish demanded the complete independence of their country, threatening, if James refused, to appeal to France, and place themselves in future under her protection; while the English exiles who accompanied the king, despising Ireland and the Irish, aspired only to place their king on the throne of England. "My

Lord Melford is neither a good Frenchman nor a good Irishman," said the Count d'Avaux; "he thinks only of England." In spite of a proclamation of tolerance, published by James, all were agreed none the less upon re-establishing in Ireland the absolute supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church; the Corporation Act passed by Charles II. was abolished; the estates of the Catholics which had been confiscated and bestowed upon Protestants were restored to their original owners; an act of proscription was issued against all fugitive Protestant refugees in the northern counties, and all endowments were taken away from the Anglican Church. The fanatics were triumphant; but the king was troubled and uneasy, for he knew better than his councillors the strength of Protestantism even in Ireland, and he also dreaded the effect of these measures on the public mind in England. Only after long hesitation, lasting even after his actual departure, and causing him to turn back for a time, James set off to lay siege to Londonderry in person.

The place was small, badly fortified, and crowded with fugitives who had brought no provisions with them. The governor, Lundy, betrayed the garrison and the citizens; before his most cowardly flight he made several attempts to give them up to the enemy; but the religious and patriotic ardor of the population triumphed over every obstacle. An Anglican clergyman, George Walker, and Major Henry Baker took command of the troops and of the town, by the simple ascendancy of their character. Resolved to accept no capitulation, they defied the repeated attacks of the Irish army, as well as the sufferings induced by famine. When Lord Strabane was empowered to offer the inhabitants the royal pardon,—"The people of Londonderry have done nothing to require pardon," replied Major Murray;

“they recognize no other sovereign than King William and Queen Mary. Your lordship might not be safe if you remained here longer, or if you repeated the same offers; so permit me to accompany you beyond our lines.” King James upon this returned to Dublin. Meanwhile the town had held out for a hundred and five days, in spite of the cruelties of the Count de Rosen which had excited even the anger of James himself, when on the 30th of July, by orders from London, Colonel Kirke (sent from England to the relief of Londonderry) made a desperate attempt to force the boom erected by the enemy across the river. “If we do not deliver the brave men of Londonderry, the whole world will rise against us!” Birch exclaimed in the House of Commons. “A boom is there? Well, let us break down the boom. Shall we let our brethren perish under our very eyes?” The boom was forced; and the population of Londonderry, decimated, expiring, but still indomitable, saw the vessels which brought them the long hoped-for help advance majestically up the narrow channel which, in consequence of the drought, was all of the river that remained navigable. Thanksgivings and cries of joy were still resounding in the town when a line of flame announced the retreat of the Jacobite army. The siege of Londonderry was raised. On the same day the inhabitants of Enniskillen, who had proudly held their town against the troops of the enemy, followed the Irish in retreat to a little place called Newton-Butler; there, at the foot of the hill, in front of a marsh, the fight commenced between the two brigades. “Shall we advance or retreat?” cried General Wolseley to the improvised army sent to his relief by Kirke. “Advance! advance!” cried the Protestants; the rout of James’s partisans was soon complete, and the massacre frightful. Nothing could restrain the violence of religious and political hatred amongst

a half-civilized population. "The dragoons, who had taken flight in the morning, took to their heels with the rest of the cavalry without firing a single shot," wrote Count d'Avaux, "and they escaped moreover in such panic that they threw down muskets, pistols, and swords, and the greater part among them having worn out their horses, threw off their accoutrements, in order to be able to run more quickly."

At the same time that King James's arms suffered such serious reverses in Ireland, he received news from England which for the moment brought confusion to his council, only to reanimate afterwards by the very imminence of the danger the natural courage of the Irish race. Marshal Schomberg, the illustrious exile who had been banished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes from that adopted country which he had so gloriously served, and who had been William's lieutenant when he landed in England, had now just embarked for Ireland at the head of a numerous body of troops. To this alarming news was added even worse tidings: the last efforts of the Scottish insurrection had failed; thus vanished all hope of a Jacobite restoration in the hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts.

A tyranny from which England had never suffered had long weighed upon Scotland; an oppressive and corrupt government had met with little opposition from a timid and venal Parliament; a religion that was odious to the nation had been imposed by law upon it. The revolution of 1688 borrowed in Scotland, from the condition of public affairs and of men's minds, a quite different character from that which it had assumed in England. There King James had been overthrown in the name of violated laws; all legal forms had been respected in the election of the Parliament which proclaimed William and Mary. In Edinburgh the

reaction was violent, and led to outbursts of destructive passion; the English clergy were everywhere ill-treated and insulted. The first act of the Convention convoked by the Prince of Orange was the abolition of episcopacy; everywhere the Presbyterians regained liberty and power together: everywhere the Covenanters, long oppressed by an iron hand, began to assert themselves boldly. Notwithstanding, at the moment when the Scottish Parliament, after a warm discussion, had decided to recognize the legality of the revolution by proclaiming in its turn the new sovereigns of England, an insurrection broke out in the Highlands of Scotland, under Viscount Dundee, formerly notorious under the name of Graham of Claverhouse, who was supported in his campaign in favor of James II. by Count Balcarras. Both had visited the Prince of Orange in London, and both claimed the protection of government. "Take care, my lord," William had said to Balcarras, who acknowledged the misdeeds of King James while refusing to vote for his deposition; "keep within the limits of the law; for if you violate it you must expect to be judged by it." Balcarras and Dundee had received James's last orders. "I confide my Scottish affairs to you," the monarch had said to them when preparing to take flight; "you, Balcarras, will take charge of civil affairs; and you, Dundee, will command my troops." It was with great difficulty the latter managed to escape from the Convention, where he had had the audacity to present himself. "Where are you thinking of going?" Balcarras asked him. "Wherever Montrose's ghost shall lead the way," replied the bold partisan, and he disappeared at the head of fifty dragoons, the remains of the famous regiments which had lately hewn the Covenanters in pieces. And the Covenanters had not forgotten it.

The English Jacobites nearly all belonged to the Anglican

Church, and both by strong personal feeling and by family traditions were devoted to its cause as they were to the House of Stuart; the Irish Jacobites were Catholics, and "separatists," convinced that the greatness of their native country, as well as that of the Romish Church, depended on the restoration of King James; the Scottish Jacobites actively engaged in the struggle were either Episcopalians who, lately triumphant, were now wounded in their religious convictions, or Highlanders who had leagued against the power of the clan Campbell and its chief the Earl of Argyle, MacCallum More, as he was called in the Highlands. It was Argyle who in the name of the Parliament of Scotland had offered William and Mary the crown, and who in front of the throne at Whitehall had pronounced the royal oath which the new sovereigns repeated after him. At the last clause William hesitated a moment, for the oath declared that the monarch should destroy all heretics and enemies of the Word of God. "I could not become a persecutor," said the king in a loud voice. "But neither the tenor of the oath nor the laws of Scotland impose this obligation on your Majesty," replied one of the commissioners. "On this condition then I will take the oath," replied William, "and I beg you all, my lords and gentlemen, to be witnesses."

So much moderation and prudence had no effect on the Highlanders: Argyle was engaged in the new government, and although his part in it was to be, from the very nature of his abilities and his character, insignificant, the traditional enemies of his race, the Macdonalds, Camerons, Macleans, and Macgregors, went naturally into the other camp. When Dundee, who was threatened with arrest, left the little castle in which he had fortified himself since his escape from Edinburgh, he found the Highlanders already in arms under the command of Lochiel, the Cameron chief, and Colin

Keppoch, one of the Macdonalds. Bringing in his suite some gentlemen from the Lowlands, capturing any Whigs he found and carrying them off as prisoners, sending before him the flaming cross, and everywhere accompanied by the terror of his name, Dundee soon found himself at the head of an army of five or six thousand men, all brave, hardy, and inured to fatigue, but undisciplined and violent, incapable of fighting according to the ordinary rules of warfare, and consequently of long resisting the attack of regular troops. "We shall not have time to learn your way of fighting," said Lochiel, "but we shall have sufficient time to forget our own." Dundee grew uneasy, and asked King James to send him a considerable reinforcement. He waited during the month of June encamped in Lochaber, while the forces of General Mackay, tired of pursuing without coming up with him, retired into the Lowlands. Edinburgh Castle, which the Duke of Gordon had long held for King James, had just surrendered. The numerous retainers of the Marquis of Athol waited in vain for him to declare his political opinions; his eldest son, Lord Murray, had embraced King William's cause; while the confidential agent of the Marquis, Stewart of Badenoch, served King James. Lord Murray presented himself before Blair Castle, but the garrison which occupied it in his father's name refused him entrance to the fortress, and he had just laid siege to it when Dundee and all the Highland chiefs descended impetuously to the relief of the garrison.

The siege was raised when they arrived; Murray's soldiers had abandoned it; and filling their bonnets with water from a brook, the Highlanders drank to King James's health and dispersed. Mackay and his troops meanwhile had occupied the pass of Killiecrankie, which led to the fortress, and Dundee resolved to attack them. The old Lochiel marched

up and down the Highland ranks, while the distant echoes repeated their wild cries; the shouts of the adversaries in reply were weak and faint-hearted. "We shall carry the day; that is not the cry of men who are going to conquer," cried Lochiel, as he charged the enemy at the head of his clan, sword in hand, and with bare feet like his common soldiers.

The first volley did not stop the impetuous onset of the Highlanders, and Mackay's soldiers were reloading when the torrent of mountaineers precipitated itself upon them. Perplexed, thrown into confusion, deafened by the outcries, dazzled by the flash of swords, the men threw down their muskets and began to run. Mackay, intrepid in defeat, called to his aid the cavalry, always feared by the Highlanders; but the cavalry were panic-stricken as well as the infantry, and fled pursued by the mountaineers. "Why did they not destroy us to the last man?" asked the general as he retired with a handful of men through the passes in the mountains. No man except Dundee could have rallied his troops when carried away by their eagerness to pillage; and Dundee had died in the hour of victory, struck they said by a silver button, which had been fired at him by the superstition of the soldiers. "He is invulnerable to both lead and iron," said the Covenanters who had seen him lately urging on his dragoons in the midst of a rain of bullets. Thus the intrepid soldier, the hardy and bold chief, the pitiless persecutor, had been mortally wounded as he led a little body of troops to the combat. As he fell from his horse a soldier had received him in his arms. "How are things going?" asked Dundee. "Well for King James, but I grieve for your Highness," replied the trooper. "Never mind about me, if all goes well for him," murmured Dun-

dee. They were his last words. His corpse, wrapped in the plaids of the Highlanders, was carried back to Blair Castle.

The death of Dundee was really the end of the Scottish insurrection. Confused and indecisive warfare continued for some time longer between the Highlanders and Cameronians, unfriendly to each other both by their political and religious passions. By degrees, however, the Highlanders returned to their flocks, the leaders as they dispersed declaring that they remained faithful subjects of King James, and were always ready to serve him. They had, in fact, given up fighting for him on Scottish territory, when Marshal Schomberg landed on the 13th of August at Antrim. He soon made himself master of Carrick-Fergus, but had great difficulty in protecting the Irish regiments of the garrison from the fury of the Protestant colonists. The courage of the Irish Jacobites had meanwhile revived a little, and twenty thousand men assembled under the walls of Drogheda. A day's march distant, Schomberg intrenched himself in a strong position near Dundalk.

The inexperienced ardor of the Irish forces as well as that of the English recruits brought by Schomberg led them to desire to give battle at once; but Rosen and Schomberg were both old generals accustomed to weigh the chances of war and to judge of the worth of troops, and neither was anxious to begin the struggle. In spite of the sickness which ravaged his army, the bad quality of the food, and the injurious reports which were circulated about him in England as well as Ireland, Schomberg remained shut up in his camp at Dundalk, where the enemy did not dare to attack him. When he fell back towards the north, early in November, the Irish had gone into their winter-quarters and did not trouble his retreat. "I confess," the Marshal wrote from Lisburn to William III., "that except for the profound

submission I feel towards your Majesties' orders I should prefer the honor of being kept near your Majesty to being appointed to the command of an army in Ireland, composed as was that of last year. If I had hazarded a battle,—a difficult thing to do while the enemy chose to remain within their own camp,—I should perhaps have lost all you have in the kingdom, to say nothing of the consequences which would have resulted from it, in Scotland as well as in England.”

Europe was again on fire, when Schomberg wrote thus to King William; but the real chief of the coalition against Louis XIV. could not leave his kingdom, nor place himself at the head of the forces which he had sent to the help of his allies, for the difficulties of Parliamentary government and the war in Ireland retained King William at home. The new Parliament had assembled on the 20th of March, 1690. The Tory members were numerous, animated, and confident. The king intrusted the management of affairs to Lord Danby, whom he had just made Marquis of Caermarthen, and then formally announced his intention of going to Ireland. For a moment both parties thought of opposing this resolution. “I see they are in much trouble about my voyage to Ireland,” wrote William to his friend Bentinck, whom he had made Earl of Portland, and who was then in Holland; “the Whigs especially, who are afraid of losing me before they have made me do what they want, for as for their friendship you know one must not count upon it in this country. I have as yet said nothing of my design to Parliament, but I intend doing so next week. However, I have commenced my preparations, and every one speaks of it openly.” The new House of Commons declared its intention to sustain and maintain the government of their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, with all its power

both by its counsels and its assistance. "I thank you for your address, gentlemen," replied William; "I have once already had occasion to expose my life for the nation, and you may rest assured that I shall continue to do so in future." Parliament had, however, resolved to subject the king's income to a periodical vote, and William III. was much hurt by this, as the civil lists granted to his two last predecessors had been for life. "The gentlemen of England had confidence in King James who was an enemy to their religion and laws," he said to Burnet. "They distrust me, and yet I have saved their religion and their laws." But the discontent which he was quick to feel, and which he expressed bitterly, never disturbed the equanimity and loftiness natural to the mind of William III. When the Whigs proposed a bill of oaths likely to disturb the conscience of a great number of moderate and honest Tories, the king made his friends understand that he had no desire to impose a painful test on his subjects, and the proposition was greatly modified before it was presented to the House of Lords. "I have taken many oaths," said old Lord Wharton, who had formerly been a colonel in the service of the Long Parliament; "I have not kept them all, and I pray God not to impute this sin to me; but I would not set a new trap into which my soul and that of my neighbor might fall." The Earl of Macclesfield, who at the head of a body of volunteers had accompanied William of Orange on his arrival in England, supported Lord Wharton's statement. "I am astonished," said Churchill, who had lately become Earl of Marlborough, "that your lordship should have any objection to this bill after the part you played in the Revolution." "The noble earl exaggerates the part I had in the deliverance of my country," replied Macclesfield. "I have always been ready to risk my life for the defence

of its laws and liberties, but there are things I should not have cared to do in the same cause. I was a rebel to a bad king, but there were others who went even further than I." Marlborough was silent; and the king, who was present, appeared displeased; but some days later, before he bade farewell to Parliament, he sent to the House, by Lord Caermarthen, an Act of Grace, a free and spontaneous amnesty, a thing unheard of in preceding reigns. The regicides who were still alive, and a certain number of the more guilty adherents of King James, were the only persons excluded from the general pardon. Most of them had sought safety on the Continent; and those who were in England were given to understand that new crimes alone would expose them to the vengeance of the laws. The Act of Grace was voted on the 20th of May, and at the same time the king prorogued Parliament, confiding the care of government to the queen. A council composed of nine persons were to assist in the great task. Four Whigs and five Tories had seats in this confidential ministry. William had provided with foreseeing tenderness for all his wife's wants. "I put my confidence in God," he said to Burnet, whom he had made Bishop of Salisbury, and to whom he unveiled the sad condition of his mind in the presence of so many conflicts and dangers. "I will bring my work to a good end, or I will die in the attempt. My poor queen is the only cause of my anxiety, and if you love me go often to see her: help her to the best of your ability. As for me, if it were not for her I should return joyfully to field life, for I am more suited to command an army than to direct a parliament. But it is in vain that I know I am doing my duty, for I cannot help feeling it is hard for my wife to know that I am confronting her father on the battle-

field. May God grant that no harm befall him. Pray for me, doctor."

William sailed from Highlake on the 11th of June, and three days later landed at Carrick-Fergus, arriving the same evening at Belfast, whither Schomberg had come to meet him. At the same time King James left Dublin to go to his camp on the northern frontier of Leinster. He was accompanied by Lauzun, who had recently arrived from France with four Irish regiments equipped and disciplined at the expense of Louis XIV. "For the love of God," said Louvois to Lauzun, whom he held in light esteem, "do not let yourself be carried away by your desire to fight, but try to tire the English out, and especially to maintain strict discipline." Enterprising and rash as he was, Lauzun was however surprised at the disorder he found everywhere in Ireland. "It is chaos like that in Genesis," he wrote to Louvois; "and I would not stay another month here for all the world."

William III. hurried on his preparations; he hastened his march, eager in his desire to attack the enemy. Schomberg wished to keep him back; but the king replied, "I did not come here to let the grass grow under my feet. This country is worth conquering," he added, looking at the beautiful half-civilized region through which he passed. The valley of the Boyne, which lay spread out at his feet upon the frontiers of Lowth and Meath, reminded him of the rich meadow lands of England. The enemies' tents were already pitched around Drogheda, and the standards of the Stuarts and of the Bourbons floated on the walls of the town. "I am delighted to see you at last, gentlemen," said William of Orange, examining from afar the movements of the Jacobite army; "and if you escape me now it will be my fault!" Part of King James's forces were, he was told, hidden by

the undulations of the ground. "Strong or weak," replied William, "I shall soon know what they are."

The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, from thirty to thirty-five thousand men being assembled in either camp. "Although it is true that the soldiers appear very determined to fight their best, and are thoroughly roused against the rebels," wrote Avaux, who had just returned to France with Rosen, having given up his post to Lauzun, "yet that is not all that is necessary for success. The subordinate officers are a wretched lot, and with the exception of a very few there are none who care either for the soldiers' arms or discipline. I have much more faith in the cavalry, the greater part of which is very good." William III. had brought with him his old Dutch and German regiments, and the representatives of all the Protestant churches of Europe were there in arms against the enemies of their liberty. None were more ardent than the Irish Protestants burning to revenge their recent wrongs, and the French Huguenots gathered from all countries against the monarch who was protected by Louis XIV. "I am sure," Baron Avejou, a lieutenant-colonel in William's army, wrote to Geneva, "that you will not fail to publish in all the French churches in Switzerland the obligation upon all refugees to come to our assistance in this expedition which is to God's glory, and will afterwards lead to the re-establishment of his Church in our country." Vain hopes, it is true, but they explain the ardor of the French Protestants against the Irish and King James. They were led to the battle of the Boyne by two refugees, Marshal de Schomberg and M. de Caillemotte, younger brother of Ruvigny, with cries of "Forward, my children, where glory waits you! Advance, there stand your persecutors!"

On the morning of the 1st of July, William, who had been

wounded the evening before in the shoulder while reconnoitring, mounted his horse at break of day. The entire army entered the river. Schomberg remained at first on the bank, directing the movements of the troops, then rallied round him and led back to the charge the Huguenot troops for the moment thrown into confusion by the death of their chief Caillemotte. As the marshal set foot on the shore after crossing the Boyne, a detachment of Irish cavalry surrounded him, and before his friends reached him he was dead. It did not matter that the native infantry had taken flight at once, for the regiments just arrived from France and the Irish gentlemen fought with fury. King William entered the river at the head of the left wing, with difficulty guiding his horse with his wounded arm; he drew his sword with his left hand, and charged the enemy at the head of the Protestants of Enniskillen. "You shall be my guards to-day," he shouted to them; "I have heard a great deal about you, now let me see what you can do." The heat of battle dilated the heart of the silent and serious prince, whose best friends had often deplored his unconquerable reserve; he rode about in every direction, receiving one ball against his holsters and another through the top of his boot, and pursuing victory which everywhere declared itself in his favor. King James had taken no part in the action; he had remained at a distance watching the combat from the heights of Dunmore, and when he was assured that the fortune of the day had declared against him he turned bridle, accompanied by a few cavaliers. He arrived that evening at Dublin, himself bringing the news of his own defeat. Angry and humiliated, he reproached his partisans bitterly for the cowardice of their compatriots. "I will never," said he, "in my life command an Irish army. I have nothing now to think of but my personal safety; let every one do the same." The next day at dawn he left



JAMES AT THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

Dublin, and on the 3d of July he embarked at Waterford, landing soon after at Brest, where he related in detail the history of the battle. "From the description that was given by the King of England and several of his suite of the battle," wrote one of his first auditors, "I do not think that he could have been informed of what took place in the action, and about all that he really knows is the defeat of his troops." "Those who love the King of England should rejoice to know he is in safety," said Marshal Luxemburg in Germany; "but those who care for his renown have to deplore the figure he has cut." Queen Mary was more concerned about the safety of her father than about his glory, and she wrote to her husband on the 5th of July: "I was very anxious to know what had become of the king my father; I only dared inquire of Lord Nottingham, and I had the satisfaction of learning he was safe and sound. I know I need not ask you to spare him; but in your tenderness, and out of love to me, let all the world know that you wish no harm should happen to his person."

Public satisfaction was complete in England when the news arrived that King William had entered Dublin on the 6th. A report of his death had at one time reached Paris, where it had caused popular rejoicings. A salute even had been fired at the Bastille on receipt of the news. King James took upon himself to undeceive the court and the city. His royal illusions were not yet dissipated. "My subjects," he said, "still love me; they are waiting impatiently for me in England;" and when he arrived at Versailles his first care was to beg Louis XIV. to send an army on foreign service. "All the English forces are in Ireland," he said; "and my people will rise up in my cause." Tourville had just attempted a descent upon the Devonshire coast, but the country people had taken up arms, and the miners of

Cornwall had come forth from underground to repel the invasion. The French sailors contented themselves with burning Teignmouth and setting sail again, more proud of the triumph they had recently gained over the English and Dutch fleets off Beachy Head than humbled by their defeat on the coasts of England. A single cry resounded throughout all the southern counties: "God bless King William and Queen Mary!"

King William had bitterly felt the defeat of his arms at sea. The news of this reached him a few days after that of the battle of Fleurus, which had been gained on the 1st of July, by Marshal Luxemburg, over the Prince of Waldeck, who commanded the allied forces. "I cannot express to you," wrote William to Heinsius, "how much I am afflicted by the two great disasters which befell the Republican arms almost at the same time. The defeat of the fleet touches me all the more closely because I am told that my vessels did not assist those of the States, and left them in embarrassment. I have ordered an inquiry to be made; indeed the queen of herself has already given the same orders, and no personal considerations shall prevent my punishing the guilty with rigor." William had indeed a right to feel a secret pride in his heart in his native country; the Dutch vessels had borne all the burden of the day at Beachy Head, and after the battle of Fleurus Marshal Luxemburg wrote: "The Prince of Waldeck will not soon forget the French cavalry, and I shall long remember the Dutch infantry, who distinguished themselves even more than did the Spaniards at Rocroy."

Suspicion and indignation were keen in England against Admiral Herbert, now Lord Torrington, who was wrongfully accused of treason. An inquiry was made into his conduct, and at the same time many people were compromised in



DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

a plot for a restoration of the Jacobite dynasty, Lord Clarendon, the queen's uncle, being among the number. Even before his departure for Ireland, William had had proofs of Clarendon's underhand dealing; but the queen had interceded for him. William sent for Lord Rochester. "Your brother has plotted against me," he said; "I am sure of it; I have the proofs under his own hand. I was urged to leave him out of the Act of Grace, but I would not do what would have given so much pain to the queen. For her sake I pardon the past; but let Lord Clarendon beware in future. If not, he will find these are no jesting matters." This kindly warning had not sufficed, and now Lord Clarendon's name was again mixed up with Jacobite plots. The queen's counselors hesitated to accuse him in her presence. "I know," said Mary, "and every one here knows too, that Lord Clarendon is accused of offences too grave to allow him to be exempted from measures for the public safety;" and she signed a warrant of arrest against him. "I am more grieved about Lord Clarendon than you can imagine," wrote the queen to her husband.

William III. returned to England. He had been repulsed before Limerick, which was defended by the Irish with the same patriotic and religious ardor which had lately animated the Protestant inhabitants of Londonderry. Lauzun and the auxiliary regiments who had retired to Galway had just embarked for France. King William employed Marlborough to make a descent on Cork and Kinsale, and the two places fell into the power of this skilful general, who five weeks after his departure from Portsmouth was again paying his respects to the king at Kensington. "No officer living who has seen so little service as my Lord Marlborough is so fit for great commands," said William generously, for personally he did not like him. The return of the king, and his

journey from Bristol to London, had been welcomed with transports of joy from the nation. He had left in Ireland the Dutch general Ginckel, a resolute and prudent man, at the head of an army well disciplined, well equipped, and well supplied, and before the end of the following year Ginckel had accomplished the pacification of Ireland. On the 30th of June, 1691, in spite of the presence and the efforts of M. de Saint-Ruth, who had come from France with reinforcements, he stormed the town of Athlone, the real key of Connaught, and the strongest place in Ireland. "His master ought to have him hanged for trying to take Athlone," the French general had said, "and my master can do as much for me if I lose it." On the 12th of July, Saint-Ruth was killed at the battle of Aghrim and the Irish gloriously defeated, and on the 26th of August Ginckel laid siege to Limerick. Tyrconnel had just breathed his last, prematurely old and worn out by fatigues and debauches. The troops of King James were commanded by Lord Sarsfield, the most brilliant as well as the ablest of all the Irish officers; but on the 1st of August a capitulation was signed, soon after followed by a treaty. The Irish regiments were allowed to choose between the service of William and that of Louis XIV., and a great number of soldiers passed unmolested into France, forming in the armies of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. that Irish brigade which afterwards made itself so celebrated. "Has this last campaign changed your opinion about our military qualities?" asked Sarsfield of the English officers. "To tell you the truth," said they, "we think about the same that we did before." "Well," replied Sarsfield, "whatever bad opinion you may have of us, let us only change kings, and commence again, and you shall see." Ginckel received the title of Earl of Athlone and Aghrim; the king and Parliament ratified the conditions



ENTRANCE OF WILLIAM III. INTO LONDON.

offered to the Irish by the general, and thus the struggle was ended, and the conquest completed; the Protestant colonists, formerly oppressed, becoming the masters and often the oppressors of the native race, discouraged and decimated by defeats. Scotland was engrossed by the triumph of the Presbyterians who had just resumed legal possession of the religious supremacy in their country, to the great detriment of the Episcopalians as well as of the Cameronians. The English Parliament had granted liberal subsidies, the Jacobite plots were baffled, and Lord Torrington's trial had terminated in an acquittal, which, however, never succeeded in dissipating from the king's mind a distrust merited by the dissolute life and the notorious intemperance of the admiral. William had only waited for this first interval of peace at home to gratify the longings of his heart, and respond to the imperious call of political necessity; on the 18th of January, 1691, in spite of the severity of the weather, he sailed from Gravesend for Holland. "I am longing for the moment of departure more than I can tell you," he had written six months before to Heinsius.

The English flotilla had arrived in sight of the coast of Holland; the voyage had been rough and the landing seemed impossible; enormous blocks of ice encumbered the roads, and a thick fog hid the land. For eighteen hours the four small vessels were obliged to keep out at sea. The king was as usual feeble and ill; he chose, however, to venture into an open boat, in the hope of reaching his native soil more quickly. All the night passed, however, before he could land; the cold was intense and the danger serious. Some of the sailors were in despair. "Fie!" cried William, "are you afraid of dying in my company?" Several English noblemen of high rank, the Dukes of Ormond and Norfolk, the Earls of Devonshire, Dorset, and Monmouth, were with him,

as also Portland and Zulestein, always happy to accompany their well-beloved sovereign to Holland. It was not till break of day, by the feeble light of a winter morning, that they finally landed on the island of Goree, and here the king rested for a few hours before setting off for the Hague.

And now joy overspread that face which the English were accustomed to find so severe and haughty. The ruler's heart responded to the hearts of his people; England had accepted deliverance at the hands of William III. from necessity, and without personal affection for him; but the Dutch loved this heir to the greatest name in their country and their race, this liberator of his country who had carried even to the throne of England the glory, the name, and manners of his native land. The people crowded round his path. "Let them alone," said the king; "let them come round me: they are all my good friends." A magnificent reception had been prepared at the Hague; but William, who was an enemy to display and ceremony, murmured at this useless expense. "It is quite enough to have to support the expenses of the war," he said; but his countrymen spared him neither an address of welcome nor a salvo of artillery. The joy of the populace was at its height. "Yes," the king said to those who congratulated him on this triumph; "but I am not the favorite; the shouting is nothing to what it would have been if Mary had been with me."

The States-general were solemnly assembled, and William III. was more moved than he had appeared upon quitting his native country. "When I took leave of you," he said, "I told you of my design in going to England to save it, thanks to your help, from a deluge of present and future evils. Providence has blessed my enterprise, and the nation has offered me the crown of the three kingdoms. I have accepted it not from ambition, God is my witness, but to

protect the religion, welfare, and repose of Great Britain against all attacks, and to be able to protect the allies most efficaciously, especially the Republic, against the predominance of France. I have loved this country from my earliest youth, and if anything could increase this love, it is the certainty that I have found a reciprocal attachment in the hearts of my countrymen. If it pleases God that I should become His instrument to give back peace to Europe and to establish the security of your state, I shall have lived long enough, and shall descend in peace into the grave."

The Congress of the Grand Alliance was assembled at the Hague. William of Orange, now King of England, and in command of the forces of a great kingdom, remained chief, in spite of the jealousy and rivalry of other princes, holding the ascendancy by virtue of that superior genius which had raised him to the first rank when he was only the Stadtholder of a small republic. The assembled princes or their ambassadors had not been accustomed to hear used against the all-powerful monarch of France such firm language as that employed by William III. at the opening of the Congress. "The States of Europe," said the king, "have been given up for a long time to a spirit of division, indolence, or selfish attention to their particular interests. Be convinced that the interest of each individual is united in the general interest. The forces of the King of France are formidable, and he will carry everything away before him like a torrent. It will then be in vain to oppose complaints and protestations about injustice. Neither the decisions of diets nor hopes founded on chimerical reports, but powerful armies and a firm union among the allies can alone stop the common enemy in his career of triumph and this riotous excess of power. It is with the sword that we must

wrench from his hands the liberties of Europe which he is trying to smother, or forever bear the yoke of slaves. As for me, I will spare neither my influence, my strength, nor my person, to arrive at this glorious result, and I will come in the spring at the head of my troops to conquer or perish with my allies."

As early as the 15th of March, however, Mons was invested by the French army. Louis XIV. arrived there on the 12th with the Dauphin, and in spite of the desperate efforts of the King of England to succor the place in time, it capitulated, with the allied army almost in sight. The vigilance of Marshal Luxemburg baffled William's manœuvres during the whole campaign, and when he returned to England in the month of October, the advantage on the Continent had everywhere been on the side of the French. The Duke of Savoy had adhered to the Grand Alliance, but Nice had fallen into Catinat's power. At the opening of the session of Parliament, the king congratulated himself on the happy issue of the Irish war, but at the same time he warned the representatives of the nation that a great effort would be necessary against the King of France, and to support the Grand Alliance. Subsidies had been granted without a murmur, and the House was occupied with the affairs of the East India Company, when a strange rumor spread among the people. The Earl of Marlborough, recently at the head of the English forces of the allied army, during the king's visit to England had all at once been deprived of his office and dignities, and the Princess Anne, who was resolute in keeping her favorite, Lady Marlborough, with her, was obliged to retire with her into the country. The cause of Marlborough's disgrace remained a mystery which gave occasion to conjectures of all sorts, and allowed William and Mary's enemies to attribute unworthy



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and frivolous motives to them. The case, however, was serious and the necessity urgent, for the Earl of Marlborough was plotting new treason, and both in Parliament and in the army everything was ready for a fresh attempt at a Jacobite restoration.

James II. himself wrote in the month of November, 1692: "Last year my friends had it in design to have me, by Act of Parliament. Everything was arranged, and my Lord Churchill was to propose in the House sending all foreigners away from the council and army as well as from the kingdom. If the Prince of Orange had consented to this proposal, they would have had him in their power; if he had refused, they would have declared that Parliament was against him, and at the same time Lord Churchill was to declare himself with the army in favor of Parliament; the fleet was to do the same, and I was to be recalled. They had already commenced acting in the affair, and had gained over a large party, when some indiscreet person, thinking to serve me and imagining that what Lord Churchill was doing was not for me but for the Princess of Denmark, had the imprudence to tell Bentinck everything, and thus frustrated the grand stroke." The original manuscript of Burnet's Memoirs also contains these words: "Marlborough was employed to cry down the king's conduct and to depreciate the tone of all his speeches, seeking to excite the aversion of the English towards the Dutch, who possessed, so he said, more of the king's favor and confidence than they did. It was a point on which it was easy to excite the English, who are too apt to despise all other nations, and think too much of themselves: it was the subject of all the conversations at Marlborough House where English officers were constantly meeting. The king tells me he had good

reason to believe also that the Earl had made peace with King James, and that he was in correspondence with France."

William III. had learned to exercise indulgence in his dealings with English statesmen; thus the treason of Lord Clarendon and that of Lord Dartmouth had been treated with lenity; and, again, when Lord Preston's plot had been discovered, and Elliot, one of the accomplices, was heaping accusations upon him, the king, who was present, touched Caermarthen's shoulder; "That is enough, my lord," he said, imposing silence on useless revelations of an impotent discontent against which he did not wish to act harshly. But he dreaded the Earl of Marlborough's perfidy; his rare talents and his profound baseness he well understood; he wished to protect himself against a treason which threatened his throne and his life. By a magnanimity or a prudence perhaps exaggerated, he persistently hid the motives of his resolution; but Marlborough's disgrace was to last for a long time. William's silence, however, gave to France later a terrible enemy, and to the coalition against her its ablest leader, a man who would have been ruined in the general estimation of England had the details of his treason been fully known.

William was preparing to leave England to take the command of the allied troops on the Continent; but before leaving, it was his desire to pacify Scotland. His commissioner, Lord Melville, had allowed the Presbyterians to gain a supremacy which seriously menaced the liberty of the Episcopalians, and he was replaced by Sir John Dalrymple, known in history by the name of the Master of Stair. This eloquent and able statesman conceived the idea of detaching, by means of bribes, quite a number of Highland chiefs from the Jacobite cause. A considerable sum of money was thus distributed among these proud and undisciplined men who

were at the same time impoverished by their military efforts and intestine quarrels; a great number of chiefs tendered their submission in spite of the repugnance they felt for Lord Breadalbane, who was employed by the Master of Stair in his negotiations, and whom the Highlanders regarded with suspicion on account of his attachment to the Campbells. Thus it came about that on the 31st of December, 1691, Macdonald of Glencoe, or MacLean as he was called in the Highlands, found himself almost alone in refusing his allegiance.

He too decided at last, but it was too late. When he presented himself at Fort William, the days of grace had expired, and no magistrate was present. The old chief, alarmed at last, went to Inverary, but there they refused to accept his submission. And MacLean returned to the Highlands, whither an iniquitous and cruel vengeance was to follow him. The Master of Stair had consented to become the instrument of the hereditary hatred of the Campbells; they had told him the pacification of Scotland was only to be purchased at this price. His orders had been given him beforehand for the destruction of all the clans who had not sent in their submission before the 1st of January, 1692: "Your troops will entirely destroy the country of Lochaber, Lochiel's lands, Keppoch's, Glengarry's, and Glencoe's. Your power shall be large enough, and I hope your soldiers will not trouble the government with prisoners." Lochiel, Glengarry, and Keppoch had made their arrangements in time. All the enmity of the Campbells and all the administrative zeal of the Master of Stair fell therefore upon Glencoe. King William signed the order without reading it, Burnet assures us, among the mass of papers every day presented to him; at any rate he certainly did not understand its purport. "It is a great work of charity to root out that damna-

ble sect, the worst of the Highlanders!" wrote the Master of Stair.

On the 1st of February, 1692, a detachment of Argyle's regiment entered Glencoe's territory quietly and as if animated by the most amicable intentions. The commander of the little corps, Captain Campbell, commonly called Glenlyon from the name of his estates, had married one of his nieces to Glencoe's second son; his soldiers were therefore well received and lodged in the cottages. They remained there twelve days, waiting for the moment when the mountain-passes should be occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton. The fatal day was fixed for the 13th of February. The Highlanders meanwhile felt some uneasiness, but their guests had reassured them. "If there were any danger," said Glenlyon to the eldest son of the chief, "should I not have warned your brother and his wife?" At the time fixed Hamilton had not arrived; but the work commenced nevertheless; under every roof, at each fireside, Glenlyon's soldiers shot down their hosts, men, women, and children. The Master of Stair's orders had allowed old men above seventy to be spared, but in their eagerness for blood the troops gave no quarter. The aged Glencoe perished one of the first, and his wife, struck down by his side, was despoiled of her jewels, and lingered on till the next day. At every door was a corpse; and when Hamilton appeared at last at the head of his troops, they pillaged all the houses, and long files of cattle were driven down the defiles of the mountains by the light of the flames which consumed the villages.

But God did not permit the iniquity, skilfully planned as it was, to be complete in its triumph; the passes had not been well guarded, the murderers had not all arrived in time, and a great number of Macdonalds had succeeded in

escaping, paying for their lives by new sufferings, exposure to hunger, cold, and continual peril. They returned, however, to the ruins of their destroyed houses and their blood-stained hearths. The cry of their misfortune went slowly up to heaven; and the Jacobites helped to spread it, for they eagerly seized this weapon against King William. When the latter, who was at a distance, and only partially informed of all that had passed, sought for the authors of the crime, so many people, and among them such men of note, were compromised in it, that the Master of Stair alone was displaced from office, and he only for a time. The massacre of Glencoe remains like a dark stain upon William's reign, forming a sad contrast to the indulgence and humanity which habitually characterized his government.

Scarcely had the king left England before the nation, as well as Queen Mary, were occupied by grave apprehensions. Louvois had died suddenly on the 17th of July, 1691, and Louis XIV., with whom he had been losing favor, seemed to care little about his loss. "Say to the King of England I have lost a good minister," he replied to James's letters of condolence, "but that neither his affairs nor mine will suffer by it."

Indeed, Louvois would not have willingly consented to the projects which King James pressed Louis XIV. to put into execution. Still convinced of the attachment of his English subjects, and particularly of the seamen, James had for some time been in correspondence with Admiral Russell, a Whig and a sincere Protestant, but a morose and discontented man, self-seeking and easily led away by discontent into guilty conspiracies. A camp had just been formed on the coast of Normandy; all the Irish regiments were there under Lord Sarsfield's orders, and there the French forces were to join them. James called on the English people to declare

themselves in his favor by a manifesto so haughty, so obstinate in those very errors and faults which had caused his fall, that the ministers of William III. had it printed and circulated extensively in the kingdom. Some English Jacobites tried to counteract the fatal effects of their master's declaration by another, carefully drawn up in the full knowledge of the state of men's minds in England. No one, however, was deceived by this manœuvre, and a popular movement was at once apparent in favor of the government; the militia eagerly responded on being called out, the coasts were lined with troops; while, as the fleet of the allies was just entering the Channel, those of the English seamen who had held out hopes to King James returned to their fidelity in the very presence of the enemy. "I should like to serve King James," said Admiral Russell to the Bishop of St. Asaph, "and it might come about if he would only let us act; but he does not know how to manage us. Let him forget the past and grant a general amnesty, and I will see what I can do for him." But he added: "I am determined never to let the French beat us in our seas. Let them know that I shall fight them wherever I meet them, even if his Majesty himself were on board their fleet."

This burst of patriotism in a malcontent who had been on the point of becoming a traitor, was not, however, sufficient to open King James's eyes, and at his request explicit orders from Louis XIV. hastened the action of Admiral de Tourville, who still hesitated about fighting. He had been ordered to protect the disembarkation of the invading troops on the English coasts, but contrary winds had delayed his departure from Brest. Meanwhile the Dutch fleet had joined the English, and Tourville wished to wait for the squadrons under Estrées and Rochefort; but Pontchartrain, who was then minister of marine as well as of finance, — which post

he had held since the death of Seignelay, son of Colbert, in 1690,—replied from Versailles to the veteran seaman, experienced in war from the age of fourteen: “It is not for you to discuss the king’s orders; it is for you only to execute them and to enter the Channel. If you will not do it, the king will appoint some one else in your place more obedient and less cautious than you.” Tourville at once made sail, and met the enemy’s squadrons between the Capes of La Hogue and Barfleur; he had forty-four vessels against ninety-nine English and Dutch ships. Tourville called a council of war, and all the officers advised falling back; but the king’s order was peremptory, so the admiral commenced the battle. After three days of desperate resistance, seconded by the most able manœuvres, Tourville was obliged to retire under the fortifications of La Hogue, in the hope of running his vessels aground; but King James and Marshal de Bellefonds opposed the step. The vessels were attacked and burned by the English in sight of the French and Irish camps, and the fallen monarch, divided by his desire of victory and his patriotic instincts, seeing the sailors who had fought against him mounting the bulwarks, could not prevent himself exclaiming, “O my brave English!” Once before too, when De Tourville, having just gained some small advantage over the English in Bantry Bay, during the time that James II. was in Ireland, came to tell him that the French had defeated the English fleet, “It is for the first time, then!” the king retorted not without vexation. Tourville had lost twelve vessels. The conduct of the English officers, as well as that of the sailors, had been heroic; the admiral had himself inspected all the vessels and harangued the crews. “If your commanders betray you, throw them overboard,” he had said, “and me first of all!” King James had wrongly counted upon Rear-Admiral Carter, who

had made him promises, but had at the same time warned Queen Mary. Grievously wounded, Carter, who had been the first to break the French line, would not lay down his sword. "Fight, fight," he exclaimed as he lay dying, "so long as the ship holds together!"

The news of the victory of La Hogue caused great joy in England; it reassured men's minds, agitated by repeated reports of conspiracies. The plots denounced by Fuller and by Young, both invented and testified to by false witnesses, worthy emulators of Titus Oates and Dangerfield, had caused general anxiety. Lord Huntingdon had been arrested; the Earl of Marlborough had for the moment been sent to the Tower; the Bishop of Rochester had been examined. Marlborough had been guilty of graver machinations, which were, however, unknown to the public; but the bishop, who was rich and indolent, had taken no part in any plot; he proved his innocence easily, and the false witnesses were severely punished, while the Earl of Marlborough was set at liberty without bail after forty-eight hours' confinement. His accusers had done him the service of dissipating the vague suspicions which had brought about his disgrace. At the end of the year Grandval's plot, directed against the life of William III., reawakened public disquietude, destined to spring up many times again during his reign. In Europe as well as in England, the courage and sagacity of William thwarted many great designs and defeated many ambitious hopes. The sentence which condemned the criminal compromised publicly the Marquis of Barbezieux, son of Louvois, and secretary of state during the war. The ministers of Louis XIV. kept silence, and did not deny the accusation.

Meanwhile the fortune of war continued favorable to France. Namur had capitulated on the 20th of June, and its citadel surrendered on the 30th. "The allies received



THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE.

the information by hearing three salvos from the army of Marshal Luxemburg and that of the Marquis de Boufflers," wrote Louis XIV. in his *Memoirs*. "They fell into a state of stupefaction which kept them motionless for several days; and when at last Marshal Luxemburg undertook to recross the Sambre, they neither thought of interrupting his march nor charging his retreat."

When William III. again met Luxemburg, on the 31st of August, between Enghien and Steinkirk, another victory, due to the splendid courage of the French infantry, completed the discomfiture of the allies. At the end of the year William, foreseeing as ever, and often despondent in spite of his indomitable resolution, wrote to Heinsius: "I must tell you, without any waste of words, that if we can obtain peace at once,—and it will certainly not be on favorable conditions,—we ought, at any cost, to accept it, for, to my great grief, I cannot see how we are to expect matters to improve. Indeed, on the contrary, they seem to be going from bad to worse. None the less, it behooves every one to do his best, and for my own part I will do all in my power."

The war was destined to continue for several years longer, weighing heavily on England and Holland, almost the only states in a condition to furnish pecuniary resources to the allies. The English Parliament, at one time munificent, at another parsimonious, and always keenly sensitive in respect to the employment of foreigners in the king's service, often disputed with William the increase of men and subsidies which he asked for the army, thus exciting his anger and that disgust which he always felt for Parliamentary dissensions and discussions. He had with great difficulty retained in office Lord Nottingham, a person very unpopular with the Whigs, but a man in whom he had well-founded

confidence in spite of the repugnance which the earl had at first shown towards the revolution; but as a counterpoise Somers had obtained charge of the seals, and this partial return of power into the hands of the Whigs had for a moment appeased the dissensions between the two parties. The session had, however, been very stormy. The land-tax and a large loan had been voted on Charles Montague's motion, but the king was despondent and anxious about the campaign which was just opening. "At a period when it was necessary that we should make on all sides an extraordinary effort to resist the enemy," he wrote to Heinsius at the commencement of the year 1693, "I am vexed not to be able to contribute more to the general cause. It is sad to see that this nation thinks only of satisfying its own inclinations without reflecting the least in the world about public interests. The funds which Parliament have allotted me will not cover the most necessary expenditure which I have to make, so that I find myself in great embarrassment. I will leave you to guess how much this, joined to the critical situation of our affairs and my inability to remedy them, must torment me."

France was very differently situated, and the losses caused to maritime commerce by Tourville, Jean Bart, or Duguay-Trouin, did not prevent money flowing into London for the new loan. Meanwhile the powerful will and the effectual exercise of autocratic power had sufficed to continue the war throughout the winter. On the 25th of July, 1693, the battle of Neerwinden was lost by King William in person against Marshal Luxemburg. Nearly always unfortunate in war, in spite of his splendid courage, William had charged sword in hand at the head of two regiments of English cavalry, who for a moment made even the French household troops waver. This choice regiment had remained steady

for four hours under the allies' fire. For a moment William thought that his artillery-men were aiming badly and ran to the guns. But the French squadrons only moved to close their ranks, as file upon file were cut down, and the King of England allowed a cry of anger and admiration to escape him. "O insolent nation!" he exclaimed. The admiration was reciprocal. "The Prince of Orange was all but taken prisoner after having done wonders," wrote Racine to Boileau. "It is painful to me to tell you," William sent word to Heinsius, "that the enemy attacked us yesterday morning, and after an obstinate combat of more than four hours defeated us. We march to-morrow in order to encamp between Vilvorde and Malines, to rally our people and oppose as much as possible the enterprises of the enemy." "The crisis has been terrible," the king wrote to Heinsius and Portland. "God has judged it good to send me great and repeated trials, and I try to accept His will without murmuring and less deserve his anger. God be praised for the issue He has given us, and may we by our gratitude recognize his mercy worthily." Into the struggles of the different parties in Parliament was dragged, as usual, the vote for the subsidies on which all the military preparations depended. "The augmentation of the army meets with violent opposition here," wrote William on the 4th of December; "however, I am assured that in the end all will turn out in accordance with my wishes: God grant it may be so!"

Power was waning in the hands of the Tories, and Lord Sunderland, who had recently returned to court, still able and plausible in spite of his shameful treason, advised William to recall the Whigs. The king had been worn out by their arrogance and tyranny; but he consented, however, to place Admiral Russell at the head of the Admiralty, and to make Lord Shrewsbury secretary of state. The latter

hesitated for a long time before he would accept office, and excused himself to the king on the pretext of bad health. "That is not your only reason," said the king; "when did you see Montgomery last?" This able and enterprising man, formerly at the head of the Parliament in Edinburgh, had fallen into discredit, and from that time had been serving as an agent in Jacobite intrigues. Shrewsbury grew pale, and William repeated to him a part of the conversation he had had with Montgomery. "Sire," said the earl, "as your Majesty is so well informed, you must also know that I have not encouraged the efforts of this man to detach me from my allegiance." The king smiled, for he knew this strange weakness of soul which weighed like a fatality upon the nobler qualities of Lord Shrewsbury. "The best way to silence suspicion," he said, "is to take office. That will set me at my ease. I know you are a man of honor, and if you undertake to serve me, you will do it faithfully." Shrewsbury was soon after made Duke, at the same time as the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire. Charles Montague, who had just conceived the idea of the Bank of England, and had helped to form it, was named Chancellor of the Exchequer. New proposals and old ones that had been obstinately revived were discussed with vehemence; among them, that of procedure in cases of treason, and that other, which forbade officers of the crown to hold seats in the House of Commons, as also the question so often fought over, of the period of duration of Parliament which it was wished to limit to three years. Such were the introductory measures of Parliamentary reform which delayed William's departure for the Continent. "It is a terrible thing to find one's self in this island as if banished from the world," wrote the King of England on the 13th of April, 1694. A few days later he arrived in Holland.

A great naval expedition was meanwhile being secretly prepared at Portsmouth, destined to counteract the projects of Louis XIV. in the Mediterranean. Marlborough, always well informed, had already warned King James. "Twelve regiments of infantry and two regiments of the marines are soon to be embarked under Talmash's orders to destroy the port of Brest and the squadron assembled there. It would be a glorious thing for England, but nothing shall prevent me letting your Majesty know all that may be useful to you."

On the 16th of June, 1694, the English fleet was fifteen miles off the coast of Finisterre, and Talmash proposed landing in the Bay of Camaret. Lord Caermarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, undertook to explore the bay in his yacht; he found all the approaches to it well defended, but Talmash was resolved to commence the attack. Caermarthen led the advance, warning Admiral Berkeley of the difficulties he would meet with, and on a sudden the batteries were all unmasked, and opened fire upon the bridge of boats. Talmash believed the coast to be defended only by the peasantry, and that they would run away at the sight of English soldiers; but he was mistaken, for a well sustained fire met his attempt to disembark his men. The general himself was seriously wounded in the thigh, and while he was being carried to his gig, the troops rushed back pell-mell into their ships. The enterprise had failed, and it was necessary to return to Portsmouth. Talmash died on his arrival there, stoutly protesting to the last that he had been betrayed into a trap by traitors. The battery from which the fatal bullet was fired is still called "The Englishman's death."

Anger and disquietude were rife in England, and it was openly remarked that English forces ought to be commanded

by Englishmen. Talmash was dead; Marlborough was not long to remain in disgrace, but all his energy had to be employed to reinstate himself in the king's favor. He had the audacity to go to Whitehall and offer his services to the queen, in which Lord Shrewsbury used all his influence to second him; but William absolutely refused his advances. The English squadron meanwhile ravaged the coasts of Normandy, and Admiral Russell kept the French fleet at bay in the Mediterranean. The campaign in the Low Countries degenerated into skilful marches and counter-marches, attended only by a slight advantage gained by King William, who took Huy. When he returned to England on the 9th of November, the queen went to meet him at Margate, happy to be again with him who was the only joy of her life. "Now you have the king, never let him go away again, madam," exclaimed the ladies assembled to greet the royal couple. But she was to go away first, for death was already threatening her.

Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, was, however, the first to depart: he fell ill and died towards the middle of November. He had rendered the English Church the great service of throwing all the weight of his character and eloquence on the side of submission to the new power, by frankly and simply accepting the oaths of allegiance. To this he had been strongly urged by Lady Russell, who wrote to him in 1691: "It seems to me that the time has come to again put in practice that principle of submission which you yourself have so loudly proclaimed and so urgently exhorted others to accept. I am convinced you will be a public benefactor, for consider how few men there are at the present time who are capable and honest; and I entreat you not to go on turning your decision over in your mind forever. When a man begins to examine a question from all its different sides, he is constantly finding out new perplexities, and it never becomes any clearer

to him." Sancroft having steadfastly refused the oath, Tillotson became Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1691, to the great displeasure of Compton, Bishop of London, who had hoped for the primacy; and from that time, among the authors of the schism in the Anglican Church, the bishops and clergy who were nonjurors overwhelmed Tillotson with their anger and contempt. Mild, sensitive, and accustomed to the admiration which his eloquence excited, and to the esteem which his irreproachable life deserved, the new archbishop suffered cruelly from the insults to which he was exposed. After his death there was found among his papers a package of pamphlets which had been published against him, with this phrase written in his own handwriting: "I pray God to pardon them as I do." "I have lost the best friend I have ever had, and the best man I have ever known," wrote William to Heinsius. He loaded the archbishop's widow with favors. Tillotson's popularity as a preacher was such that the publisher of his sermons paid twenty-five hundred pounds sterling for them, a price at that time unheard of. Milton sold the manuscript of "Paradise Lost" for five pounds; while Dryden, then the most illustrious of English poets, had received thirteen hundred pounds for his complete translation of Virgil's works.

A greater grief was in store for William III. He came one morning to Whitehall to give his assent to the Triennial Parliament Bill which he had hitherto refused, and the numerous members of both Houses who pressed into the audience-chamber remarked that the king's face was grave and his manner gloomy. He returned almost immediately to Kensington, and then the report spread that the queen was ill; a little later it was known she had the small-pox.

As soon as Mary had reason to suppose that she was attacked by this scourge which ravaged so many families every year, she gave orders that all the persons of her

household who were in danger of contagion should at once leave Kensington, and then, shutting herself up in her cabinet, she put her papers in order, burning part of them. "I have not waited for this day to prepare myself for death," she said, when the illness left no hope of her recovery. The grief of her husband exceeded all expectations, astonishing even those who had been the constant witnesses of the queen's utter devotion to him. He never left her for a moment, lying down by the side of her bed and showing her the most tender care. Mary, indeed, had gained a complete victory over this stern heart, which neither victory nor disaster had been able to vanquish, and he could not restrain his tears when he looked at her. When Tennison, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, undertook to announce to the queen her approaching death, William drew Burnet into a corner of the room. "There is no longer any hope; I was the happiest of men, and now I am the most miserable. She had no faults, not a single one. You knew her well, but you do not know — no one could know — all her worth." Twice the dying queen had tried to bid farewell to him whom alone she had loved, and twice her voice had failed her. She now thought only of eternity. William was attacked several times with convulsions; and when they carried him out of the room, a moment before the queen breathed her last, he had almost lost all consciousness.

END OF VOL. III.

